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The Voices

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BY

MRS. I. LOWENBERG

AUTHOR OF

"The Irresistible Current" and
"A Nation's Crime"



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DEDICATED
IN LOVING MEMORY
TO
MY HUSBAND

The Voices

CHAPTER I.

On a balmy summer's day in San Francisco in the latter end of June when all nature was redolent with the fragrance of flowers, the air full of birds and the hum of industries, a charming girl with a face surrounded by an aureole of golden hair and complexion where roses and lilies vied with each other, a dreamy look in her large eyes as if she were a lotus eater, entered a very modest little cottage in the San Bruno district. Her home consisted of two rooms. One room had a partition thrown up part of the way, each side covered with *crétonne*. The other, the kitchen and living room; the one doing service for both—a combination—composed of all the collapsible furniture of a modern apartment house.

"Father," said the girl in a low, sweet voice to an uncouth looking man, throwing him a kiss, "I have secured a position as stenographer in the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant of Torby and Son—The Managers—so-called."

"Well, Joan, I am glad."

"I am happy as a lark."

"And I have gotten a place as puddler in The Western Consolidated Steel."

"That is a fine position for you, I am sure."

"Well, I deserve it, don't I? Hain't I worked there for twenty years. First, twelve hours a day—

night shifts, twelve—then after being unionized then ten hours a day and now again thanks to the unions eight hours a day. But the shut down—takes money. My sak's alive. It was time for me to get work too, if not, the poor house could've open'd its door for us sure as my name is Peter Lynn."

"Both working in the same business now. This is something new for this plant to give girls positions. I was very uneasy many a day when I applied for work as the superintendent is very critical; but finally, he said 'Women' then with a faint smile, 'Girls should be given a trial.' A trial in these days!" and she pouted her red lips.

"Well, sweet, my blonde!"

"Father, say, neither blonde nor brunette."

"Never mind my words. You are varsity larn'd."

"Thanks to you, dear father, who since my mother died when I was a year old, have been father and mother to me—suffered privations one and many," and a tenderness crept into her voice and tears came to her eyes.

"Now, no blarny. Yer know you work'd your own way a good deal."

"And left you alone."

"Well, edication is a great thing."

"Father, I thank God and you for my opportunities. I would not take millions for my education. It has opened the whole universe to me."

"Yes, but—"

"Just to think that I, a girl of twenty, have been fortunate enough to pass and be allowed to pass and receive my degree A. B. from the University of California, and in the meantime I have earned a little at my vocation."

"But I say—"

"Now, father, you have diverted my thoughts without allowing me to speak of what I am thinking."

"Joan, be quiet—it's yer father who'll speak."

"Go on. I am listening," replied Joan, in a saddened voice.

"Child, isn't that mill yer are goin' to a non-union plant—an Open Shop?"

"It strikes me, it is an open shop. What of it?"

"You musn't go ther."

"But, father, I must eat, I have a healthy appetite and to eat one must work. Paul says, 'He that will not work, shall not eat.'"

"Hold on, gurl, no talkin' the word Scripters or anythin' else to me. It must be a closed shop for yer to work in. I have work now, plenty of work to care for yer and me and I am gonna do it. And then we need little. We can live on almost nothin'. I'll give yer the biggest half," said Peter in a wheedling tone, with tears in his eyes as well as in his voice.

"Father, I cannot give it up, and then my word; I cannot break it."

"I say yer must, yer shall, do yer hear me?"

"It is such a satisfactory position too. The one for which I have prayed for with all my heart."

"Yer heart must give in."

"The Superintendent told me I was fortunate to get it and he looked at my clothes too. I am a good needle-woman, but I have darned and darned, but what is the use!"

"But I've a place."

"But we are in debt for provisions. I, we can

go no further. I have accepted—must accept—and as I said before have given my word.”

“Darn yer, girl, and your varsity edication.”

“Father,” with a gleam in her eyes, “I have a project in view.”

“What’s that?”

“Some object in view.”

“Now, you’re edicating me—I see that. Tell me yer somethin’?”

“My voices tell me—”

“Stop that nonsense.”

“Well,” returned Joan, a bit out of countenance, then with a smile, “You told me, you were told when I was born, I spoke one word, ‘Mission,’ then lapsed into an ordinary babe—you did.”

“That blabberin’.”

Joan replied hastily, “I shall convert the plant.”

“There’s another word I don’t understan’.”

“I shall unionize the plant.”

“Yes, a gurl, just twenty years old?”

“Girls and women are coming to the front these days—they are seen, heard and acting.”

“Yes, dancing their lives away in ever kine of fashuen and doin’ nothin’.”

“True, some few foolish young girls.”

“And more foolish women, middle age women, all ages cutting capers,” replied Lynn excitedly.

“You do not know your girlie.”

“I think not,” sarcastically.

“I am determined to unionize that plant and you will learn to know I have the courage to face all difficulties.”

“Yes, yer have grit enough when it comes to that. Well, you may try. If yer’re not able to do it in a

little while, yer'll have to leave the mill for I won't be jeered at and called 'scab' and of course I can't tell on yer what yer are goin' to try to do."

"Certainly not. I trust you and you must trust me. Your Joan as I tell you has a future though it may be stormy and stony, it will succeed."

"In the meantime your father will see black looks an' hear some cuss words."

"Patience, father. Everything comes to him who waits."

"Not to me, Joan, not to me."

"Yes, to you. You have a fine place—a good paying place. You keep it—earn it."

"Well."

"It is for you to try to keep it. Go tomorrow morning a few moments before time, so you will be on time."

"You give too many orders."

Go and fill them, father."

"I'll go to the grocer's and see if he won't give us a few pounds of sugar. A little ham—O, I haven't tasted any in such a long time. My mouth waters as I think of it, but say, we owe the grocer money."

"You forget we have work now and we can indulge a little. Get coffee, sugar, ham, eggs, chocolate, sardines, cheese, apples, pears, plums and whatever else fresh you can get and what you cannot get fresh buy canned—and bring ginger ale, soda water and seltzer water, and—"

"I am glad yer stopped; if not, I'd have to carry home the grocery store."

"And buy everything in sight. I stopped for want of breath. Oh, work, blessed work, independence and

comfort you bring. Why do people object to work, God's blessing to man?"

"No, child, you're mistaken there—I went to church once long ago an' the preacher said man sinned in the Garden of Eden an' after that man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow."

"A double reason you should, we should work—necessity, and in expiation of the original sin. Now go, father, quickly and return quickly so we can have a good meal. I have had Barmecidal feasts long enough."

"Feasts at the bar, Good Gawd, gurl, did yer voices tell yer to drink?"

"Run along; no explanations now—when we are eating, feasting, I mean—ask all the questions you wish."

In a little while Joan had the table set—one broad board placed with white oil cloth over it—with a glass vase filled with green leaves she had gathered by the roadside and when Lynn returned laden with good things, they were quickly prepared and ready for serving.

"I am ready for my dinner now and hungrier for my work tomorrow."

"Joan, last week I almost wished I was er a monkey. Yer taught me to read a little yer know."

"Remember that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, married young and his wife taught him to write and cipher—so there."

"Well, I am afraid not knowin nothin won't make me President of the United States."

"I am afraid not, father."

"Well," replied Lynn, "I am hungry and thirsty, but not for my work. If you could only give me

three bottles of beer, I'll take two bottles—I'll take one bottle 2.75 per cent alcohol."

"No," said Joan, "we are law abiding citizens first of all things, as good Americans should be.

"Well," replied Lynn, "I am so thirsty I could drink enough to float a—"

"Submarine," Joan said laughing.

"I read in the paper, Joan, sometime ago that some rich woman—" scratching his head in thought—"in the East gave a dog lunchin and for children, at the same time in somethin of roses—" said Lynn.

"In a bower of roses. No doubt some stupid woman Croesus, and no doubt either that the children ate the luncheon and the dog had his regular meal. Possibly the very same woman will adopt some homeless baby whose father died overseas defending our country from German invasion."

In about an hour the feast was over, the table cleared and the kitchen became the living room.

Lynn after sitting quiet for a few moments said, "I shouldn't wonder, but what Kelly and Mayme will soon be over to wish us luck."

"Do not tell them anything of my intentions," said Joan.

"Not on yer life," Lynn replied.

"I dislike that girl, she is hoisterous and unre-fined."

Joan had scarcely uttered the words when they came in without so much ceremony as a knock at the door—which brought a dark flush to Joan's cheeks.

"Now, old man," said John Esmond Ammon Kelly in a blunt, pleasant way. "I am sure con-

gratulations are in order. Here I am just a pusher, I believe your place is better than mine."

"Indeed, I couldn't wish for anythin better than mine—hot work though."

"But good, steady work. He should rub his hands, don't you think so, Miss Joan? With a little pull down of expenses he could soon have a five room house."

"With a sweet, little parlor to talk to yer beau in," chimed in Mayme Mort."

"Yes; but, Peter, you have such a wide, big heart."

"Rovin, you mean," chuckled Peter.

"Like an omnibus"—returned Kelly with a loud guffaw—"always room for one more. Dear me, I believe I read that somewhere."

"Oh," sighed Mayme, "after the little parlor; no, I believe before the parlor what I wish for is not to work like a machine all day, to sleep when I wanted, to get up when I pleased and eat everythin good and dance, and dance the balance of the time."

"There would be no balance—you would have spent it all," roared Kelly. "You ought to catch one of those profiteers, he might be able to give you all you want."

"Do put me where they are, John. "I'll catch one sure and give you some cash too."

"Work is not humdrum," said Joan. "Take a rich man away from his business office and a laborer from his day's work, both suffer from ennui—become restless, unhappy. Life has lost its zest, its charm, occupation, has gone."

"Oh, Joan," returned Mayme, "you have such high fallutin ideas no one can reach you."

"And you, Mayme, have different ideas of life—so warm, so easy going a way of living—stretch out your hands and let the plums fall in—too lazy to pick them up from the ground, I fear your mode of living would be no benefit to the living or the dead."

"That's rather a rough way of sizin me up. But I don't care. Hand me the profiteer, John, and see if I'm no good to nobody. I'll profit by him that's sur."

"You are fit for cold storage," replied Joan.

"I'll jab you with my hair pin, if you keep on that way."

"By golly," said Lynn, "I believe she is the gal to do it."

"Not now, if I have some ginger ale," said Mayme, and Joan in her heart loathed her, but brought out three bottles and some glasses.

"Oh, bye the bye, since when did the place you are going to unionize, Miss Joan?" Before Joan could reply he continued, "I heard it said 'No' last week, a good, broad 'No' too."

Joan busied herself with the leaves in the vase, but Lynn answered with anger, "Don't worry. You'll find how quick people change their minds these days. changin all the time."

"So it seems, and a good thing it is too. The earth does move, doesn't it, Miss Joan?" said John.

Joan laughing returned, "The astronomers say so. And now Mayme?"

"Let Mayme listen to learn and you talk when necessary, Miss Joan."

"Why, Mr. Kelly, I thought you looked up to a woman as Americans do?"

"So I do and especially to you, Miss Joan. That

is the reason I want your attention and this question of labor will make itself heard over the world. It is already audible in London."

"It is indeed audible everywhere," returned Joan, looking straight ahead. "Many statesmen say, 'that consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds' and so say I."

"You will yet be in the halls of Congress Mr. Kelly, then I shall hear you talk on consistency."

"Well, to a degree, to a degree only. You see where we are today and we shall get further."

"Be thankful for your dessert then, I believe though the Unions are working and acting on a high plane and have succeeded on that account."

"We owe them much," said Kelly.

"An we got it all by our own hans, our own work," said Lynn.

"Sure," said Kelly.

"Yes, sirree," returned Lynn.

"Without battered heads," said Kelly with a wink.

"Good Gawd," spoke Lynn looking at Joan who was very white.

"Yes, a little ruling all around, just moral suasion. And now wake up, Mayme," said Kelly.

"I had a good snooze and Joan what do you say?"

"My voices will tell me the straight path, I feel confident. Joan of Arc heard her voices the first time at thirteen and she walked the straight path—I shall do the same."

"I wouldn't be a gurl like that—who was she?"

"A martyr, you mean? She was a girl who died for her country—but there are no martyrs today.

That age has passed. Martyrs are not made, they are born that way."

"You don't say!" answered Mayme with her eyes wide open.

You can see," said Joan, "when Joan of Arc was nineteen she was called and in one short year her work was over. She was burned at the stake, as a heretic, but her work was accomplished. She took the discouraged dauphin, Charles, put life into him and had him crowned and consecrated King of France at Rheims and she laid the foundation of a regenerated France. She performed her mission—and here I am. At fifteen I heard voices and at nineteen I was favored and received my degree at the University."

"You are a wonderful girl, Miss Joan, wonderful, but do not forget the Unions—I shall inquire how that mill stands to-morrow. I don't want my friend's daughter to be called a scab."

"Nor my friend to be there by a long shot," piped in Mayme.

"Good night, friends. Come, Mayme, I shall see you home."

"You see, child, how every one feels about it—Scab, huh, that word said about me, bites me like a snake—hissin some."

"I was afraid to say much for fear you might tell what I was going to do."

"Hoped to do—cours you mus do or giv up your place. That's settled and yer mus'n't dilly-dally, but up and doin. Why not go to work at once?" said Lynn eagerly.

"That would never do. Just leave it to my voices."

"You simply make me mad about voices. Yer hear em, keep it to yoursel. Don't talk about it. People will think you'r dippy."

"Well, I shall listen all the same and obey too. I was guided to that mill and I know I shall give satisfaction and it will lead me somewhere. I have been a stenographer all along, but such small insignificant houses. But now to get a foothold in such a mill with its thousands of employees and with breathing room and good surroundings fill my mind with life and hope. I did have good steady work where I was and now I go fearlessly here for I am efficient—naturally so in everything I undertake."

"It is time for you to stop talkin'. Do yer think you're preachin to a crowd, instead of only yer father, who doesn't care a darn cent about that stuff. He wants the finish."

"And I to see the beginning to-morrow. If that Superintendent were not to accept me—"

"He engaged you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but suppose he would not? I should simply faint. I am so eager for that position—stepping-stone."

"An I, Gal, I'll fight yer if yer don't have a closed shop."

"I shall certainly unionize that plant, so dearie go to sleep" and after kissing her father, Joan retired with a bounding heart, knowing that she would be compelled to use her woman's subtle wit to unionize the plant. Have the closed shop—to please her father and do so much for the mill workers, employees and employers. She would be on the first rung of the ladder and accomplish those results which

were no longer duties, but obligations and obligations should be fulfilled. What a triumph for a girl of twenty years to be guided by such pure, conscientious voices, which she felt assured were preparing her and would ultimately reveal to her, her true mission. Her sainted mother, who had been from a girl steeped in the voices and visions of the Maid of Donrémy, with nothing else to feed on, prayed while living that the spirit of that sublime creature—minus its penalties—would be reincarnated in that of her darling child.

CHAPTER II.

When Joan presented herself at the office of the Superintendent of the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant, she was dressed in a trim little suit made presentable by being washed and ironed with her own little hands, and one large rose joined the collar points. The Superintendent looked up and smiled at her approvingly as he gave her place. She approached her desk with a new dignity and outward composure. She was filled to overflowing with joy at her new position. The position she feared she would never reach. Here was something more than taking down words for others—it was Manna for her and more—it was more than food for the body and mind—physical and mental work. It would be the molding of others and standing on something to which to cling. What she could and would do besides efficient work at her desk, she did not know, but she felt a reliance upon her voices that they would guide her in the right direction. Now, to work among her fellow creatures, to uplift them and to bring them to her way of thinking; to do something for the Unions, something large for the world—to stand like a rock between them and anarchy: The blood tingled in her veins, she had been called and would not be found wanting—she would answer the call. There were other stenographers there—girls too—girls who worked on without a thought, happy looking girls, glad to be there. They were fairly capable girls; at times, when unnoticed, slacking a little, but Joan

came and went and worked with a diligence beyond compare. She had not been there a week before she was acquainted with all the girls—they were not large in numbers—and some of the men too; in a month she knew the foremen of the different gangs. She was a modest, refined girl and the men showed her great respect for her zeal. Her work for the mill grew to be perfect and gave great satisfaction. She joined the girls at luncheon and soon discovered that though the girls—only recently admitted—were paid fair wages though not what the unions demanded, but the men workers were paid the union scale, but the most vexing question was the Closed Shop.

The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors, Mr. Charles Torby and Mr. Applegate Torby—Mr. Ashton and the Board of Directors were absolutely opposed to the Closed Shop, saying that on the humanitarian plea and the brotherhood basis the Unions were throwing out of employment hundreds of thousands of unorganized workers, therefore Joan felt the extreme necessity of working cautiously. She was by nature thorough and conscientious. She would have preferred to come out openly and declare her intention of unionizing the plant, but she knew if she did she would not be strong enough to demand her reinstatement if she were discharged, but if she had a large number of followers and was discharged and the plant was unionized, she could demand her reinstatement and no doubt the demand would be granted. She had been in the mill about six weeks when Lynn said one evening, "Men in the Western Consolidated Plant are talking loud and cross about yer workin in an open shop."

"I must have time," replied Joan.

"Strikes are goin on thick all over the country and all over the world too," said Lynn.

"Notwithstanding it takes time for such work, a bit underhand you know."

"Do yer want a life time to do it?"

"Well, father, impatience accomplishes nothing."

"The hour is here to finish up and they expect me to make you close up at once. Walk out and tell them why—you mus be treated white."

"You know very well, father, the workers in the New Construction Iron and Steel mill are not suffering. They have fair treatment and the men get union wages and the girls have fair wages and I cannot say otherwise. I also hear the Directors always listen to suggestions for improving conditions, so why the haste and ruin my plans, so there?"

"They only do what they mus do. They are afraid it'll pull down ther profits," said Lynn.

"No doubt compulsion and the sentiment of the times compel them to do many things for fear of reducing profits," rejoined Joan.

"So yer are cornered, young lady; without's they'd have no profits."

"'The Laborer is worthy of his hire,' true."

"Now, Joan dear, don't talk Bible to me all the time."

"A little Scripture intermingled is good reasoning, I am sure."

"You are just like your mother, always talkin Bible to make one believe as she believed and that always turned things into a quarrel."

"Well, now, poor, dear mother."

"Don't yer say a word to excite me, Joan. I'm not very well. My heart runs too fast, if they knew

it at the mill I'd be discharged in a minute. The work is very hard. Those bellowin furnaces with their great hotness make me weak. I sweat too much. Yer mother if she lived would never let me stay an hour ther at my age."

"Poor mother," in an undertone—Then in a clear voice, "Father, dear father, you are a young man yet," and she patted his cheek.

"Stop workin ther at once. Come out, I can work for both of us. I can work," and he looked at his caloused hands, "and I'll do all I can for both of us."

"I am afraid," said Joan compassionately, regarding his already bent figure, "It is beyond you." He had married at thirty, but his wrinkled care worn face made him appear sixty.

"Yes, I can take care of both of us, but when I go round and fin' the men drawin away from me and sayin' 'Scab' to themselves, I am sick."

"It is indeed a leprous work."

"Yes, child, my courage goes. I tremble and say to myself, when will she come with the good news. Will she ever make good her work—Ther's wher' the rub is."

"If you go on like this something will happen to you. When you work, dear, you must think only of your work."

"Oh, I know I'll be dragged or pin'd down or somethin' with that madenin' roaring furnac."

"And what will become of me? You mangled?"

Joan turned aside and prayed for the guidance of her voices.

"Don't pray—Do, do, do."

"Don't lose courage, father, I shall unionize the plant very soon. You shall not suffer for me."

"I feel better already. It's like I had a stiff glass of whisky."

"There now, that is faith—indomitable will to your aid."

"It's my will to have yer do this and I want it on for my free buddy."

"Of course all the buddies want it and they shall have it. To-morrow more decided talks, then decided action. But keep your courage up, because if I commence before the time is ripe it will be a failure, for whatever I do, must result in—"

"Crops, big crops."

"Do not fear, my voices are guiding me and it is a pleasure to obey them."

"It'll be a funeral soon for that plant," returned Lynn gleefully.

"Funerals are always saddening to me, though I knew of a woman who laughed at a funeral and cried at a wedding."

"Men should cry at weddins these days that ally money all yer life to pay for some one who doesn't car for yer, but goes gaddin around."

"Do not be so cruel to poor woman, Atlas is on her shoulders."

"Is a gography so heavy to carry. Horses couldn't tear yer mother away from me. Thes' darned divorces are turning things upsid down. Women wants everythin, and gets everythin. No gettin along with 'em. Never mind tho, just go on with that darn business."

"Do not be profane."

"What'll I do when I want to cuss?"

"As some minister once said, 'Have some one to cuss for you.'"

"Too dear in thes days. Wages'll have to go up."

"Father, father, wages up in one way increases the price of things in another."

"Ther' you're with yer darn dictionary agin."

"False reasoning, wrong reasoning. But do not worry—not you, but my voices."

"There yer're with your darn—" Joan clapped her hands over Lynn's mouth and then rushed into her room.

Next day at the luncheon hour found Joan in the midst of a group of workers, some girls, but mostly men as the latter predominated in large numbers as employees. "I feel, dear friends, for we are all friends here, I am sure, it is time to unionize this plant. Do not be startled," as they all moved around and looked up. "Just think this is the only plant not unionized in this grand, prosperous city. This city of sunshine and flowers and really we read that San Francisco and New York will always be the ports of the water highways of the world; so you may realize what work there will be for willing hands to do right here. And while we receive fair wages and exemplary treatment, how long do you think these conditions will remain, if we should wish to keep pace with organized labor? And all these surroundings have been brought about by the force of outside pressure. The Unions. In union there is strength—a living example in our beloved United States. Yes, in unionism lies our power."

"Knowing your sentiments," said one of the men, "which are of the highest, yet, I don't think it ex-

actly right for us to demand any more than we are now getting."

"But conditions are favorable to have all unions under one head and we should take advantage of opportunities. This way only unions will work—produce," said Joan.

"Of course," said another man, "we need protection and we need more to-day to live comfortable than we did a few years ago."

"Of course we do, but look at the improvements, the comforts we have today," said a pretty girl with red cheeks, heightened by rouge, not thinking, possibly, that old women can apply rouge and powder, but nothing can equal nature—Youth, which no money can buy and which early decay causes many to abandon themselves to excesses, indulging in the epicurean philosophy, live while we can for tomorrow we die.

"You know," said Joan "when the plant is unionized and demands for more wages should arise all objections must be overcome by increased application to work. No slacking, but production and more production to show that increased wages would, will bring increased profit. We must be just too. No intimidation, no violence. I abhor it," said Joan.

"You are conservative," returned the rosy-cheek girl.

"I am for right on all sides. Of course I should not wonder when there are murmurings, the Directors and Superintendents, and all officers of the corporation are on the alert for more workers—so as not to be helpless and carry out their orders. The superintendents are not officers, but have favored positions."

"You mean a certain preparedness," said a man who was listening intently.

"Not exactly preparedness, but a good business head is always on the alert. There is another thing which is only right—justice—that all employees should abide by their contracts as well as the employers," said Joan.

"That is reasoning and seasoning," said Mary Blue, "and I intend to work that way."

"Bless your heart," returned Joan, "to see things in the right light."

"That sounds right," said Walter Kenyon, a foreman, "but I think we should not be in a hurry—just look on for a while and see how things will develop."

"And where will we be when we get that far? I am a bit nervous. My mother depends on me a little," said a girl with rather a wearied look. "Of course, we girls are all in the minority and don't count for much."

"Miss Joan of course will be our leader," said another girl, "and when once commenced we will stand by her through thick and thin."

"If we strike," said foreman Kenyon, "we will support Miss Lynn and submit to her leadership. But it is a daring thing for a young girl to do even in this day of rapid advancement."

Joan replied, "I am grateful to you and all of you for your respect and confidence and sincerely hope that I shall merit it, as I am sure these girls—my co-workers will too. If we fall from the path, if we deviate from our promises, if we do not abide by our contracts we shall lose and endanger our strength—our word—which is everything."

"But we shall not, will not, must not fail," said the intent listener.

"No, no," rose from a chorus of voices.

Joan replied, "My voices guide me, I follow, I go to do their bidding. Good-night."

As she left all the men inquired, "What voices?"

One of the girls said, "She thinks she has a mission."

"A mission? From God or the devil," said a pretty and coquetish girl.

Another girl said, "Don't we all have missions to marry?"

"You are all right," said Kenyon laughing and the others joining in, "I see you in a five room house inviting us to—"

"Not to beer," said another pretty girl—"but to tea."

Another girl remarked, "I don't like tea, I want luncheon."

"I shall do better," returned another girl. "When I marry the man of my choice, with a five room house and all the things that go with it—yes, I shall do better than that luncheon—I shall give you a dinner—it may be without soup—it may be a cold dinner, but it will be a dinner. I hope it will be in turkey season, but it should be and must be turkey you know; a regular buffet dinner."

Kenyon laughed and said, "I am afraid you will have to sell the house and lot to buy the turkey," and they all laughed and the girls laughed until the tears trickled down their faces. Tears often flow for joy as well as sorrow.

"Well," spoke up one of the men, "Let's have a

sit down dinner, if only corned beef and cabbage and 2.75 beer. Let us vote," and they all voted in favor of corned beef and 2.75 beer on the table.

"Let's write it down in our diary," said another. "I am anxious for a full pail."

"Hurrah for the dinner wherever it is, whatever it is and whenever it is. A vote of thanks too—"

"Miss Pinker," said one of the girls, "is the dinner proposer and Mr. Bartel the corned beef, beer and a seated dinner." A rising vote of thanks was then proposed by Kenyon for Miss Lynn, Miss Pinker and Mr. Bartel, and all rose to their feet and cheered Kenyon, who after thanking his auditors said, "Now to work."

CHAPTER III.

Joan had been about two months in the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant when the Superintendent, Charles Dennon, said to the Foreman, Walter Kenyon, "What is the matter, Kenyon, there seems to be something brewing here—there is a restlessness among the workers?"

"Well, the beautiful stenographer in your office seems to be pretty busy among the girls and the men too."

"Aha! familiar."

"No, sir. Her dresses are high up in the neck you know and none of that airy material that some have. No one would venture to say an improper word to her. There is something freezing about her. A regular iceberg. Still she has such winning ways that she can lead others."

"Don't let her lead you and see that she is not intriguing. Beauties are dangerous commodities."

"She will take care of herself, I am sure."

"A don't touch me air; look out for such deceivers. I never did approve of taking women in the plant."

"It is the times, sir, the times—the women are everywhere."

"Yes, they will storm the government posts yet—then look out for tempests, and cyclones. They will want and want and get and get until they possess all the earth yields."

"Not quite so bad as all that," answered Kenyon.

"Be on the watch and remember you have not been questioned."

"All right."

Applegate Torby a perfect specimen of manly strength and possessed of debonair manners came into his office, touched a button and the superintendent appeared.

"Everything humming, I see," said Applegate. "Orders, orders one after the other and all content in the mill. I am glad I did not go East to start this plant instead of in this smiling climate, smiling people, grasping your hand more than cordially and dining and wining you too. Yes wining you, overriding poor old prohibition in a thousand ways. I think we should reach out a little for suggestions, regarding improvements in every possible way,—not to interfere too much with the profits you know. Gad, the people want dividends. You take it from the people and give it back to them—a fair exchange. I have not heard as much as I should like about my innovation in the plant, women stenographers and women wherever they can fit in. The governor, my father, Mr. Ashton, the President, and most of the directors were greatly opposed to it—but one must advance with the world."

"I have a stenographer, Miss Joan Lynn, in the general office of stenographers."

"Well?"

"I do not like to worry you with particulars, Mr. Torby—the books—"

"Never mind books just this minute, I like detail every where sometime, but not now. Is your stenographer on the alert—active—very?"

"Yes, yes," replied the superintendent.

"Dennon, I wish to see this stenographer."

"She is a university girl."

"Good looking?"

"As beautiful as the stars of heaven."

"No rhapsody, Dennon. Who is her father?"

"An ordinary laborer, I hear."

"Where working?"

"At the Western Consolidated Steel Corporation."

"Occupation."

"Has worked there many years, now a puddler."

"Hot work," and Applegate moved as if his feet were on a burning furnace and continued, "That Western is a strong union plant. The girl pretty as a picture—old expression—a star of the first magnitude, with a university education. No doubt those surrounding her were imbued with her new fangled theories—a reformer—her ideas to prevail reforming the world. And there have sprung up reformers for every conceivable thing under the sun—ending with a paternalism that is truly marvelous for one's good, because we are not allowed to walk alone."

"I have just found out she is a good talker, a convincing talker—"

"Floating here and there?" asked Applegate.

"So I hear, Mr. Torby."

"You hear, you must know. I shall go in where the girl is working—stop—there are a number there, send the girl here—into my office."

"She will feel honored, Mr. Torby," said Dennon as he went out, escaping Applegate's words. "Damn that man, that hypocrite—she has sugar coated him already. She is dangerous baggage and must be dismissed at once. Short work with her."

The superintendent was led on with the sentiments of Joan harmonizing with the times, and though she had not said anything to him personally,

her actions spoke it—a subtle, something seemed to emanate from her. She gave the plant all she could, her labor, her watchfulness, her thought, her efficiency, but she was going to demand something in return. He knew more than Kenyon thought he did. He was fully cognizant of everything that occurred in the plant and he concurred fully with Applegate that she would be a disturbing element, but at the same time he echoed the opinion of Kenyon that “she was a peach” which meant to them both the acme of all good things—Perfection.

Applegate Torby sat in his office, humming a tune when a light knock came at the door. He answered shortly without turning his head, “Come in.”

“Sir, I have come at the orders of Mr. Dennon, I feel—”

“Truly honored, of course.”

“No, sir; not honored, but pleased to await your orders.”

Applegate, lifting his head at the sound of that sweet, melodious voice, was enraged at himself that Joan appeared like a beautiful vision to him, that she accosted him civilly, but with no deference, and at once realized that her university education was an armor to her which would be difficult to penetrate.

“What are you doing there at your desk?”

“Everything that I am instructed to do and everything that pertains to my department. I am proficient in my work.”

“Honesty and integrity of purpose are sometimes more.”

Observing her tremble he continued. “What do you do in your leisure hours?”

"I do not have much leisure, but—"

"That time is spent in talking, eh?"

"Not exactly."

"Your evenings?"

"Home with my father."

"Luncheons?"

"Here of course."

"Certainly, that is when you do your talking. Ingratiating, implanting your ideas upon all those with whom you can influence. Is that your luncheon work?"

"Are you a confessor?"

"No, I am simply asking an honest question, such as your employer is supposed to have the privilege of doing."

"You shall have an honest answer," she replied with dignity, lifting her beautiful eyes to his blazing ones.

"Are you talking for the good of the plant?"

"As I think, yes, as you think, no doubt, no. I work for humanity."

"You mean for one part of humanity and the other part you push out."

"I do not push them out."

"But you will not let them in."

"I want to gather them all in the fold. It is a big work."

"Oh, you are one of those reformers who live on the breath of publicity. Do not brush up that cant. Destruction not construction, pulling down and leaving for others to build up if they can on the ruins. Deformers, I call them."

"Harsh names. Ask your questions more psycho-

logically to the direct purpose and I shall endeavor not to evade them."

Thinking it wise not to press the questions too closely, Applegate answered, "You may go, but have a care." And Joan with a bow left the office.

Applegate touched a button and the superintendent appeared.

"Dennon, watch that girl and report, she is dangerous," and as the superintendent walked out, Applegate closed his eyes and said aloud, "Now, I have made the trouble."

And Charles Torby coming in, looked at his handsome son with pride, ignoring his words, said, "Your brow is cloudy. What can you want? The new plant is doing an immense business, while there are strikes rolling all over the country."

"Have all struck who want to do so?" inquired Applegate.

"Well, they have been generous to us, not molesting us at all, and this plant is the only open shop in San Francisco."

"We are not out of the woods yet, father."

"Let us cross the bridge when we come to it."

"I am afraid, father, we shall be compelled to tackle that question. The girls, the stenographers."

"I warned you against the innovation."

"I do not deny it."

"Women, obstinate and capricious, April showers—tears one moment, smiles the next. Oh, 'woman in our hours of ease.'"

"Do not quote now. Reformers are always in a high fever, especially women."

"Why rail against women? Women are change-

able, you know, a privilege, but you can easily govern them."

"The most ungovernable creatures on earth. Whimsical, capricious, tyrannical, moods and tenses, pretty, cattish. It is said a man can break a broncho, win a prize fight, but cannot govern a woman."

"My, what a tirade, Applegate. Since when have you felt so bitter against women?"

"Since I became engaged months ago to that haughty beauty Diana Ashton. I know you can make them do, exactly what they wish to do, so much and no more."

"Well, you were not engaged before. It is a new experience. You should have been married by this time, I do not believe in long engagements. Learn each other's foibles too well. Short engagements are best. In Europe engagements are made quite formidable affairs, with their linens, dowers, etc. It is a prenuptial contract. So when there is a breach of contract, which seldom occurs, all those love letters, billings and cooings and promises of love and devotion, old time expressions, need not be brought into court to the amusement of an ever curious, morbid crowd, and to the disgust of one side or the other. If your dear mother were alive, you would have been married long ago and could enjoy your matrimonial spats to your heart's content."

Applegate interrupting, "The divorce mill, so convenient, so easy."

"Not so easy, my lad. The alimony, my lad, in proportion to the wealth and social position of the applicant, in fact of both parties, and Diana ranks high. Your mother would be proud of such an alliance. Diana is a goddess, you know."

"But the goddess never married, so that statue is broken. At all events how I wish I had not asked her to pass her summers and winters with me," groaned Applegate.

"But you have and she really is a very handsome, statuesque beauty and men rave over her."

"But I am afraid I am falling. Can I not turn back, break the engagement? I must, I will."

No, our honor is at stake. You know Ashton is simply pouring in money in this plant and the success is beyond all expectations. Now, come, do not be impossible. The mill is your conception; employing women along with the times, your idea."

"Yes, the stenographers are doing fine work."

"Heigho, Applegate, have you seen some rosebud of a stenographer, and has she looked at you with dreamy eyes—languishing, dying for you in appeal. Forget those things now. Bend your eyes on the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant—union demands or not. It needs money and more money like a hungry monster."

"It is a ravenous beast hunting for prey and I am to be the prey. Is that so?"

"Let me hear no more. Money, money, the force of the world. Those who decry it most, want it most, the simple life is a fable."

"There is one thing, father, I do not understand; that is why there is such a cry for an increase of population."

"I suppose there are innumerable things that many of us do not understand."

"But this persistent cry," said Applegate earnestly, "and proposed in so many ways, that life, marriage, everything loses its sacredness, bah!"

"Most likely as not, it is reviving the answer, 'Food for cannon.'"

"It is a serious problem," returned Applegate. "Yes, there is where the open shop comes in. It gives work for all the unemployed at living wages and production, production—the downfall of anarchy."

"There is a good deal in what you say, father."

"The open shop, the hope for all."

"My candid belief and I say so too," said Applegate.

"It is not 'The Man with the Hoe' but the man without the hoe, that is the trouble."

As his father left, Applegate touched the button and the Superintendent entered.

"Dennon," said Applegate, "do you think the stenographer, Joan Lynn, is a little too decided in her views?"

"Decided, in what way?"

"Pronounced. How do the girls act since she has come to her desk—a little more talking, a little more laxity?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Torby."

"How can that be, she is pressing to govern them?"

"No, not that, but—"

"She should attend to her own duties not to the others. Your work."

"Oh, do not misunderstand. She never interferes. If the girls talk a little, slack a little, not as decorous as they might be; without scarcely the lifting of an eyebrow her subtle influence is felt."

"You are too much under her influence yourself. Facts are the things that speak."

"I do not think—"

"Send the girl to me."

"Very well."

In a few moments Joan appeared.

Applegate barely looked at her and said with some sharpness, "I think it well to talk over matters with you again."

"I have not changed since I left you."

"Certainly not," returned Applegate in a harsh voice, "but possibly we did not exactly understand each other."

"I am perfectly willing to enlighten you."

"To enlighten me, ha, ha! You are one of those women, those decided militant suffragettes. I wish I had a few more adjectives at my command."

"I may help you," said Joan, a little bitterly, but coolly.

"There is one thing, I should like for you to understand, that is if you are really intending to stir up things here."

"Well," said Joan, "if I am?"

"Well," returned Applegate.

"Proceed," and Joan seated herself firmly in her chair and Applegate looked at her sternly.

"You are committing a wrong."

"A wrong?"

"Yes, in these times of economic necessity for production and more production to create a disturbance."

"Different views, Mr. Torby."

"Employees should work for the benefit of their employers."

"An exploded theory to-day. Where would the employees be without the Unions?"

"They would be in a—" said Applegate hesitatingly.

"Not in such an improved condition as today," said Joan. "I assure you if you unionize your plant, you will have good, faithful workers; they will earn their wages."

"You say so, but they do not abide by contracts, and then what?"

"They would if I unionize them do what they promise."

"Have they always done so?"

"Things change you know."

"Indeed they do. We know that children fifty years ago, even in cold climates, mind you, went to school—to be in school, at eight o'clock in winter; sometimes to walk a few miles, and were in school at a quarter of eight in summer. Sessions commenced in the afternoon from one to five o'clock in winter and from one to half past five in summer. The children were well and happy and were taught there was something to respect in life. There are no children to-day. Their eyes are opened to all the evils of life and there are more crimes committed by children, more suicides by children and more insanity (in adults too) than the world has ever known, notwithstanding all the splendid philanthropic societies and scientific charity."

"You are moralizing, Mr. Torby."

"I may be, but things have gone too far. I believe in play for children. In recreation for every human being if it can be done, but it cannot be done on the scale of to-day—all play and no work."

"I agree with you there. Work is the panacea for every trouble, in poverty, sorrow and death."

"And every time there is a strike what a loss to labor itself," said Applegate.

"True, true," said Joan.

"Fifty years ago, Americanism did not have to be taught. It was burned into the very soul of the people by the very joy of it. It was born with every man and woman, who sang lulla-bys to their children with it and when children read their history at school they thanked God for their Nationality. So for the immigrants, America, the Land of Liberty, was their thoughts by day and their dreams at night. They saved, they starved, anything only to get to America."

"Yes, but now?" said Joan.

"Now, a great many aliens come over with the same ideas that prevail in their own countries, mostly despotic governments, where they were formerly serfs and in rebellion to their governments and then they continue protesting and stir up or wish to stir up the same rebellious actions in this country."

"True, true, Mr. Torby."

"But they must be taught that this is America, and a republic. Oh, our beloved America, to think that we of the present day, looking backwards, should be in the danger zone."

"True, true, Mr. Torby."

"Then you see your error," said Applegate eagerly.

"I see unionism, the goal of the workmen," said Joan.

"You will not be convinced?"

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still."

Do not bring your education, or rather your memory here."

"Sir," replied Joan, angered by the taunt, but outwardly composed, "it is time for our talk to end. It is a waste of fuel."

"Women are obstinate, headstrong creatures, rushing forward to destruction, not caring whom they drag down in their mad career."

"Sir, enough," returned Joan, rising.

"As is true, woman trusts to her intuitions, she does not work according to deliberate thought, but man is a mathematician and exercises his judgment."

Joan replied, "I am governed by my voices. Good day."

As she went out, Applegate called, "Come back, come back Joan," but she was gone and his cry was lost.

CHAPTER IV.

"I generally avoid a five o'clock car, but I am going into a crowded street car late this afternoon," said Mrs. Wotton to a lady friend, "and see for myself about the politeness of men to the weaker sex. I am not the one to blame men too much for remaining seated. Women before the war invaded men's territory to a degree only, but since the war they have worked in positions for which they were deemed constitutionally unfit and have now invaded all fields, even high government positions. As they have taken all these privileges, no doubt the men feel inclined to let them have the privilege of standing also."

"And I say right too, especially when the laborers come home," returned her friend.

"But many girls come home from work too. Come with me," said Mrs. Wotton.

"Ta ta. Let me know how you fare and your experience this afternoon. I should accompany you, but I must rush home for tea and put on my love of a dress. So many social duties call on me that it is even fatiguing to think of them. Good-bye, dearest Margaret, you have enough to do to think of your admirers without going on so many tours of investigation. Be sure you do not forget to receive with me next Tuesday. No affair of mine is complete without you. You throw your blandishments over women as well as over men. Good-bye; do not forget."

Mrs. Wotton, thinking aloud said, "If she had

continued talking, her postscript would be longer than her letter."

About standing, women really have themselves to blame, but American women dislike to think and most of all to feel that men have lost their chivalry or rather courtesy. Mrs. Wotton was also desirous of observing the effect of dress on men and what impression age would make, which would indicate the principles they had learned at their mother's knee. Mrs. Wotton, continuing to think aloud, "I am glad it is my personal maid's afternoon out. I shall dress well for my ride, a black dress, a bit of white chiffon, mingled with a bit of white lace, winding in and out, a bit of coquetry. I would not be a young widow if I did not possess it in a very, very small degree. No jewelry, of course that would be abominable in a street car, unless one were going to a tea, then a cloak would cover it. And now my becoming hat with plumes. A hat must be becoming and I shall be charming to myself, that is as charming as I can be." And at the end of her soliloquy, Mrs. Margaret Wotton laughed aloud. And sure enough at ten minutes past five, the charming widow gave prima facie evidence of "Beware of widders," and hailed a crowded street car. Men, women and children were standing—a few women with babies in arms and little ones tugging on their skirts. Every strap was taken and every available inch of space was occupied. Some few men were so immersed in their papers that they did not see anything. When the widow came in she made a commotion as she anticipated by lending a helping hand here and there. A fairly young man said to his companion, possibly the same age, "I am

going to do the customary thing, give my seat to that young woman."

"As you have been seated for some time, Culten, and women and children have been knocked from one end of the car to the other, it is quite evident, I regret to admit that you are only rising for youth and beauty." But Culten had already pressed forward and with a bow and tipping of his hat, said, "Have my seat, Madam."

"No thanks," and the widow smiled bewitchingly. Culten nearly lost his own seat and said to his companion, "By Jove, to resist me!"

"You must be growing old."

"By Jove, do not say so. I do not want any visitor of that name, old age, sending in his card and he will not I am sure for years to come. If I were a woman I should simply take out my mirror and powder puff with a dash of rouge and presto, transformation scene."

"Which you may do when you get home, no doubt."

"You are a cynic," retorted Culten.

"No, I do not belong to that school."

In the meantime the car was speeding and another stop and another stop was made, more passengers coming on, but apparently none going out. Then there was a woman with a child in her arms and one clutching her dress, when the car gave a lurch and the child would have fallen at her feet if Mrs. Wotton had not grasped her firmly by the hand. Two laboring men rose and said gruffly, "Seats." Mrs. Wotton seated the woman with her babe first and then sat down and took the child by the hand and said, "Crowd in between us. You are such a little

tot and we are not Amazons." Upon which a one-legged soldier arose. "My seat for the little one, Madam."

"By no means," returned Mrs. Wotton, "would we deprive you of your seat—quite enough room," and she soon had the child comfortably seated. Numbers of men were intensely interested in what was occurring in Kamchatka, with their heads deeply buried in their newspapers. The two friends looked at each other and smiled grimly.

Joan entered the car just in time to drink in the scene. Culten having now gained courage, said to his companion, "Hardwick, the firmament seems to be falling in around us. The girl who just entered, by Jove, she is a radiant creature—a celestial vision. I think I shall take this car every day. Your quarters for investigation too."

"I am a little ashamed of myself, but the investigation deterred me from going forward," said Hardwick, and continued: "Offer her your seat."

"I am afraid of these divinities, cracked craniums might be the result."

And Joan with her dreamy eyes stood erect, clinging to a strap which she had fortunately taken advantage of when the car stopped and Peter Lynn came in and a very ordinary laborer he looked. "Father," cried Joan, "you look tired. I am sorry I cannot offer you a seat."

"It was different in my days whenever man jumped outa seat for woman, but now—"

"Not so loud, father."

"What I care? It's no lie."

"But then, father," replied Joan, "women did not desire to rush out into the world to make their own

fortunes, usurp men's work in many places, and so it is right that we take the bitter with the sweet and this standing is one of our standing privileges."

A loud guffaw burst forth from some of the men near her and others looked at her with varied emotions. And some of the workers said: "A new specimen of suffragette who desires homage from man—a sensible girl."

"The first one I ever met," said Culten to Hardwick.

"No, Joan, we don't get out here by five blocks. What's matter with yer? You've forgotten wher' you live?"

But Joan, embarrassed by her father and the remarks she occasioned, pushed and hustled him along until they were on the sidewalk and the car went speeding away.

"Do not be so indignant, father."

"What yer mean by cuttin' up so?"

"I simply could not stand to see those faces leering at me, so I used a little camouflage to get you away. Camouflage must be a good word, because it must be used in this world, I suppose. I hate it anyway. Then in the car I saw a beautiful woman who looked at me kindly and motioned me to bring you to her seat, but I was forced to go; yielding to a power beyond me, I was so bewildered I did not even smile my thanks."

"And yer work to unionize the plant?"

"That still requires time."

"Yer say the same thin' all th' time."

"I am so sorry I cannot say otherwise."

"Ther're strikes goin' all th' time, but yer do nottin you've been ther long enough. I say end it. If

yer want, John and Mayme are comin' over tonight and we'll talk it over."

"Not tonight, father, not tonight. I shall retire early. Anyway, I dislike that gum-chewing girl."

"Not good enuf fer yer, varsity gal?"

"Social likes and dislikes must adjust themselves."

"Well, come on, let's get home an' have dinner. I'll do anythin' fer yer, but yer mus' unionize that plant. Unionize, unionize."

"Mr. Applegate Torby sent for me today and told me he was very much dissatisfied with the reports, and if I did not mend my course he would discharge me. But I think the workers will stand by me and my heart is so bound up in the work that I shrink at the thought that I may not succeed. I am sure though if he will let me carry out the work complete in all details he will not regret it."

"Well, no more, chile. W'ar near home and now the dinner pail, then to bed and rest. Tomorrow'll be brighter."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!" added Joan, and when she went to her room, wept and prayed. Joan, the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc, tells me there is work for me in this world. Her call was defined, but mine is not yet. I do not see my visions clearly. My voices are clamoring, but the call is indefinite. Yet, I am sure I shall be led into the right path."

After Joan and her father left the car, Hardwick said to Culten: "Fine girl."

"Beautiful girl. Thank God, this world is a garden full of flowers."

"But she is not blooming for you."

"Oh, you are the one to pluck the lily from the stem and wear it in your buttonhole."

"No, no. You are off the track. The other charming woman has nettled you. I am stopping here." And before Culten could tell where he was in the crowd, Hardwick had vanished and followed Mrs. Wotton, who had gone with the poor woman, taking the child by the hand and walked off with them to the cottage.

After a short stay Mrs. Wotton came out of the cottage, beckoned her chauffeur, who, according to instruction, had followed the street car, and walked briskly to her limousine, tripped over a branch, but did not fall. Hardwick rushed to her assistance. His sudden appearance startled her more than her trivial accident.

With profuse thanks in a quick but most gracious way, Mrs. Wotton sank back in her seat and laughed at the whole incident.

By the aid of the reading lamps he caught the number of the limousine, hoping it might be a future guide, when he quickly turned and knocked boldly at the cottage door and inquired of the woman his way to the city. That he was a stranger and lost his way and he thought he recognized a friend of his in the limousine that had just driven away. He felt rather guilty at this deception, but under these circumstances he thought it entirely justifiable. "Did she leave her name with you?" he ventured to ask. "The good lady," said the woman, her tongue made voluble by this unexpected Godsend, "she didn't, but she gave me some money, promised to send some food tomorrow and to look after me every now and then."

"She will put in a good stock for you, I am sure.

She must be a fairy godmother."

"She may be a fairy," returned the woman, "for she is not a bit stiff-necked. She just took me by the hand and helped me out of the car and my kid by the hand and walked along the street to this home as if we were somebody high and then comes into the house and gives me twenty dollars in paper money. That is a heart for you; I simply had to throw the baby on the bed and sit down, I was that glad and faint, so you see all the good people are not dead yet."

"I hope not," replied Hardwick.

"I feel with all my troubles, though, I have been weak, thinking where the bread and milk for the kids would come from the next morning. So far it has come, and today—the beautiful lady."

"Yes," answered Hardwick, "I am confident the Lord will provide through the beautiful lady."

"You see, sir, my husband, God rest his soul, died in France a few months ago. This boy on the bed was nine weeks old when his father came in one night and said he heard the bugle call him to France and he must obey. And I do not know to this day whether he was drafted or whether he had thought of it in his brain so long that his mind gave way a little under the strain and he thought he heard the call, but he went and is buried somewhere in France. If I were rich, I mean rich enough to go there or find out here or at Washington where he is buried, then I could try to have him brought here. It would be such a comfort to have him lying where I could put a flower on his grave. I don't believe I could beg or steal for the little ones, but I would steal flowers for his grave if I could not buy them and my holidays would be spent around that grave with

my little ones," and the tears rolled down her face thick and fast, and the little girl cried to see her mother give way to weeping, and the baby joined in the chorus.

"My good woman, you have been sorely tried in defense of your—our country, but I am sure—"

"Don't say another word; I would rather have him dead in that far-away France than have him a slacker here. I have called the baby boy Andrew Kerry after his father and when he grows up I can tell him and be proud about it that his father died for his country. But who can or will try to get him here so I can tend to his grave, and so that I, if not the children, can have the thought of when my call comes to rest by his side?" And her tears flowed afresh. "Oh, sir, I hear there are thirty thousand graves of America's sons and adopted sons in one big cemetery in France. Is it true, sir?"

Hardwick turned aside and said: "Let us take one grief and one purpose at a time—too many troubles at one time confuse the mind."

"But, sir—"

"You see, my good woman, everything in nature serves a purpose," and quoted the following lines:

"No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but shows some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way."

"And now, my good woman, I am in a position to help you, but if unable to do so in the way I should like, it will eventually be possible to secure a little plot of ground for you here and have a small monu-

ment erected in the memory of your husband and you may have flowers all around it and a rose bush on each side, too."

"Oh, what a load off my heart, because I feel that you will try and that you are honest."

Hardwick said: "Now let me give you a bit of advice. Do not let every one come in as you did me in these times. Doors should be closed and hearts open. I am coming back in a week or so. In the meantime have the name of your husband, his rank, in what company, and everything connected with him, and I shall see about your pension, too. That is, place it in proper hands for you. And I shall not forget the monument."

And Mrs. Kerry fell on her knees and prayed, and Hardwick went out. And she jumped up and called after him: "God bless you. Your street car—" but he had already boarded his car and was on his way to the city.

CHAPTER V.

"Ah, Diana, if I were you I should be a bit more gracious than you are to Applegate," and Mr. Harry Ashton gazed on his beautiful daughter with a look replete with satisfied ambition, and at the same time looked around the stately room of his palatial mansion overlooking the bay with its magnificent fleet guarding the entrance into San Francisco.

"I am Diana the banker's daughter. Let him be a little more enthusiastic about me. I demand homage."

"Indeed, you are fitly named for your mythological ancestor. Goddess as you are, no one but a king or a prince should you wed, eh?"

"This is a barren country for such products. Indeed, to allow Applegate to become engaged to me I made him bend, but not enough."

"No, child, do not attempt to make him bend too far. This is America, and equality, you know, otherwise like a steel blade, it will snap if bent too far." Seeing a frown on her lovely face, he continued: "Senator Algernon Athelstane, as I told you a few days ago, the youngest Senator of the United States, is coming to dinner tonight. Show him your angelic side. We all have dual natures to a degree. Make Applegate furiously jealous."

"I shall make him so jealous that his face will be green on one side and yellow on the other."

"On consideration, I suggest a moderate course."

"Father, I—"

"Remember, he is an only son, with a doting father, no mother, no mother-in-law, an instinctive

money maker—see the success of the New Plant? It will stretch out far and wide. With our millions to back it, beyond our dreams.”

“You exaggerate our millions and Applegate’s ability.”

“I think not,” replied Ashton.

“You forget this is a city of unionism, father.”

“There is no doubt about that. Remember, Applegate is a man among men, to my idea, and he cannot always be writing sonnets to my lady’s eyebrows, though she is a luminary of the first order. I leave it to your sagacity. It will bring him to scent the danger—the signal will be out.”

The guests arriving were received cordially and graciously by father and daughter. Diana was escorted to dinner by Applegate Torby and seated between him and Senator Athelstane. The Senator was given a young woman of the intellectual type, but at this dinner he did not appreciate psychology and geology, so turned to the star on the other side, Diana, and while she was thus engaged Applegate was compelled to divert his mind with the Titian-haired beauty at his side.

Mrs. Wotton’s dinner companion was Congressman Wittington Hardwick, much to her amusement and to the great joy of the Congressman, to be with his innamorata, a coveted place for him. His host was a fine telepathist, to be sure, and he considered it a good omen for his future hopes and it sharpened his wits like wine during the evening. Also he did not fail to inquire with an anxious glance if her slight fall had caused her any discomfort and smiled when relieved of his anxiety. Mr. Charles Torby was happily seated by one of his friends. Mr. Ashton had

given the seat of honor on his right to one of the wealthiest women of America. She was literally covered with diamonds and pearls bought from the spoils of the downfall of the ex-royalties and nobility. She laughed at everything and said nothing. Current events were not at her command that day, as her coach had been attacked with influenza; also too much Red Cross work had fatigued her. Diana remarked to the Senator that the lady was a hollyhock of the gaudiest hue, to which he emphatically assented.

After the Epicurean feast and the flow of wine, which most people think unlocks the flow of wit and soul, while others think it locks it, Mr. Ashton, rising, said: "Friends, there are no toasts this evening. Apropos to the subject, I read an anecdote of a little boy who asked his father why after-dinner speeches were generally called toasts, was told they were generally dry, and I say, possibly, ere long they will be entirely dry." And prolonged laughter followed this facetious remark. "Of course, in comparison with the brilliant minds assembled here this evening, my few words might be flat and dry, so I have taken the safest course by omitting toasts." And prolonged applause followed these remarks.

Mr. Ashton raised his hand and continued, a little pompously: "What sight could be more inspiring than to see the ships, the forerunners of the great fleet that will be sailing in our magnificent harbor—the greatest, finest in the world, none excepted? Yes, the ships obscured by a passing cloud one moment and the next under an azure sky, denoting all clouds will pass away. The ships are the messengers of peace to protect our shores from invasions. Never did

San Francisco look so beautiful to me. Its hills, its skyscrapers, the shores of the other side of the bay seen in a haze, gave it a picturesqueness and a panoramic view that made my heart throb with an enthusiastic sense of joy that I was born an American." A click of glasses followed, and when the musicians played the Star Spangled Banner, that dear old song that stirs our hearts to its very depths, every one arose and joined in the singing.

"It costs millions and will cost millions to maintain that fleet, but it is our protection. Such men as you and I support that protection. We pay heavy taxes, and I am glad, very glad, that I am able to do that for my country," said Ashton proudly.

"It is well," said Senator Athelstane; "it is all for democracy and we must do our utmost for that great principle."

While each one had a word to say to his or her neighbor, Diana said to Athelstane: "What a pity, Senator, you are not a Native Son."

"It may be a pity, 'but pity 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity.' While I love California for its flowers and sunshine, its fruits and winds, and above all things for its fair women, the most beautiful and fairest of all lands, I love my own dear State to live in and I hope to die in it. Such is love for one's State, for one's country."

"I admire your sentiment," replied Diana.

"I appreciate your good opinion and excellent judgment," returned Athelstane.

"I am afraid," spoke Mrs. Wotton, "we are going further and further from democracy; we are endeavoring to imitate Europe in splendor and have a Republican Court at Washington that has lost so much

of the simplicity of the days of Washington and Jefferson."

Hardwick looked at her with a warm glow in his cheeks.

"I differ with you," said Diana coldly. "We are indebted to Europe for a great deal; for art, for science, for literature, and it is bringing us in touch with royalty and the nobility. You must remember too that many of our great families are indirectly or remotely connected with royalty, which gives additional glamour to the visits and receptions that follow and bring our countries closer together. I am fond of gold braid and buttons, too, and insignia of all kinds of rank and power, and we shall all be able to pass our time very agreeably in America and in San Francisco, too; if not, then in Washington and New York."

"Well spoken, Miss Ashton," said the Senator.

"Possibly," returned Mrs. Wotton, "I have not that elasticity of your far bending and walking backwards."

"And I intend being patriotic, too, and spend my money in our own dear America—that is, in San Francisco and Washington or New York—with possibly an occasional trip to Paris, you see," added Diana.

"Europe will certainly miss us," returned Mrs. Wotton. "As I remember before the war, one woman remarked, who made long and frequent pilgrimages to France, 'I cannot live without my dear Páree.'"

"Thank heaven, we have inherited that feeling from our ancestors and that we have ancestors," retorted Diana.

"Let us not trouble about our ancestors, but think

of what our descendants, who will think of our actions of today," said Mrs. Wotton.

And Hardwick looked at her tenderly and said: "I agree with you fully."

"The League of Nations is the talk of the day," said the Senator, "and I am for that League without reservations."

"So am I," said Diana quickly.

"And I," said the Congressman, "with reservations."

"And I for whatever will promote peace, a real peace, not a peace ratification where there is no peace, but war," returned Mrs. Wotton.

"And I," said Diana hotly "approve of Senator Athelstane's views—a League without reservations, the League, the League."

"But so far," returned Mrs. Wotton sweetly, "the League has not eliminated war and the people and I with them do so long for peace."

"Cigars or cigarettes, ladies?"

The ladies turned promptly to the cigarettes. Mrs. Wotton answered, "I do not smoke."

"Dear Madam," said Hardwick, "you are a phenomenon."

"That is the reason, dear Mrs. Wotton," returned Diana, "you have not the vision to see how the League will pacify the whole world with its beauty and humanity of peace."

Mrs. Wotton replied: "I am deeply troubled to see our own dear America disturbed. I would have 'Our Boys' fight on our shores for the protection of our own country and in foreign lands only when the honor of our country is at stake."

"Now," said Applegate, "I should like to say—"

"Indeed," returned Diana lightly, "I believe business men should attend to business strictly and not interfere with business of State."

"Indeed, dear Miss Ashton, possibly no one should be more concerned than business men with large interests representing labor, capital and the people," said Mr. Charles Torby.

"Now, Diana," said Applegate, having somewhat recovered his equilibrium, "you see women have not yet been able to think quite clearly on great subjects. They reach out blindly. No doubt in time they will learn to come into their just inheritance."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Wotton. "It takes time for the adjustment of such serious problems."

"Of course," returned Applegate gallantly, "there are exceptions to every rule, but I must admit that I feel it would be a public calamity to have a woman in the Presidential Chair or nominated for President in the 1920 campaign."

Diana, maddened by this open attack on two sides, threw away her cigarette, which she was holding deftly and gracefully between her jeweled fingers, and said: "Man, civilized man, has yet to learn to suppress his own small feelings in the presence of woman."

"But, dear Diana," said Applegate, "you must not see the mote in your neighbor's eye and not see the beam in your own."

"And now," said the Senator in a laughing way, "I am the chevalier who would come to the rescue of Miss Ashton if I did not think she had already paid back in full coin to any one who says a woman is not able to do whatever she wants to do, and I

am confident she is fully capable of doing anything that has been done by woman in any age."

And aside to Diana: "When you rage, a tempest in your fury, Helen of Troy for beauty would lose in a contest with you."

"What has woman ever invented to relieve her necessities? Man came to her aid with his inventions. A clothes wringer, for instance, a churn and every conceivable thing in the culinary department. Woman's inventive demonstration is not on a par with her mental equality. Notwithstanding that man, whose works fill encyclopedias, falls a willing captive or victim to her wiles," said Mrs. Wotton.

"That indicates," said Mr. Torby, Senior, "that with woman's emancipation and political ability, it is to be hoped that these concessions will not impair her feminine attributes, which would be a loss to civilization; that her influence will be uplifting; and in that quarter where that will not be the result, she will wisely withdraw into her territory."

"That is demanding too much of woman," replied all the men in a chorus. "Give power to any one and take it away, it would be considered enslavement."

"Woman is not altogether an angel," one woman ventured to say.

"Woman must not pass judgment on herself," spoke Mrs. Wotton.

"I am afraid I have raised a hornet's nest and retract, possibly, the wisdom of it; I acknowledge my error," said Mr. Torby, Senior, gaily.

"Now," said Senator Athelstane, "as there are so many pros and cons relative to existing conditions, I think it would be a good plan to call a mass meet-

ing where all these questions may be discussed like at an open forum—get different views on the subject. It is necessary that the people should obtain all the information possible.”

“Excellent,” cried Diana, glancing approvingly at the Senator. “It will take immensely with the public.”

“Very good,” said Mr. Ashton and Mr. Charles Torby simultaneously, wishing to pour oil on the troubled waters.

“A wise thought and I concur heartily in the project, Senator, and so does my fair neighbor, Miss Rosetti,” said Applegate in a free and easy way.

“And so do I,” answered Mrs. Wotton. “We must hear about all subjects at different angles. Opinions from every one, and what do you say, Congressman Hardwick?”

In a loud voice Hardwick replied: “Most heartily. The idea is a taking one.” Then in a low tone: “I shall follow you as closely as you will permit me.”

“What a gorgeous room,” said the widow, smiling enchantingly.

“Could it be otherwise with such a brilliant setting?” with a glance that did not conceal its shaft.

“An exaggeration; the scintillations of diamonds do not reach so very far. I am afraid I do not stand very high in your estimation with the comparison.”

“Please do not say that. Comparisons are—”

“That is just the reason,” and Mrs. Wotton looked at him sweetly, but a little maliciously.

“I really mean that you would inspire anyone to do his best to live up to your ideals.”

Mrs. Wotton feared it would be treading on dangerous ground to be browsing on one spot too long; that she had already ventured too far; so she veered

around and spoke of the widow with the two children and what she had promised to do for her and that she spoke in the fullness of her heart of her gratitude to the kind gentleman who had been to see her accidentally to inquire which car to take and left her with such glowing promises that he could do and would do to perpetuate the memory of her husband."

Then Mr. Hardwick informed her he was the gentleman to whom she referred and she said: "I surmised as much.

"I shall not forget the widow," said Hardwick, with emphasis on widow.

In the meantime the Senator was not losing his opportunity. "I think," he said to Diana, "with your judgment and your beauty you could lead a man to an empire."

"You flatter me beyond my capabilities. You magnify my qualifications."

"And I hope you love America," said Athelstane.

"With all my heart, notwithstanding I love titles."

"To be the President's wife, the first lady in this glorious land, this model republic should be your ambition; for America," and he spoke with fervor and heartfelt emotion, "is the greatest nation on earth."

And Diana gladly let the Senator monopolize her attention for the enjoyment of her own captivating powers and, as she hoped, to the mortification of Aplegate.

The dinner passed as such dinners generally do—heartaches for some and heart's ease for others.

Congressman Hardwick had the unalloyed pleasure of seeing Mrs. Wotton to the door of her home with the coveted invitation to drop in to tea and

he went home to his hotel with the determination that not a day should pass ere he would avail himself of her hospitality. Hardwick was one who could not put himself in touch with Tagore, Wordsworth or Whitman; he had his definite ideas on immortality and did not care for absorption; he preferred the wear and tear of life with its joys and sorrows.

CHAPTER VI.

Applegate Torby had sent for Joan several times, each and every time determined to discharge her without further question, but not knowing exactly the extent of her powers, yielded to her beauty and a subtle, undefinable something that overcame him in her presence. Woman is said to be a mass of contradictions, and so is man. Diana's more than indifference at the dinner, her studied taunt, combined with her approving glances at the Senator, caused Applegate to reflect that probably he was not the only king among men. It caused him to move restlessly and impatiently in his office. He pressed a button and the superintendent entered.

"Well, Dennon, it is time now that you have something definite to report."

"I prefer you to question the young lady. She seems to be a strong character. Her uprightness—"

"Uprightness—what do you mean by that?"

"I mean she endeavors to be just and her general actions indicate that I am right in my estimation."

"So you have diagnosed her case? Other physicians might have a different decision."

"Possibly."

"Send that girl to me to this office at once," said Applegate peremptorily.

Dennon closed the door as noiselessly as he had entered and Applegate closed his eyes wearily.

"I am at your call," the sweet voice of Joan rang out.

"Well, what have you to report?"

"Of what?"

"Of your proceedings. Answer my questions."

"Sir!"

"Will you answer a direct question?"

"You asked me that question before. I shall answer as I may think it direct."

"Oh, with reservations!"

"Sir!"

"Is your tongue unionized?" returned Applegate in great heat.

"With your permission, if you are going to have a discussion, I shall be seated," said Joan.

"Certainly," replied Applegate gruffly, and he looked up at the vision of youth gazing at him with steady, dreamy eyes. A light seemed to encircle him and her and the atmosphere to exhale a perfume intoxicating in its effect. A lotus flower was in the cut glass vase on the table. He closed his eyes again and with a desperate effort opened them and said:

"What are you doing?"

"I am striving to do my work out of hours. I am not encroaching upon my duties to the plant."

"Honest and daring. Now a direct answer to a direct question."

"Ready."

"Are you working to unionize the plant?" with a trembling of his knees.

"I am."

"Do you know you will be discharged if you continue?"

"I hope results will be different."

"That you will give up your purpose and be true to the interests of your employers, is that so?" And Applegate's eyes beamed. "You will be rewarded, your salary will be increased."

"You wish to bribe me from my duty? I, Joan Lynn, to be a traitor to my conscience, to my convictions?"

"Were you not engaged on conditions that prevailed in this plant?"

"Yes."

"Do you consider it honest, then, to be opposed to the interests of your employers?"

"I, Joan," and she looked upward with a seraphic smile and her eyes shone with a luminous, spiritual light, "feel that I am destined to do great things. Joan, my name."

"How did you come with that name?"

"My mother, without being what you would call an educated woman, was inclined to reading—her movie at that time. She died, unfortunately, when I was a year old," and Joan heaved a sigh and an unbidden tear dimmed her eyes. "Father says she read and reread all the books she could find on Jeanne d'Arc and I was Joan to her and for some time I have heard voices."

"Jeanne d'Arc—the Maid of Donrémy," murmured Applegate.

"The voices are a great inheritance."

"Four hundred years old."

"Do not doubt my right."

"I am a doubting Thomas in this instance."

"But you must believe in this instance," replied Joan assertively.

"Must I?" and Applegate laughed.

"And do you know there were other Joans in history—all remarkable women?"

"And are you to follow all these women?"

"No, sir; but I feel stirring within me the voices to unionize the plant and great things will follow."

"So you have a mission, you think, when bent on destruction?"

"I do not call it by that name."

"You change definitions to suit yourself, eh?" said Applegate.

"Another thing I wish to tell you: father says he was told by the nurse that when I was born I said one word and the word was 'Mission,' and then I was as dumb as babies generally are. So you see God has ordained me for a mission."

"What is it?"

"I do not know yet."

"Have you had a call?"

"My first call is to unionize this plant."

"Impossible."

"Nothing is impossible these days," said Joan.

"Why, possible?"

"Because I am in the plant now, know everything connected with it, and it will soon take place," answered Joan.

"Go. I shall call you later."

"Oh, Mr. Torby, I entreat you to put the plant in the hands of the Federation of Labor and I shall answer for your interests with my life."

"You will protect me, tempter? Ha! Ha!"

"I shall, I promise."

"The laws of the land will protect me."

"But—"

"Hear me. I live under the one, inseparable Union, the Republic of the United States, governed by the consent of the governed, the only true Republic. Hurrah for America!"

"Mr. Torby, I protest."

"Go, and do not leave your post until you are called."

"I shall obey your order."

With a feeble hand and a coldness at his heart, he was going to touch the button to ascertain if his father were in his office, when in walked Mr. Torby. And for a moment again Applegate was lost in reverie and he saw two stars, one cold, hard, twinkling, and the other soft, luminous, shedding a mild radiance. And never can there be two stars of the first magnitude in the feminine firmament.

"Come, wake up, Applegate. I am on my way to a Board meeting. Have you forgotten that important business meeting?"

"Father, last night, that dinner episode—"

"Come, now forget that."

"Oh, if it only could be to forget, forget Diana."

"Have you seen a ghost?"

"Father, father!"

"Your pallid cheeks say you have, but no time for nonsense now. Be a man, up and doing. Matrimony will settle Diana's plumes."

"Marry her? What a tonic for ghosts!"

"Yes, marry her, boy, and tame her."

"In this period? You do not know the times. I am afraid the men will eventually be governed by women."

"Wrong view, I think. Now, what is the trouble?"

"Miss Joan Lynn says the plant must be unionized; that it is for our interest to do so."

"Unionized? We are doing very well without the unions."

"But she—"

"Who is Miss Joan Lynn?"

"She is a laborer's daughter, who thinks the spirit of Joan of Arc dwells in her or that she has voices like the—"

"Maid of Donrémy. I remember now you spoke to me of her before. Good, good!" And Mr. Torby, Senior, burst into laughter loud and hearty.

"But I tell you this girl—"

"La Pucelle, of course."

"Father, this is a union city."

"And Joan Lynn wishes to make capital out of her voices? Not such a simple girl as one might think, this laborer's daughter."

"She has a university education and is a wonderful girl," replied Applegate.

"To be sure."

"Her father works in the Western Consolidated, a typical union plant, and is determined his child shall not work in an open shop. With the father's tyrannical will and the voices and the university education, it will be accomplished. Nolens volens!"

"Let us take time by the forelock and fall in with the times."

"Not so fast, Applegate."

"But stern necessity, father—"

"The Board—"

"You are the Chairman of the Executive Board and I Vice-Chairman. We sway the Board, as most leaders do—that is why they secure positions."

"Things, though, must be considered even in these days of rapid changes. And you must not forget the President, Mr. Ashton."

"Oh, that girl's father," said Applegate.

"We must not differ too decidedly with him for

the present. Call the girl, the Maid of Orleans. I shall settle her at once."

"Father, call her the young lady. She is really a superior girl."

"A designing girl."

"Think what you please, but do not act in such an arbitrary manner. A little more moderation, a little courtesy in these days."

Applegate touched the button. Joan entered, calm and serene.

"Miss Joan," said Torby, Senior, "laying particular emphasis on the Joan, "I hear you are attempting to unionize this plant. I hope it is not true."

"Mr. Torby, I suppose?" Torby nodded. "It is true, I am endeavoring to do so and I think I shall succeed."

"Then consider yourself discharged," and he touched the button. Dennon appeared.

"Dennon, Miss Joan is discharged."

"Mr. Torby, with all due respect for your ability in managing the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant, I advise you not to discharge Miss Lynn."

"Your reasons."

"Candidly, I tell you, by the advice of Miss Lynn herself, that if you attempt to do so you will cause a strike."

"A strike? For what? The employees have appeared satisfied, working faithfully with good wages, fair surroundings and continued betterment of conditions. What more can they or anyone ask?"

"Mr. Dennon is right. The moment you discharge me the strike is on," said Joan.

"What increase of wages do they want? It will be considered."

"You must remember, Mr. Torby, it is not a wage question, but the closed shop."

"So that is it, is it?"

"The closed shop. Unionizing the plant, only union men may work in it. So you see what the word discharge means. The superintendent, foremen, puddlers, pushers and all workers will cease work and your mill will cease humming."

"Great heavens, do you wish to ruin us, you ungrateful girl?"

"No, Mr. Torby, but I am for the unions. I am the daughter of a labor union man, a puddler at the Western Consolidated, whose union is his religion, and you know and can see for yourself what the unions of the Federation of Labor have done for themselves, and I must work for their best interests. My voices."

"So your voices have been speaking to you again?" asked Mr. Torby, with rising ire in his voice. "There are voices in this plant, too, governing its destinies, and as we are law-abiding citizens we owe our duty to our Board of Directors and our Board owes its duty to its stockholders as well as to our employees. Those voices must all be heard. Go to your desk and await orders."

Joan went out with a pleading look at Applegate, who had not uttered a word during her interview with his father.

"Come, Applegate, to the Board meeting."

After a long and protracted session with Applegate appealing to the Board of Directors to vote for unionizing the plant, to fall in with the sentiment of the times, otherwise they could not hope to succeed in the City of San Francisco. Mr. Charles Torby opposed

it with decided vigor. Ultimately it was decided by a unanimous vote that full authority to act be placed in the hands of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Executive Board and Mr. Ashton, the President, as they owned the majority of the stock and Ashton had made heavy loans to the corporation. Mr. Torby, Senior, in this committee, informed Ashton that he would consider it death to the plant, as the unions would virtually control the management.

"Once for all, let this plant show what determination can do," to which Mr. Ashton gave his unqualified assent.

So Joan was called to the Chairman's office and Mr. Torby, Senior, discharged her in a formal way and told her he was carrying out the wishes of the Board of Directors, and added, freezingly: "Go."

Joan said: "I shall do what I promised to do."

And in an hour, the buzzing wheels and the roaring, hot furnaces were left to cool and the next day nearly every man and all of the girls were unionized and were ready for their charter.

It was wonderful how adroitly and quickly Joan accomplished her work. She was urged on day and night by her father and Kelly until she came to the final point. Her faith in herself and her voices and the personal magnetism she had exercised over the mill workers and the demand for production and the scarcity of labor, all aided her in the completion of her self-appointed task.

The following day, Applegate said to his father: "Miss Joan wishes to see me. I think it my duty to see her. We must yield. Why not now?"

"Applegate, how can you propose such a thing?"

"Miss Joan says she will do everything possible for us. She is only going with the tide."

"What faith that girl has in herself, and it is amazing what faith you have in her. I cannot comprehend it. Think, she dictates terms what she will do for us, and you have the audacity to bring that proposition to me. Oh, what a situation!"

"Father, pray listen."

"She is a siren, luring you to death with her song."

"She is a girl with extraordinary powers," replied Applegate.

"Taking advantage of the demand of the times."

"Father, she is above temptation and I really believe if I made her my private secretary, increase her salary—she has not asked for an increase, mind you—she will be true to the interests of the plant. There will be no slackers around. Let us settle the damn thing."

"On one condition, Applegate."

"And that is?"

"That you appoint and announce the marriage day with Diana. You know she has a few millions in her own right and you also know Ashton is not only President of this Corporation, but of his bank, which is one that can be placed on a level with the great moneyed institutions of the United States, possibly one hundred millions or more, and personally he is interested in many other money-making corporations. See what a tremendous power he wields? While we with our few millions are comparatively poor, still well situated, but if Ashton takes away his support we shall be wrecked."

"Father!"

"You love Diana a little, you know you did, when

you became engaged to her, and you know you do now."

"I did, but now I hate her a good deal. I hate her, hate, hate, I loathe her."

He was almost as desperate as a woman being urged to marry a man whom she detests, whom her soul abhors.

"Come, Applegate, you wring my soul; you are my pride, my hope."

"Father, how can I?"

"It is a bitter powder, I admit. Mix the drink, swallow it hastily and crush the cup."

"Is it even honorable for me to wed her when one is in this state? Is it even justice to Diana to take her to be my wedded wife and swear at the altar to love and cherish her, when I know it is desecration?"

"But think of your business honor. Oh, Applegate, think of that. Make denials. Sacrifices are required by all of us in this life, and he is greatest who can carry them without the world being aware of it."

"Father, the supreme sacrifice on the battlefield for one's country is glory, but this, this beside this woman."

"Applegate!"

"Father, you ask too much."

"Do not go into such details. This price is great, this searing of the flesh, almost more than I can bear."

"Why not let all things go?"

"No further. You agonize my feelings; but be a man and look to business honor. Your dead mother looked up to me with pride for conscientiousness and honor. Your dead mother, my wife, my joy of

life. Every man, high or low, rich or poor, has obligations, moral and legal, which must be kept. There can neither be justice nor honor without them."

"Father, I am sorry for the woman I am to marry. I go to the altar with her, not as with a love in my heart for some one else, but with undying hate for her. Yet you ask this marriage in the name of my dead mother and to her for your sake."

"Applegate!"

"Say no more, father. For you and my dear, dead mother I bow to fate's decree, the inevitable."

CHAPTER VII.

"Well, Joan, the Board has yielded. The plant is unionized. All due to your energy."

"Mr. Torby, Miss Joan, if you please."

"Miss, Joan, then, you are such a stickler for etiquette."

"For everything that is right."

"Is that your prime reason for going around and unionizing everything?"

"For the preservation of the unions, the first law of nature, self-preservation."

"And preservation for yourself?"

"That is a second consideration, Mr. Torby."

"Let us argue the point no further."

"And now?" said Joan.

"To be my private secretary with an increase of wages."

"I have the charter, the union charter."

"Quickly done. And the position?"

"The position is one I think I can fill satisfactorily. Naturally, the higher you climb, increased salary goes with it. A private secretary to the Vice-Chairman of the Executive Board of a large corporation like this plant is a position of trust and honor. Much more than to be merely one of many stenographers."

"Of course, it is a position of great confidence and trust. Increase of salary follows, but your wages will be increased more than any other private secretaries."

"How very generous of you to increase the wages

of the workers unasked for, just unionized. Hurrah for the unions and my success!"

"Hurrah for all unions," cried Applegate. "I think you misunderstood me. I did not say increase for the regular workers—I only said and meant that you are to receive more than other secretaries."

"You have neither tested me as to capacity nor proved my trustworthiness. So far, I have not tried myself. Sir," said Joan with a red spot rising in her cheeks, "I could not be true to myself if I were the only one to be benefited, possibly at the expense of increasing the working capacity of your other employees."

"Miss Joan," said Applegate, looking intently at her, "your work is in this office. You have decided influence with the workers. You must have unbounded influence to accomplish what you did and I hope that you will use that influence for the good of the corporation."

"Believe me, sir, I should not have accepted this office had I not felt this way and I shall act accordingly. One must give value for what one receives."

"That is the honorable way. Agreements, contracts, positions, etc., all impose obligations that must be fulfilled, otherwise the world would soon be like a Bedlam."

"Quite right."

"We shall understand each other better and better all the time."

"I hope so. And now for my first proposition," said Joan.

"What is it?"

"I hope it will meet with your approval to have the rest room do double service. Convert it into

a lecture room; also permission to have some good music; no dancing; some few billiard and pool tables. It would be well to have a canteen, too, so the unmarried men could know where to spend their evenings."

"You could not very well have a canteen there."

"I am so sorry." And Joan's face lost its gladness.

"Upon a second thought I believe you can. At all events, in a short while, I shall see that everything will be arranged for your project. It will not do to undertake too much at once. The Board naturally wishes to observe the effect of unionizing first."

"But these simple things?" returned Joan.

"Simple things cost money," said Applegate.

"This must be a model plant in a very little while, and we shall never be short of workers. I am so enthusiastic about it," answered Joan.

"I do not wish to dampen your enthusiasm, but—"

"I know that each and every employee will be just as interested as I am."

"That is to be seen. I hope they will be, for the Board was not over-anxious for the closed shop, as you may well imagine."

"It is for the best."

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"My evenings?" and Joan opened her eyes wide. "I shall be thinking of the new arrangements, study, etc. One must go on learning to keep up with the advancement of the times. I am going to take elocution lessons."

"Why elocution?"

"I wish to become a public speaker. I am acting on inspiration. I must be ready to convince the masses."

"What ambition! Your voices, of course?" said Applegate, smilingly.

"Do not laugh. They are leading me on."

"Be careful of these voices—do not follow them too implicitly."

"Oh, but I must. I pray to God and then these voices sometimes speak in a low, sweet voice; other times they sing around me like an angel choir, and I must obey."

"I am no philosopher, but let me be your guide, your friend. I am older than you. You are really an unsophisticated girl. Those unseen guides."

"There are always wild animals in the jungles."

"Wild animals are not always confined to localities."

"But I am living in San Francisco."

"Well, have it your way. You are a very self-determined young lady," said Applegate.

"Please do not forget to take up that important matter, the rest room."

One morning Applegate showed Joan some plans which the architect had mapped out, and the Board of Directors had approved, for the new hall and rest room for the men and women employees.

It was to be built about five blocks from the plant and it was designed to be one of the best regulated and devised rest room or club and canteen rooms in the State. Joan was in raptures over the plan and clapped her hands in delight.

"Just to know that the club is to be supplied with musical instruments and have free instruction for the workers if they so desire. Music speaks in all languages and 'has charms to soothe the savage breast.' And the library will be large and comfortable and

supplied with the choicest reading matter, scientific and all kinds of literature. The rest room to be provided with everything." And tears sprang to her eyes.

"As you see, nothing will be neglected. I shall take particular care, too, that ventilation, acoustics, etc., are perfect. I am also going to make an individual contribution."

"How kind, how generous, how thoughtful!" replied Joan.

"I thought you would be pleased."

"And when will the building be commenced?"

"The Board says that will depend upon the workers," replied Applegate.

"Yes, how, why, wherefore?"

"To see how well and faithfully they will perform their duties before they will allow the money to be expended," said Applegate.

Joan's expressive face showed her hopes dashed from the Zenith to the Nadir.

"Why should they not be faithful? I am grieved at that decision, grieved beyond words."

"Come, do not be depressed. It will be built, I assure you."

"What assurance do I have?"

"Because you are here and I rely upon your influence. What are you doing with your evenings?"

"That is a repetition of a question. I am working hard. As you know, I am preparing myself for my future."

"Spare me a few evenings and I shall assist you. Everyone needs companionship. Man is a social animal."

"Not everyone. I do not need companionship."

"Sufficient unto yourself?" asked Applegate.

"I love to be alone, entirely alone with God, my voices and my thoughts."

"I should think it would grow monotonous with such companionship."

"I wish I could live on a little farm with some sheep and be a shepherdess. I think the closer one is to nature the more communion one can have with God."

"I tell you one thing. You say yourself you have read and fed yourself so much on the works relating to Joan of Arc, the Maid of Donrémy, that it is liable to affect your mind. It is nonsense in this age that you are told to do this or that and that you have a mission. Having a closed shop is no mission. There are hundreds of thousands of workers in these organizations and many more unorganized workers who are not allowed to work because it will keep wages on a level based on supply and demand. You are simply a peace disturber, as so many people are at the present day."

"My mission," replied Joan, "has not yet been defined, but it will be. In the meantime I do the little things that are done by thousands, as you say, feeling and knowing that they are only stepping-stones to the great things that will be required of me. I have faith."

"You tire me with your tedious monotony."

"'Oh ye of little faith.' Faith is sublime, it moves rocks." And Joan closed her eyes and her faith covered her as with a halo.

"To be sure, faith is sublime, but have faith in me and I can and shall assist you more than voices. They are not tangible. Spare me some of your disengaged time."

"My time is taken up with my work."

"Come," said Applegate, "let us take an auto ride this evening. You are my private secretary, and then we can talk over the improvements in the plant that you so much desire."

"No, no. I must be prepared and get my armor ready," said Joan.

"A militant suffragette, by Jove!" jumping up in his chair and seating himself again.

"I could for my cause, if my voices tell me, fight like the three Joans engaged in the wars of Edward III of England and King Philip of Valois of France. They were the militant suffragettes of those days."

"Teaching me history, too! I suppose we could argue until doomsday and you would still persist in your belief. Come to earth and live the life God placed you in and you will find the comfort and the happiness that are given to ordinary mortals. Be advised. Let us have a ride tonight. You deserve one. I am sure you will be a conscientious worker."

"I am no slacker, I admit."

"The auto ride this evening?"

"Thank God, I do not require a chiropodist. My feet are in proper condition for walking. We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances, and circumstances placed me in this position in your office, and I must make the best of my environments."

"You see, with all your visions and talks with God's agents you are only a woman like other women, wearing furs in summer." (Joan had a small, inferior one around her neck.) "And no doubt in winter a chiffon dress on the street."

Joan smiled and said: "I might if I had one."

"Now, for you and me to succeed in the great

betterment of the conditions of the workers, there must be unanimity of opinion. Everybody is not ready to sit down and waste time solving European problems, or any problem, but their own. My problem is to make a success of this mill; keep the workmen employed to support their families and themselves and not let things run to chaos. We must be constructive and not destructive. That is Americanism. There are too many Jellabys running around loose today. So be reasonable and do not let me be compelled to call you obstinate."

"Sir!"

"Yes, Miss Joan; do not be wedded to opinions—uncertainties in your case. You are obfuscated. Come down to the stern realities of life, like a girl which you are, and scatter the blossoms as you go along."

"A very good sermon, but not for me, Mr. Torby. I do not need you for advice in that direction. I am in communion with God. My mother was religious, too, my father says. Now, if you attempt any further to divert me from my purpose, I cannot be your secretary, though I need the position, and prize it, too—indeed, I do."

"Well, dear girl, nothing but good can come of it."

"Miss Joan," she quickly retorted.

"What did I say? Did I forget your title?"

"You did, Mr. Torby. Now please do not annoy me that way any more."

"If so little a thing disturbs you, of course."

"Let it be a settled thing that you will not disturb me again. And now let us proceed to the work of the day, and I do hope that our—your—wonderful plans for the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant will mature quickly and bring pleasure for the many

thousand workers. You, yourself, Mr. Torby, are a man with progressive ideas, and so unionism under our fostering care will flourish."

"So be it," replied Applegate quietly; but that continuous cry of voices and unionism and Diana and the struggles all around him exhausted his patience and weakened his powers.

One evening, as Joan was going to her elocution lesson, not yet dark, Applegate suddenly emerged from the gloaming and walked by her side with a determined air.

"Mr. Torby," said Joan, "I am going to my elocution class and—"

"I am going along. A few lessons will not injure me," said Applegate.

"Possibly not, but—"

"Leave conjunctions out. I am going with you tonight."

"No, Mr. Torby, you will not, I am sure."

"Do not be sure of anything on this terrestrial sphere."

Joan saw that he looked weary and suggested that he required rest.

"I think I do," Applegate answered. "An auto ride will give it to me. Come along."

"The best thing you can do is to take the ride. The evening is warm and pleasant. Jump into your auto, take a ride all alone, and you will come home refreshed and your nerves soothed."

"As I told you, man is a social animal, and I am like a harp out of tune—I want to hear the strings playing, singing one immortal song."

"Good bye, Mr. Torby."

"Listen—I want to hear one immortal song of heaven."

"I must say good evening and run to my class, otherwise my lesson is lost and I shall not attain that ease and strength of words that bring food for thought in one's talk." And Joan vanished with lightning speed, as she had squandered nearly ten minutes of her time. As Joan went her way, Applegate saw Mayme swishing around the corner.

Applegate walked slowly about a block or more, apparently in deep thought, when he almost stumbled upon Mrs. Wotton and Congressman Hardwick, who were sauntering along, a little oblivious of surroundings. With woman's quick wit, the fascinating widow said:

"What can compare to San Francisco's golden sunset on this mild autumn day as the last lingering rays sink below the horizon? In the afternoon we were over in Muir Woods, a scene for the artist's brush, so beautiful, the autumn-tinted leaves under our feet, like a carpet that in the distance resembles huge masses of flowers. Some call the autumn the melancholy season of the year. I do not. It is a change one enjoys, and as San Francisco offers so many changes in weather, without extreme heat or cold, it should be the Mecca for tourists the world over."

"I agree with you, I certainly do," said Hardwick.

"I do not agree with you entirely," said Applegate.

"I do absolutely," said Hardwick.

"Do please," said Mrs. Wotton, "allow Mr. Torby to express himself."

"Autumn seems tinged with melancholy. I am reminded of Hood's lines on autumn," said Applegate.

"He does not refer to youth," said Mrs. Wotton

cheerily. "And you young men do not appreciate sufficiently your youth and splendid opportunities lying before you! Do not trample on God's great gift—youth—which I am afraid none of us appreciate the untold millions of its worth until lost. But I am a woman and will not allow life's troubles to weigh too heavily upon me, though I have been showered with blessings beyond my worth."

"No wonder this woman is happiness and youth personified—a girl of twenty—because she does not think of herself, but of others. She is a fairy." And Hardwick sighed and wondered at the widow's composure.

"I thought you might have used a little more hyperbole and said an angel; then I might have replied: without wings," which made Applegate smile, and he said:

"As for embroidering conversation, an art adept, one might say man must give the palm to woman."

"Another thing I am dying to say," broke in Hardwick, "is that our American women, especially Mrs. Wotton, would have graced the French salon in the times of Louis Quatorze—my French vocabulary is in—she would have had a half dozen salons by this time at Washington were it not that it would be savoring of a taste for that monarch whose morals and extravagance are not to be copied."

And Applegate thought he heard the chimes of wedding bells.

CHAPTER VIII.

John Esmond Ammon Kelly and Mayme Mort, meeting Peter Lynn going home from work one day, John said: "Miss Joan did a neat thing in unionizing the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant. Really fine work, especially for so young a girl, without experience in that line."

"Joan is 'varsity larned," answered Peter proudly. "She has the charter and is the leader of th' union, and all is clear sailin'. I'm a union man, strong and steady, an' we won."

"You had no fighting to do?"

"I was afraid I'd hav' to."

"Well," spoke up Mayme, "easy work, for the young boss is sweet on Joan, you know."

"Gal, if you spread tha' tale an' it ain't true, I'll kill yer, and if it's true I'll kill my gal as sure as my name is Peter Lynn."

"Goodness, sak's alive! You needn't be so ferocious about it. Don't eat me. What harm," returned Mayme in a conciliatory tone, "if he favors her with work and she is his best girl?"

Again the blood leapt into Peter's face and he replied savagely: "Becaus' no good can come from it. Yer don't know my gal. She's proud an' doesn't wan' no favors."

"I am coming over this evening and have a talk on things in general," said John.

"I'm comin' too, can I?" chimed in Mayme.

"All right, but be careful and have a decent tongue in your head. I shall hold Mayme down outside, too. You bet, I respect your girl."

"All mus', if she claim me for father."

"She's a sweetie, that's what she is," returned Mayme.

So when Lynn came home he said: "John and Mayme are comin' over this evenin'."

"I dislike that girl—it is more, it is aversion."

"Well, yer mus' let her come an' be civil to her too, even if you're mor' larned than she's. Books don't make her good. So ther'."

"Certainly not, but social conditions must adjust themselves. Mayme is an ordinary person."

Joan putting on her coat and hat, Peter questioned, "Where are you goin'?"

Joan hesitated answering and Peter questioned, "Well, well, I ask who wan's to see yer?"

"I am going to work with Mr. Torby in his office tonight."

"Yer darn't go."

"I must; it will only be for an hour. Mayme can wait. I am his private secretary, and—"

Lynn flew at her, shook her violently and burst into tears. "My chil'," he sobbed, "I've been father an' mother to yer as much as I could be, never touch'd yer when mad, so I beg you don't go to that man's office this evenin'."

"Father, you hurt my flesh a moment ago, but now you touch my honor. Do not do that again, please. I am attending to business. It is for our beloved unions. If I please, Mr. Torby—"

"Leav' that man's name out yer mouth. Yer make me crazy. Somethin' in my head is splittin'."

"Come, dear father, do not act this way. The Directors promise to do wonderful things—large improvements, big hall for meetings, club, canteen, mu-

sic room, and Mr. — the gentleman will himself give an organ and furnish a library and fill the shelves with books."

"Who's the man?" interrupted Lynn in a frenzy. And he put his hands around her throat.

"Father—oh, God, my voices! I do not remember his name."

"Thank God," and Peter released his hold.

"It is some unknown good man," said Joan.

"Now, child, go. Be sure yer come back in an hour—overtime work, get yer pay."

"This is not extra work. This is benefit work."

"If not, I'll kill that youn' boss," and he grated his teeth.

"Remember the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Keep it, father—keep it. Do not commit a mortal sin for anything under heaven. Kiss me, father, kiss me." And Joan kissed the trembling man, and trembling herself in every limb, rushed from the cottage. No sooner had she turned the corner than Mayme and her companion entered the cottage.

"Here we are," said Mayme.

"Yes, kept our word," added Kelly.

"And wher's Joan? I suppos'—"

"You suppose nothing," said Kelly.

"Am I not?"

"Now, Mayme, shut up. I told you I am going to do the talking tonight. So keep quiet. If not, this man will have another best girl to take a glass of soda with tomorrow evening."

Mayme returned saucily: "We girls talk agin' one another and then kiss one another."

"Any more sauce now and I will do as I said."

And Mayme murmured something inaudibly, fear-

ing as he was a gentleman he might keep his word.

Lynn sat with the look of a tiger ready to spring.

"Come now," said Kelly, "sit back and let us talk about favorite things—unions—these stirring times. I wish I could be with every strike and strike out right and left. It would do my very heart and hands good to knock something. Wouldn't you like to do the same, Peter?"

Peter's features relaxed and he said: "I might tak' a han' an' have er little fun, too."

The time passed quickly to Kelly, who was a fluent talker and had a quiet listener in Lynn. He discussed the benefits to be derived by adhering strictly to the rules and regulations of the unions, now being master of the situation, directing all economic and social problems until interrupted by Joan returning with glowing cheeks and beaming eyes. She kissed her father, who looked at her steadily, and greeted the visitors cordially. And Lynn subconsciously felt and knew that whatever the work was the private secretary had come out victorious.

"Just talkin' on my love," said Lynn, jocosely.

"These are stirring times, I say, stirring all the time and making good paste. To do that, the pot must be kept stirred continuously. Among other things I told your father, the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant should live up to union wages. The women are a little below, you know. You see such differences in one mill affects the others, and Peter agrees with me," said Kelly.

"I agree with yer ther', John."

"And you do, too, don't you, Miss Joan?"

"Yes," chirped in Mayme, who had a comfortable nap. "I say—"

"Hold your gab," said Kelly, a little threateningly, and Mayme subsided with another inarticulate murmur.

"Why, Mr. —, one of the directors, told me the plant was paying men workers as good wages as any other closed shop, but the girls have not the same wages as the men, which they intend to increase later on. They are also contemplating many improvements for the uplift of the workers.."

"Don't worry about the uplift. We shall uplift ourselves," said Kelly, decidedly.

"No," said Peter, "we don't need books on thin's, we wan' wages."

"Of course," returned Joan, "if I have been misinformed regarding the wage question, it is a serious thing." She felt she must be true to her voices which had guided her to the closed shop. The wage question would have to come and materialize. And all the bright hopes for the prospective improvements which she and Applegate had just brought to a happy conclusion in his office this very evening were dashed to the ground. With her nerves upset in the early part of the evening by the violence of her father, her heart sank at the outcome. Then she sighed and with marvellous self-control she hushed the appeal for the club with its alluring accessories and set her mind to work what she should do to walk in the path that was set for her. No cross, no glory.

"If that should be, father?"

"Dare yer say Kelly an' me are liars?"

"Come now, Lynn, be sensible. Miss Joan is pure metal. What she says she will do, she will do, won't you, Miss Joan?"

"Nothing shall deter me from doing right and

unionizing a plant means that the plant must work and live under union conditions and regulations. I never like interpretations of meanings. They should and must be clear so there will be no argument. If I have been misled, the plant will have to come up to the standard. The question will be, What will be the best method of procedure? Somehow or other I feel quite sure the plant has been paying to the men workers the same wages as the union plants, and a few months ago came to the same hours, eight hours a day—eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, eight hours for recreation.”

Kelly, with a shake of his head, said: “Not too much for us, Peter—just what we should have.”

“We shou’d hav’ it, mus’ hav’ it, and this plant wher’ yer work mus’ hav’ the same wag’s, now, chile,” added Lynn.

“Of course I agree with you in every particular. What is the matter with you tonight, Mayme? Not a word from you. Are you ill?” inquired Joan.

“She is all right. She has been put to sleep and must not wake up until I will it. All right, Mayme,” said Kelly.

“Another Szvengali!” And Joan turned laughingly to Mayme.

“Ho, ho! I’ll use a little hocus pocus.” And Kelly waved his hands in incantations over Mayme’s face and cried: “Awake, awake, and use your tongue with all the smartness I have given you by my cunning and help of sleep.”

Mayme laughed and said: “While I had a good snooze in the early part of the evening, as I was tired, it was not soun’ later on that I didn’t hear

somethin'. And now, Joan, guess who's goin' to be married very soon? Guess right away."

"I am no guesser. I cannot even try." Her head was throbbing anyway, but with her innate goodness of heart she was very sorry for Mayme's life environment and because she felt her dislike to her very strong she endeavored now to be interested in her friends. "I am breathless to know who the happy couple is."

"Harnessed, you mean?" asked Kelly.

"May Selte. You know her father has a little tailor shop an' she's goin' to be married and can't have a new dress. What a shame? Her father don't belong to the unions and he can't get no workers. Now she has invited me to come an' see her get married. I didn't care to go. No fun at such a weddin'. But she ask'd John to, of course. I wouldn't go without this guy—no one else. She is so fon' of me. I'm going to hav' a new dress—blue trimmed with green. Frenchy, you know. I do love French styles—all the girls do. If there was a lot of girls at the weddin' they wud just turn with—you know the word, Joan."

"Envy."

"Yes, that's a fine word. I'll put it away in my noddle."

"Yer'll hav' lots of work fer yer hand's now, Joan," said her father.

"There is one thing—the doctrine that one should preach—and that is, everything must be unionized and that the employers live up strictly to their hours and no slacking. We demand pay and the employers demand work—both must be given," returned Joan.

"Miss Joan, I am afraid you are going to be a

hard taskmaster," said Kelly, squinting his eyes.

"No, but a just one—truth and righteousness."

"Don't preach, Joan. Yer can fill a book." And her father glared at her and Joan sighed inwardly.

"Now Joan, I forget to ast yer which way shall the folds run on my dress, and shall the blue be under the green with the green running' this way?" And she used her handkerchief to represent the material. "And then what shall the piece be of that yer wear round yer neck? The scarf, the scarf! I'm jus' dyin' for a scarf. One half on one shoulder and the other half on no shoulder at all, but fallin' down easy some way. You see, every girl can't fix that, but I know you can fix it, everythin' comes so easy to you—so nice. You are just born to it, ain't you?"

"If you will come over some evening, I shall arrange it for you."

"You know, I like your idea better than my dressmak'r's—she's so poor in ideas. You'd be a good dressmaker."

"You quite overcome me with your praise. You see, I always have had to make my own dresses."

"Law's sak's aliv', how I hate to thread a needle. Well, when I marry som' rich guy, then I'll try an' hav' soft hands—white ones, too, and pink nails and—ouch" as a pin stuck her. "No, I won't."

"Come, Mayme," said John, "come, I will take you home. When the girls—young ladies, I should say," looking at Joan, "praise each other or one another, it is like kisses, taking away something from men." And he laughed at his witticism.

"You are mistaken," spoke up Mayme. "Women are always kissing each other, deceitful things—then cuttin' you up when they part. As a girl tol' me when

she met a certain girl she kissed an' hugged her in the street, mind you, and that she hated her. I ast her why she did that and she said, 'The more I hack her when she is not there, the more I must make out I love her when I meet her in company.' "

"Come, Mayme, I am going to buy you a real pearl necklace for fifty dollars—Genuine pearls, my girl."

"What?"

"For sleeping so nicely and proving me to be a hypnotist."

"What a darling guy. I'm going to kiss," she said unhesitatingly, then upon an instant's consideration she changed her mind. "No, I shan't kiss you until I get them; then I may do so. And I'm gon to wear 'em all the time in the mill when I work."

"They will get discolored there," said Joan.

"Then I can wear 'em other times and so no one can take 'em, because I'm goin' to have little sticking points around and possibly that thief won't howl when he puts his hands on 'em!"

"Come, Mayme, I think I will try to have you made a policewoman. But come on and you can tell me on the way if the pearls shall be large or small. We have had a pleasant evening. Good night."

Joan sank in a chair, pale and exhausted, but in a moment rose and said:

"I shall rise early in the morning and find out particulars."

"Never min' now, did yer see the young boss tonight?"

"I went to my work for the new hall and everything was satisfactory."

"Did yer work in ther youn' boss's office, tell me?"

"You know I told you it was in reference to the improvements."

"Did yer see the young man that was to give yer so many things hisself?" shaking his first at her.

"Father, you unnerve me. Do not repeat the scene of a few hours ago. The strain is too great. I must sleep. 'Tis nature's sweet restorer. Oh, if we have sorrows or troubles, sleep causes us to forget and strengthens us to commence the battle of life over again. That struggle that commences with life and ends with death and the cold grave receives us."

"Oh, that I was lyin' by yer mother, I'd keep her warm?" asked Lynn.

"We must keep warm with work, father. That is the call now and we must answer the call."

"Yer hav' not answered me all I want ter kno'. Why go inter that man's office any more? Why go, child?"

"Because where shall I go but into his office if I am his private secretary? And he is such a very busy man I can tell you. Documents piled up high, serious questions, and I guide subconsciously by suggestions for my voices—"

"I'll murder those voices, I tell yer."

"Dear father, where has all your tenderness gone for your child—for the child of your dead wife? You loved her and you loved me and you cannot be dead for either of us."

"No, but—"

"I forgot to tell you something about Mr. Torby."

"Darn that man to—"

"Stop. You will bless him. He is to be married very soon. I hear he is engaged to a very rich young lady."

"Still danger."

"I shall have to sing you to sleep."

"Sing me 'bout unions."

"Now, father, you have given way to this absurd nonsense long enough, and if you keep on to it any longer you will be unfit for work and you will be discharged."

"In a jiffy," said Peter.

"And," continued Joan, "you will probably be searching in vain for employment, and then falling down into the line of unorganized workers, then what? On the sick list. Do you know what that means? Joan will have to leave work and nurse you. Then the almshouse, poorhouse, your dread, looms up for us, or you will be there and where will Joan, I, be?—here alone, unprotected. It is cruel for you to harp on things that are absurdities, dreams, delusions. The real danger you have me netted in with. No hope to escape without you. If I do not attend to duties most faithfully now, Mr. Torby, faced by new demands, may not be able to induce the Directors to fall in line again, though it is absolutely their obligation to comply with all the demands of the union. If they do not, then comes discharge for me, and down, down, down into the submerged. Then the water or the inhalation of gas is the only refuge for me and you will be alone in the almshouse. No Joan around you to freshen the sweet memories of my dead mother, your dead wife, only the dead remains of your loved ones with no money to buy a flower to decorate their graves. Mine will be a pauper's grave. Which shall it be—life or death."

With a cry, Lynn fell into her arms and said: "Life."

CHAPTER IX.

"My God, Applegate," said Mr. Torby, Senior, in a towering passion, "what does this mean? A strike in the plant just unionized? That is the result of your being cajoled, humbugged by that confounded girl with the voices. She should be—"

"Burned at the stake," interrupted Applegate, looking up defiantly.

"Yes, burned at the stake, the witch."

"As a heretic? Thank God, no autos da-fe today, and now, father, why this rage?"

"Why was this plant unionized? You encouraged it with might and main."

"It was unionized so the employees may have all benefits to be derived from the union rules and regulations—adhesion, cohesion."

"Stop that damned nonsense. One would think you had been nursed at that fountain with that girl. Do you not see what peril we are in, you especially, as you made such earnest appeals for it?"

"Now, father, if we did not belong to the union we would not only have a strike on with police protection, but there would be stones flying, battered heads, suspension of work, contracts unfilled and possibly an appeal to the State Government for protection," replied Applegate, trimumphantly.

"You are right there, but this increase demanded in so short a time for girls and men a dollar day is an outrage."

"We were not really in the union federation until Miss Joan had the charter, consequently she did not have full particulars."

"Pleader, I shall ring up Ashton. He has been fretting and fuming recently."

After a slight discussion of the situation over the phone, Ashton vehemently declared:

"Let them strike and go to the inferno. Let them do their worst. Do they think, if they destroy all the fruit trees this year, there will be any fruit next year?"

"Father, it is a fatal mistake to let the plant be unionized and not to submit to the authority of the unions. It is really unfair."

"Mr. Ashton and I rule here, and we owe something to the corporation. You are getting to be a good limb of the law, but I advise you to stick to your last."

"Now, you do not—"

"No more wrangling. Let them strike. I am going to my office. Send your secretary to me."

"Father!"

"Do not say another word. And I insist upon you having your marriage announced without further delay."

"A few moments later found Joan in the office of Mr. Torby, Senior, who said, "You are discharged." And he looked at her fairly and squarely.

"Sir, I entreat you to be just and pay the increased wages. Did you not allow the plant to be unionized with the tacit understanding that you would conform to rules and regulations?"

"Why, my pretty young lady, that is just what I wish your unions to do. Abide by your contracts, which you seem in every-day, plain English to have no idea of doing. Of course, it is expected I shall follow your instructions literally," said Mr. Torby,

sarcastically. "So day after tomorrow, when your voices and visions call you for more money, you will call another strike. It appears your voices and your visions have become partners, co-operating as it were and seducing, yes, seducing young people to your ideas."

"Mr. Torby, I beg you—"

"Petition for nothing, pray for nothing, for you will get nothing. It is originators and reformers, women like you, that go around wheedling, alluring, tempting with their honeyed words and songs of the siren, who take men away from the path of duty and upset the industrial and economic conditions and destroy the commerce of the country. It will be anarchy next—nationalizing this and nationalizing that and nationalizing women and every other horrible thing." And Mr. Torby spoke his torrent of words in such anger that he struck his desk with his fist with such force that his fist had nearly the worst of the battle.

"Take breath, Mr. Torby. God forbid anarchy. The unions will just bring love, brotherhood and sisterhood and peace. If not, God pity those who live in this country."

Mr. Torby did not answer Joan; he simply touched a button and Dennon entered. "Take Miss Lynn off your payroll."

"Mr. Torby, you may remember the result of discharging Miss Lynn when she unionized the plant. You have no just cause now."

"No need to prick my memory of that occasion."

"Kindly think it over, Mr. Torby."

"No need for reflection, young man."

"I regret—"

"Mr. Dennon, I am not asking advice. I am giving you an order."

"Which I am sorry I cannot fulfill. I am going with the secretary. She has done right, right through, she is farsighted."

Mr. Torby opened his books. The interview with him was decided, as far as he was concerned.

Joan, with a face pale but serene, rushed here and there among the employees and Dennon joined in the work

In a few hours the plant was in a turmoil; a crowd, then a rush, then a rabble, then a flood. Then men running around to secure support for the secretary and the superintendent. In a short while the roaring furnaces were left unattended and to crack and cool at their leisure.

At the first touch of the real strike, Ashton and Torby, Senior, sought police protection, getting ready for strikebreakers, and though not so well prepared as might be, Ashton had been active and alert, anticipating what might follow.

"I say, Ashton," remarked Mr. Torby, Senior, "in the midst of all these distressing scenes, I must say I am opposed to these long, stretched-out engagements and I sincerely wish your beautiful daughter would permit the wedding cards to be issued."

"Possibly, it would be well. As for strikes, there are strikes all over the country—cold and freezing as hailstones and thick as blackberries in June in a hot climate—a regular epidemic."

"Very unfortunate," answered Mr. Torby.

"Yes, on the top of being unionized. It will cost a mint of money to get things into shape and the

bank may have to come to the rescue again, eh, Torby?"

"It may. Of course, everything depends upon the stubbornness of the strike, but we are a little prepared, and I do not doubt but that the strikebreakers will soon be here, so the mill can resume operations, ready to continue and fill orders. There must be production and there must be capital. If not capital, how will the employees be paid? Still less the stockholders? Air cannot do it. The radicals demand things that will not work both ways. The individual must be protected and have the basic right to work. The foundation of our Constitution—"

"You are quite right in every particular."

"Stop production, you are stopping work," said Torby. "And above all things, why do they not abide by their contracts? I am sorry Applegate approved of unionizing the plant, but we would not have felt satisfied if we had not done everything to avoid just what we have fallen into now, and, as he says, corporations do a little interlocking occasionally also, you see, as well as labor combinations."

"I suppose—I suppose so," said Ashton, "but these unions go a little too far."

"And now about the marriage, Ashton."

"Well, Diana is a little headstrong, but a girl to be worshipped all the same. And Applegate?"

"They will make a fine team," said Torby, laughingly."

"I acquiesce in that, Torby."

"Let the young folks come together and make their arrangements. Something festive will be seasonable to relieve the disturbance going on around with this strike. You kindly make arrangement

when it will be agreeable for Diana to see Applegate."

"Very well, Torby; it shall be done," said Ashton as he left.

"Well," said Applegate, "how are matters?"

"Just as they were. And really the great sufferers in these matters are the middle classes. They come between the two millstones and are crushed. The white collars have to pay the piper. Every increase of wages is paid by the consumer, too. But say, your adviser's voices do not always tell the truth."

"Do not forget, the young lady is not to blame for the times," said Applegate.

"No excuse for her, but you must admit that it was an unlucky day when she set her foot in the mill and you made the biggest mistake in your life when you took her into your office. But never mind, young folks will make mistakes sometimes, and there are not many to your account."

A few days afterwards the private secretary was again installed in Applegate's office at his urgent request, and it was thought best, as she would be a good intermediary.

A few days afterwards Joan said to Applegate: "Mr. Torby, the strikebreakers are coming in this morning."

"Of course, I suppose with the sympathy and approval of the unions?"

"Now, Mr. Torby, you know your mill could pay the increased wages of a dollar a day, and it would soon have been made up by increased production, as I explained to you repeatedly, by efficiency and industry in the work pouring in."

"A dollar a day to thousands of workers makes a

great hole in the profits. And I have yet to find the man who wishes to work entirely for the benefit of the other man. But this is a waste of time. Mr. Ashton, my father and the Board of Directors will not hear of such a thing as one cent a day more on account of the principle involved. So that ends the matter."

"You should be reasonable and see advantages."

"I am rather blind to those you present, I must acknowledge."

"You make no attempt to see." And poor Joan would not have been in that office again, on the conditions, were it not that her voices were weakening and she was waiting for more direct instruction.

"Mr. Ashton and my father will show you what can be done without the consent of the unions. These poor devils! The strikebreakers have as much right as you have to make a living, and by God—"

"Sir, you forget yourself."

"I suppose one does occasionally. I forgot your mission," with an anxious glance.

"Yes, my mission. I feel so light and airy that I feel confident I am right to return and see if I cannot induce you to remain with the Federation of Labor. I have no compunction yet."

"That can never be and I must be blind, for I do not see at all—all is dark."

"I am afraid I must leave you."

"The wish is father to the thought. Voices—yours, mine, anybody's—may lead us into temptation and sin. Joan, Joan, your voices are often misleading."

"Mine are not," returned Joan.

Mr. Torby, Senior, entering in a rage, said:

"Twelve o'clock and your infernal pickets interfering with my men—swarming everywhere! This corporation is responsible for the men in its employment and now this union is attempting to paralyze industry. They are violating the laws."

"Workmen have rights, too."

"Now, you know, young lady, you were permitted to come back to this office on conditions according to my idea, to protect us from these law violators, these pickets—you to be an intermediary, and you are doing nothing of the kind."

"Picketing is their right and a very good one—more effective than the boycott."

"You are violating the State law, the law of California, and if you do not attempt to suppress picketing, as you are here for a conciliatory purpose, you may be—"

"Go no further, Mr. Torby. If picketing is a violation of the law, it must be suppressed."

As Joan left the room, Applegate gave her a grateful look.

"I told you, father, I have faith in the human nature of that girl and that she would do what was right, irrespective of sides." And a glow of pleasure suffused his face.

Joan knew the pickets would come at the noon hour. She thought picketing was an effective weapon and a lawful one. As she came among them, she was received with shouts of welcome. She raised her hand and they assembled around her and she said:

"Dear friends, while I am glad to see you, it gives me great pain to be told we are violating the law. Picketing and pickets have been engaged in such work, but I am told in all truth, I suppose, that such

a law forbidding picketing has been passed by the Legislature of California."

One or two answered: "There is such a law."

"It is an unjust law," answered the spokesman. "As you may observe, very few States have such laws."

"Yes," said another logically, "if it were a good law it would be followed by other States."

"But, friends, you would not wish to break a law when you know it. I am sure you would not."

"The leaders of the individual, the chapter organizations, are under the supervision of the Council and obey," answered the spokesman. "We don't bother our heads about that. The leaders pass their resolutions, give out their order, and we, as good soldiers, obey, Miss, and that is all. You have done fine work, Miss Lynn, and the organization has honored you as a woman, a young woman as one must say, as the head of this division. We must not question your authority when it comes from a higher power—the Council—nor should you. You may ask for advice."

"Dear voices, pure voices, come to my rescue," as Joan prayed to herself. "Come, I need you now. Divine Spirit, come." And she trembled. Would her voices desert her?

"Friends, fellow workers, I am perfectly willing to submit the question to the General Council with the earnest, ardent hope that whether right or wrong, that we, the unions of this Chapter, will not violate a law. Our workers may go along the lines and approach any one whom they know or suspect are union workers and tell them of the force and strength of unionism everywhere, but they must not intrude on the premises. I myself have always been op-

posed to intimidation, violence or any infringement of the law."

"Pickets, Miss Lynn," the spokesman replied, "are good reasoners; they do not do much harm, but they do much good in assisting the cause—they are a good loadstone."

"If unlawful, the good is overbalanced by the wrong," said Joan.

Murmurs of discontent followed, and the advice given fell on dull ears. Some jeered.

"Remember," said one, "it is only a little infraction of the law."

"But the principle is the same. If you steal a diamond pin or a silver thimble, it is a theft—therefore punishable. Have good thought and right action will follow. Law and order must be maintained."

"You are too severe in your ideas for the present day," said the spokesman. "And many would be in sympathy with you if you did not exhibit such a determined manner."

"It seems to me," returned Joan deeply mortified, "it is only courage, good judgment and the Divine guidance. The latter makes one very strong."

"I think, Miss, you are repeating yourself," said the spokesman.

"Joan turned away with a sad heart, and when she came into Applegate's office she said:

"My appeal as mediator for the right is in vain, so I must give up my position. I could appeal to the Council, but I fear it would be 'love's labor lost'; so I shall not do that."

"No, do not, but remain here. So many orders coming in unfilled and more coming in all the time and so much correspondence to be gone through and

disposed of in this office. Your position cannot always be filled at call. Loss tremendous now, anyway. You may have some good influence on them yet. We were just settling down to big profits. Remain."

"Profits which you did not intend to share with the workers?"

"Does labor ever assume responsibilities or contribute to losses? It does not. Therefore it would be a one-sided affair to share profits with them. Labor wants restriction of production, minimum hours and maximum wages."

"And what else?" Joan felt she was losing ground.

"Never mind just now. Sit down and rest, dear, poor girl, I mean. Do not be so depressed about it. Worse things can happen. Rest your energies, your nerves. You exhaust yourself."

"I shall not countenance a wrong. I shall watch developments and consider it."

"You are sadly needed here, so do not leave your post."

"With your permission, I shall think it over with my voices."

"For my—for God's sake, in these trying times, do not get on your single track again. Go and rest."

Joan gladly availed herself of the privilege, as she wished to be alone with her voices.

Later Mr. Torby, Senior, came in. "Has that girl gone?"

"Yes, but when she is in here we can always go into my inner office—the sanctum sanctorum."

"I wish she were in a sanitarium. I intend she shall give up her position. No word about it. One must—"

"You persecute her—you are entirely too severe."

"Too severe, bah! I tell Ashton we must surrender—orders unfilled, violence around, guards here and there, in danger of missiles of some description. I tell you it is a miserable life—living like a despot, fearing assassination, or brains knocked in or knocked out."

"Keep up, brace up. You are exaggerating things in your own mind. Take things as they come. Be a little more philosophical and wait until the worst comes to the worst."

"Applegate, I am surprised at you. I do believe you are heart and soul a union man. Anyway, Ashton says he will let the whole thing go to perdition before he will give in this time, and I believe, if you do not go at once to see Diana as you promised and have those cards issued, he is the man to do it, too. Ring up Ashton and ask him to kindly make arrangements for a meeting with Diana. You promised me you would do it. For what are you waiting again?"

"Tomorrow," said Applegate, with a mournful face, groaning.

"For what are you moaning and groaning? Going to have a tooth extracted? I thought you were almost infatuated with Diana once upon a time. Her beauty, her wealth, her position, everything in her favor. She is turning the tables now."

"A time of changes. I shall go tomorrow, if I do not die at my post."

"Applegate, do not wring my heart over again. The same scene does no good. Bring yourself up to the emergency, my dear boy, up to the emergency." And he grasped Applegate's hand and Applegate bent down and dropped a tear on his father's hand.

CHAPTER X.

Applegate Torby, in a fever of despair, approached the beautiful Ashton home. His own home was one of the show places of the city, but it did not compare with Diana's. The ball room, the art gallery, the library, the dining room, the museum, the garden, were marvels of size, beauty and taste combined. The treasures of Europe contributed to the furnishings of this magnificent pile of architecture.

The tension of Applegate's nerves brought on a reaction so extreme that he no longer saw beauty in the great bunches of wistaria which were, by some wizard's craft, still blooming with tropical luxuriance; the climbing Banksiae roses, the Virginia creeper with its dark red autumnal hues. With a flight of the imagination he was as if in a dream and was to have that dream realized with the girl of the voices, the eyes of light and shade.

Before Applegate was conscious of what he was doing or saying, he was in the mansion of the proud beauty and begging for that happiness which, when awake, he knew would be endless misery. It was the "Emergency" and he plunged, partially awake, headlong into that chasm.

Diana said, laughingly: "We have been engaged quite a time, why such protestations now, such mumbling of all kinds of inconceivable things? Come out with the unvarnished truth and just say, 'Diana, my queen to be, when will the cards be issued?' That is all—simplicity in words as well as dress for the rich—the exalted on all occasions. Notwithstanding my simplicity, Applegate, you must

work for something official. Why, Applegate, your enthusiasm cools already, your apathy begins—your pallor.”

“I am overwrought with the strike at the plant,” said Applegate. “It is a perfect arsenal and we are living in a state of siege, and I am ready—”

“Never surrender.”

“I’m afraid the white flag will have to be run up.”

“No, no. A strong man never would.”

“I admit the charge. I am a weakling—like a piece of paper before the wind, blown hither and thither with the air.”

“That must not be.”

“It cannot be avoided—fate is dragging me.”

“But with me, we could—we can resist hurricanes.”

“Yes, my treasure,” replied Applegate, feebly, “let us forget the strike and not dash the happiness from us.”

“You are right, for I am a creature of impulses—today one thing, tomorrow another. Let us drink while we may of the cup that is offered to our thirsty lips.” And Diana passed her strong arms around his neck and kissed him fervently. And they spoke and decided about the announcement of the wedding, the issuing of the cards, etc. She encouraged him not to worry about the wedding invitations, but to send in his list. Her critical eye would scan it—just leave everything to her and she felt confident everything would be mutually agreeable.

“You will pass muster, Diana.” And she smiled with complacency.

Applegate, when refreshed by a cup of tea which she brewed, said: “Duty’s stern voice calls me to

leave you, Diana, and attend to battered heads, provided I can evade the battery of frowning faces and muttered oaths."

"Your private entrance?"

"I had momentarily forgotten that. We officers must protect ourselves all we can." And Applegate, with another pressure of Diana's hand, a light kiss, an affirmative response to "Come again very soon," went out and allowed the butler to put on his overcoat and hat without once turning his head.

After Applegate left, Diana sat down and indulged in a brown study. She was very much surprised at his actions; amazed and bewildered at this weakness—this Apollo with Herculean physical and mental strength to succumb to a strike! "And dear me, just think, I forgot to thank Applegate for his gorgeous orchids." The orchids which Applegate's father had sent for him, knowing that in his present condition he would forget to order flowers.

Diana's reverie was cut short by a card being sent in, and she said: "Admit him." And shortly after, Senator Athelstane was announced. His visit had also been heralded with a basket of magnificent orchids; so, as soon as he entered, Diana remarked: "Those orchids are simply lovely—a pleasure to the senses—my favorite flower."

"Ah, so I see." And he glanced at the other basket, which had also been arranged with artistic skill.

Diana and the Senator had a delightful *tete a tete*, as he had a large fund of anecdotes at his command, in addition to his political position and his travels over the world made him a most interesting man. He considered himself as a woman might—with men

in the present day, irresistible! Diana extended to him the hospitality of the house.

"If I were being entertained in Mexico," said the Senator, "I would be told that the house and everything in it were mine. An acquaintance of mine, having received such a generous welcome, answered: 'He would not rob him of his house, but he would take a salt shaker, it was so unique.' When the hostess said: 'Kindly select some other trifle. While this shaker has no intrinsic value, it has been in the family for some six centuries.' The man, understanding the situation, quickly but quietly replied: 'Do not disturb yourself. I shall select something before I go that will please me equally as well.' She replied: 'I hope you will.' My acquaintance left without any memento and the hostess, very considerably, did not remind him of it.."

"What a sensible person!"

"I do not know that he was such a sensible fellow after all. For had he continued asking for some trifle, for the sake of riddance, he would have received a memento of his visit." After an instant, he continued: "Someone might ask for something that would be larger than territories."

"An insane person might, especially—"

"Please do give me a moment to express my ideas. Territories, used metaphorically."

"In this instance, I suppose it must be, as there are no territories at Mexico's disposal. Well, Senator?"

"I mean there is something I should like to carry off with me that is something more precious than territories."

"Indeed! Explain yourself," said Diana.

"Something whose appraisement—"

"Why, Senator, we are drifting to taxation on land, and I fear—"

"I mean more valuable than precious stones."

"Precious stones I only estimate in two ways—money for men, adornment for women."

"I am not going to purchase a lottery ticket, still I am going to win a prize."

"Senator, Senator, I beg you—"

"This prize upon which I have set my very heart I must carry off with me soon, very soon." And he moved closer to Diana.

"There has been a drawing already."

"The prize has been taken, no doubt, but in committee meetings parliamentary rules may prevail—reconsider this motion."

"No; that would provoke discussion." And Diana felt quite strong in her resolution.

The Senator grew pale under her steady gaze, but continued: "I hope you remember the talk about the mass meeting. Well, it will be held next week, and I hope you will honor the occasion by being one of the vice-presidents and seated on the platform with our prominent representative people of San Francisco. Possibly you will give us a few words if you approve or disapprove of anything that is brought forward and would kindly supplement it with thoughts of your own vigorous mind. It would add greatly to that cause. The League of course, if you will speak for that, it will be an incalculable favor."

Diana replied: "I shall consider it an honor and greatly appreciate your conception of my power."

Diana admired the Senator for his tact in the prize matter.

A few days later, Mr. Charles Torby called a meeting of the Board of Directors, and Joan was allowed to be present. The eight-hour day was already the rule in the plant; the increased demand was allowed, and the closed shop maintained.

The strikers and strikebreakers vanished. The furnaces were started up, and, as may be imagined, everyone concerned was in a transport of happiness—to the intense delight of Applegate.

The following day Joan said to Applegate: "You should have had the agreement with the unions signed for the prohibition of picketing. I am now informed positively it is a violation of the laws of California. You—the Board must deal honestly and justly with the employees, and they in their turn must keep their contracts. Labor is a great potential force, but it must not resort to intimidation or violence. Law and order must be preserved."

"To ask that that clause be inserted now would only induce another strike to this strike; so let us cross that bridge at the next strike—too much time lost already. The Directors will not take it up now. It is only resorted to, anyway, in extreme cases, when the public is in sympathy with the movement. So satisfy your conscience."

"It is not in unison with my idea of principle. We must only stand for what is right and good."

"Think it over again, Miss Joan. We owe you much and do not wish to lose so high-minded a person as you are."

Joan went to her desk and said: "Mr. Torby, I do not think I shall be able to remain long in this position, as the views maintained by the Board are not in unison with mine."

"The voices, Joan."

"Miss Joan, please. The voices ring me up constantly and say: 'Put on your armor, Joan, and fight the good fight.' I also feel injustice and inertia do no good. Metaphysics do not work in this instance. It must be physical action. No one must violate the laws of this glorious Republic."

"Amen, dear Joan. But listen—"

"No time for words."

"Yes, dear Joan," rushing from his seat and moving towards her.

"Miss Joan, I say."

"Joan, dear Joan, I insist."

"Allow me to congratulate you on your wedding announcement," replied Joan, coldly.

Sinking back in his chair, Applegate said slowly: "Of course, marriage is only an incident in one's life—a breath of wind, a summer's haze to be suppressed by another—a memory to be washed out at one's convenience—easily done."

"Mr. Torby, I wonder—"

"Now, Joan—"

"Where is your honor, Mr. Torby?"

"Now, Joan dear, if you will have it so, I beg your pardon. You are much to blame yourself. This strike, this unionizing, all come from your influence over me."

"Blame the woman—she tempted Adam without doubt, but he ate greedily and man has done so ever since."

"Oh, sad the day when one is no longer master of himself—when the tree and bush grow brown and bare; winter commences and sets in cold and bleak and one needs warmth and comfort. So it is with a

great love when it cannot reach the fire. Do you not feel for one out in the cold?"

"Not always. Why do you talk in such an ambiguous manner? One would have to go to the Delphic oracle to have your meaning unraveled."

"Is it not quite plain to you?"

"No. You are unintelligible to me. No doubt you are wrong, too."

"Can one in love be wrong?"

"I am very glad to know you are deeply in love with your affianced."

"Joan, dear, I am verging on the line of insanity."

"Then become less pronounced in your love and become sane."

"Is a man in love ever sane?"

"Possibly not. Why do you not pray to the Creator, who guides us all?"

"Now, dear, Joan—"

"You are really growing intolerable."

"Your voices cannot prevent my calling you Joan dear, or angel, and I know you will forgive me when I tell you this surrender has been hotly contested for days and I have worked on it incessantly with the hope to have you retained in this position, where you will have to meet with those deserving of your respect and have the respect you deserve, and which I am determined you shall always have. The whole affair has worked on my nerves to such an extent that as soon as the works are in full blast and I see things on a permanent basis for good, faithful work, I am going to the country to tone up my exhausted condition."

"Of course you will on your honeymoon trip."

"My condition may be rather serious—"

"Forgotten again that wedding?"

"You need not remind me of it every minute—it will come soon enough."

"I assure you, you need a rest and that rest will be an excellent tonic for your nerves, and the country in California, with its hills and canyons and flowers of every hue, you know so well."

"Right about that. Do not let anyone talk to me of Berkshire Hills any more."

"And who would not go into rhapsodies over California scenery?"

"Joan, I thank you. I shall take a walk."

"Where is Mr. Torby?" asked Mr. Torby, Senior, as he entered a few moments after Applegate left.

"Gone for a walk. His nerves are a bit unstrung."

Angry words rose to Mr. Torby's lips, and he said: "That young man will be running amuck yet, under the impression that for certain reasons it is the right thing for him to do unless influenced otherwise."

"Who would be so base, Mr. Torby, to wish to inculcate evil propensities in the mind of anyone, still less in the mind of one's own employer? I have just differed with your son on some point which I thought should have been inserted when the new agreement was made."

"And it was?"

"That as picketing is prohibited by the State Legislature of California, and it is intimidation, often resulting in violence, it should be abolished."

"As the unions now have everything they can demand and the employers have yielded to all demands, the strike with this plant is over. There is

nothing to fear. Why bring up trouble? My son is showing good judgment in this affair."

"Mr. Torby, I regret to differ with you so decidedly. We see things in a different light. I wish to lead my life on the principle of doing right. What would life be without that consciousness? I told your son that under the circumstances I would not, as much as I need the position and enjoy its pay, I should be compelled to resign. He then asked me to remain and reconsider it, to which I assented."

"I hope you do not presume to dictate?" said Mr. Torby, in an authoritative way. He was really glad to know that Applegate's opinion and his were now for once in opposition to the secretary, as he had an innate and intense feeling of dislike for her, which was caused subconsciously by her influence over Applegate.

"Mr. Torby, I do not try to exert any influence over any one except for good. As for dictating—" when Applegate, to the consternation of his father, came in.

"Father, Miss Lynn is my secretary, and I really cannot have anyone say anything to her but myself."

"I thought you were going to take a walk? The air would be good for you?" said Joan.

"I am too restless. Working in this office is, anyway, the best medicine for me, and my doctor is my secretary, who relieves me of thinking by her assiduity, her ability and her capacity for work. What more can I ask and what more can you ask? She has done wonders for the plant and is a safeguard for the future."

"For the future? As I just explained to the secretary"—Mr. Torby, Senior, was too angry to call

her by name—"there could be no more strikes, unless they want all the plants to close and work on their own responsibilities and meet their own obligations, which I do not believe they are eager to do. If they are, they can do so—there will be no objection."

"Father, I asked Miss Lynn to reconsider her objection on the principle that makes life worth living on this terrestrial sphere—the high principle of doing what is right—and she has consented. Do not, dearest father, object to my request."

And what could Mr. Torby say to his idolized son in his condition but to bow his head in acquiescence?

"And Miss Lynn, you will do what you promised—remain?" asked Applegate.

And Joan replied: "I shall reconsider, Mr. Torby."

CHAPTER XI.

In the Auditorium in the Civic Center was assembled a vast throng of some ten thousand people. People of all classes had responded to the call, from the richest to the poorest, from the Divine to the humblest of his parishioners, from the heads of the great commercial houses to the lowest of their clerks, from the great bankers to the poorest of their clients, and from all ranks of life. Some came to hear the music, some the eloquent speakers, and some to see and be seen, but never in the history of California, even during the Civil War, when brother fought against brother, was there so much enthusiasm to hear, to be able to talk and ask questions, as at this open forum meeting, where the League of Nations would be and could be discussed in all its articles, bearings and details. People were very much agitated over it and everything pertaining to it, but the real point at issue was to bring "Our Boys" back from Siberia and keep them in America.

Senator Athelstane was in the chair, surrounded by the city's representative people on the platform Mr. Ashton, Diana, Mr. Torby, Senior, Applegate Torby, Congressman Hardwick, Mrs. Wotton and many others were also seated there. Diana was in reach of the Senator's ear as well as eye. The Star Spangled Banner was sung to the glorious music with fervor of soul and an ardent zeal not often surpassed. Senator Athelstane opened the meeting by saying: "As it is in an open forum meeting, anyone may rise and speak on any subject pertaining to the wel-

fare, economic and industrial conditions of our beloved America."

A man arose and, after proper questioning, was recognized by the chair.

"Mr. Turpeth of San Francisco."

"I am for the League of Nations without reservations."

Joan rising, giving name, was recognized.

"Miss Lynn, Miss Joan Lynn."

"I am for the League, provided peace will be immediate; all lay down arms, all must concur—otherwise, why the League?"

Some few hisses were heard, which were promptly suppressed by the Senator.

"Of course," continued Joan, smiling, her pallor unnoticed in the brilliant light of the Auditorium, "the war is still raging where the League has been accepted. These are problems possible to be solved by those closer in touch with these momentous questions, as they are difficult to masticate, being food for thought, and must be Fletcherized."

Another man arose and, without waiting for recognition, said:

"I am not in favor of the League of Nations, because I do not think it can keep us out of war any more than a quarreling man and wife can have peace by resorting to the court. Europe is a seething cauldron today. 'Touch not,' I was going to say 'Taste not,' but we are not tasting much today." Which provoked laughter.

A tall man arose and said: "I am not interested in the League, but in labor. Labor is my province."

Congressman Hardwick arose and said: "The condition of labor has improved wonderfully."

"Not so much as you think," replied the tall man.

The Congressman answered: "The people must remember that the laborer of today has comforts that people of wealth did not possess in former times; also that the heads and managers of corporations are constantly making improvements for the betterment of his conditions."

"It is true," replied Joan, rising, "that the unions have greatly benefited labor conditions. We do not deny and we do not wish to deny, but it is also true that inventions—man's brain—have added to the comforts of mankind in general and labor or wages depend more or less upon supply and demand—production made possible by brains."

The tall man arose and said in a loud, distinct voice: "We, the laborers, made these conditions. Compulsion did it, and we are going on that line until we receive our dues." These remarks were followed by a roar of applause.

"True," replied Joan, "to a degree more or less, but as I said, 'trade is regulated by supply and demand.'"

Another man arose and said: "Employment is somewhat regulated by supply and demand and we take advantage of it. We didn't make the war. The financiers and speculators did that."

Mr. Charles Torby arose and said: "If financiers provoked war—I do not believe they did—they have committed a crime and their day of reckoning has come. They had a tragic part in the war, they gave up their dear ones in battle."

A stout man arose and flung his arms around in defiance: "Yes, on boards, on committees, in the Quartermaster's Department, in soft places."

"True," spoke Applegate Torby, "but you cannot complain. You have had soft places comparatively to the soldiers in the trenches or out of them. Think! You followed the vocations you were always engaged in previous to the war. You remained home with your wives and children in the bosom of your families."

Another man arose and said: "You do not know there is war in the absence of your dear ones. You only know the war has brought you more wages and more comfort. No boy cries to you, 'Father, mother, I wish to come home to America. It is bitter cold here. I live in the heart of cold, slush and mud, with little to wear. My work is accomplished for which I enlisted or was drafted to save the world from imperialism. Now that my work is done, again I say my heart cries out mother, father, brother, sister, sweetheart, friends, America, my country. I do not wish to police Europe, not even France, La Belle France; I am crying for home, for America.'" And his words shook the house.

"Name, name," came from many throats, but the name was not forthcoming.

Diana arose and was recognized by the Senator: "You all know things can be interpreted in different ways. The words by the preceding speaker were full of pathos. It appealed absolutely to the hearts of the people and not to the mind."

"Pardon, Miss Ashton," said Joan, "for differing. Does not your interpretation of the League say that not one of 'Our Boys' will be in Europe the day after the League is signed?"

Diana quickly retorted: "I appeal to the chair for information."

Senator Athelstane said: "I avail myself of parliamentary rules and do not sway from the chair."

Again Diana replied, quick as a flash: "I think such a direct question can only be answered by those in Washington, who have been selected for the work. The chairman, Senator Athelstane, is right."

Applegate Torby now threw in a word: "I believe we should not criticise our Government, whose men at the helm certainly know what is best and their deliberation indicates it."

Diana made a motion as if to rise, when Mr. Ashton said in a low, stern voice: "Diana, be seated, unless you approve of everything Applegate said, which is politic, I am sure, as it accords with Athelstane."

"But lately every movement of his rasps me."

"That is the reason you must not say anything further—make a public scene."

"How could I think of forgetting myself? How vulgar!" replied Diana, with a sharp look at Applegate.

Mrs. Wotton then said: "Mr. Chairman, I am not so much interested in the League. What I wish, as the war is over, for 'Our Boys,' having valiantly done their duty, to come home. I ask the sentiment of every laborer, banker, every American in feeling here to express it."

A perfect storm of applause followed her words. They stamped their feet, as their lungs did not seem to be able to give utterance to the strain upon them.

"And who holds the trumps now?" they shouted, "The people."

Senator Athelstane arose, but the uproar contin-

ued. He pounded his gavel in the most forcible way. Finally when order was restored he said:

"I know you all know I am just as anxious as any of you—every American heart beats the same way—but things cannot be adjusted at once, but I assure you just as soon as possible our boys will come home. You know that today the sentiment is strongly opposed to war."

"But still continues," interrupted another man, "and crime is rampant, suicides frequent, insanity on the increase, even children indulging in crime unheard of, influenza, and, and—"

Joan, rising: "Medical science has done remarkably well with influenza and epidemics, bringing down the death rate to a remarkably low figure. Epidemics of some kind to a more or less degree follow wars and pilgrimages the world over, and—"

"Our liberties are interfered with in a thousand ways," interrupted a man.

"For instance?" asked the chairman.

"We can't rent the homes, the apartments we want to."

"Lack of money?" inquired the Senator.

"Yes, and sometimes they object to children."

"May I ask a question, Mr. Chairman?"

"Certainly," replied the Senator, "Mrs. Wotton."

"If you had some apartments, would you let them to, irrespective of reference, just to anyone?"

"Madam, I beg you to understand above all things, I am a gentleman. I should certainly desire to have agreeable people around my family; that is my privilege."

"And may not others have the same ideas about whom they would like to have for their neighbors,

especially in apartment houses? It is not altogether home life, but it might become unbearable otherwise."

"My viewpoint is different."

Another man said: "It is fortunate views are different. As, for example, the following anecdote: 'If opinions were not different, every man would want my wife.' Another remarked, 'So, and if every man were of my opinion, no one would want her.'"

Which, of course, occasioned a laugh. The man continued: "We must not ask for too much paternalism, because after a while there will be so many laws that there will be confusion in obeying them, become irksome and possibly not obeyed. Laws should be simple and well understood, but enforced, and if violated, punished. Law and order must be preserved; if not, our Republic will be menaced by anarchy and civilization turned back thousands of years."

Here came an objector: "I object to that view. I am sure the majority will agree with me. Vote upon it."

Joan arose and said: "Let us have a resolution presented to a committee for adoption or a rising vote taken upon the sentiments expressed by the gentleman who preceded me."

"No," responded Athelstane, "this meeting has not been called to provoke ill feeling, but an open forum meeting to discuss things in an amiable way. Notwithstanding there have been pros and cons, I think all have had proper consideration, and I trust by the time we meet again things will be so far adjusted that we shall have a better appreciation of one another. As I said, 'An honest confession is good for the soul,' and the best thing for opponents is to speak openly and conscientiously. It is the best way

to bring about a convincing argument and bear good fruit. Let us call all unanswered questions, unfinished business."

Joan arose quickly and said: "I am afraid we shall never reach the millennium at this rate. We shall simply be flooded out. Action should always follow talk if good seed is to be planted and not wait for waves or wind to do the work. Inertia is death."

Some one, a man to be sure, arose and said: "How about the high cost of living? That is as serious a question as any presented here."

Athelstane, fearing things might be steering in deep waters, replied: "It seems to be high living instead of the high cost of living. In this case then," in a cold voice, "the minority will rule. It is growing late, and if I detain you too long, you will not be anxious to come when the next meeting will be held. I thank you for your attendance here tonight and appreciate your kind indulgence, and after the singing of 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty,' the meeting will be adjourned."

The inspiring hymn was sung with great warmth and the audience dispersed, with the exception of some few, who lingered a moment to congratulate the Senator upon the success of the evening.

Applegate went up to Diana. She was so intensely interested in Athelstane, who was surrounded by his admirers, that after saying in a friendly way, "An evening to be remembered," turned her face to the Senator.

When Applegate looked over the passing crowd, he rushed out of the building, and as fate would have it, almost crushed Joan as she came from the other exit.

"Why this haste, Mr. Torby?"

"And where are you going this time of night alone?" returned Applegate.

"Father was so tired when he came home this evening that I did not have the heart to press him to come with me."

"Quite right. I shall see that you get home safe. Here is my car. Step in," as he beckoned to the chauffeur.

"Do not, for heaven's sake, call that man. Is it possible that you think I am lost to all sense of honor? Oh, Mr. Tobey."

"I am going to take you home." And he told the chauffeur his services would not be required.

"Now, Miss Joan, you hear, I do not forget your title. I respect you, therefore cannot allow you in these dangerous times to go about unattended. Out of the question."

"Now, Mr. Torby, do not make a scene, but you must take the young lady home who is soon to be your bride. You owe it to her, you owe it to me."

"Now, Joan dear, I told you before not to remind me of that so often. Time enough when I am married. Then I shall be the model husband and make her be the model wife."

"I cannot listen to such talk any longer. It is offensive."

"Now, Joan dear, I am ill, as you know, and as you see, and you must have a little patience."

"Indeed, I have the patience of Job with you. I have now come to the point where patience ceases to be a virtue, and indeed, if it were not for the dishonor of all concerned, I should put you in the hands of that policeman over there, who is eyeing

us intently, and no doubt will soon come over here and tell you to move on. So please take me to a car, then go home and rest. In the morning call on Miss Ashton and make apologies for your lack of consideration for her, or do whatever you like. My father is not well and will become very uneasy. And remember, he is a man passionately addicted to honor and is liable to become dangerous if you impugn that sacred thing with even indirect insinuations."

"I only wish to protect you from everything and everybody. If you feel that way about it, I shall simply see you to the car; otherwise, I shall not let you move."

Joan saw the mood he was in and that he was really allowing himself to act in an irresponsible way and then take refuge under the plea of nervous exhaustion. So she allowed him his way, and when he hailed a car and paid her fare and said "Good night" and looked at her appealingly, she resolved to break her promise of reconsidering, but tell him she would leave at once. Yes, she must leave at once. Her voices had new work for her. Everything was decided for her.

As she reached home, Joan's father was waiting for her, walking restlessly up and down the room.

"Why, father, I thought you were so tired you could not chaperone me tonight, and here you are not abed yet, still less asleep. And I told you, you must have rest."

"Was the young boss there tonight? You know what I told you about him." Lynn strode up and down the room with increasing speed.

"Father, the young boss is ill. Indeed, I consider him too ill to work and you will soon be in

the same condition. Why make a mountain out of a molehill?"

"Yer may be right, Joan. Are yer certain he is sick?"

"He is not in a dying condition, but—"

"I was in hope he was."

"Now, it is sinful to wish people to die—the span of life is short enough."

"Some pepul do lots of harm ev'n when they don't live long."

"That is true. Do you not think it would be well for you to forget him? Anyway, I do not think I shall remain there very long. I may resign any day, so go to rest. Good night."

"Goodness, I'll sleep good tonight."

CHAPTER XII.

"Well, Miss Joan, the mass meeting was a great success last night. It does one good to hear different views. We might become narrow and contracted when we hear only one side, and you did remarkably well. I was afraid you would meet my concentrated gaze and that I would unnerve you. Your first word in public, you know." Applegate rattled off these sentences with a flippant rapidity that did not permit Joan to interrupt him.

"Sir!" replied Joan, in her most freezing tones. "You could not unnerve me by your stare, as I was too absorbed in my subject."

"What is the matter? You are cold as an icicle."

"After your most outrageous, unbearable, audacious conduct, you ask me to be civil to you? I have neither superlatives nor words to express my indignation at your conduct."

"Oh, Joan, Joan, if you had only been thrown across my path before!"

"I am Miss Joan, you know."

"No, no more Miss Joan to me. You are my Joan, Joan, my Joan."

"Mr. Torby, I regret to say it, but your brain must be disturbed; otherwise you would not make such a pitiable lovesick object out of yourself. After last night's ungentlemanly conduct it must be that brains are on a strike and you must be careful and seek medical advice and be sure to go on your wedding trip. It is to take place very soon."

"Ugh! That thought is the cause of my breakdown."

"Do not take refuge for that in your shortcomings. The world will laugh at you for your auto-suggestions."

"But my horizon has climbed and rhymed—"

"No vers libre," smiled Joan in spite of her depressed and distressed feelings.

"You did not let me finish," persisted Applegate. "You are photographed on my heart, Joan—my heart, my soul is for you, Joan. I am on the edge of a rock at the cliff; do not throw me off."

"The weight of your own sins will throw you off and dash you to destruction and death amid the breakers. The breakers will carry your body far out to sea and your life to your father and Miss Ashton, your bride, will only be a memory, and not a pleasant one, either."

"Save me. I love you. What more can mortal man say?"

"Stop that talk; it is sacrilege. I told my father last night that I would resign this morning, Mr. Torby."

"Your promise, you faithless girl, to reconsider to remain?"

"I cannot, under these circumstances."

"I cannot let you go. My love must hold you like a chain invisible."

"This is madness, it is wicked, it is humiliating." And Joan burst into tears.

"No, it is holy. My love for you is father and mother. God rest mother's soul."

"Do not desecrate your mother's name with sin."

"Love knows no barrier. It is no sin to love. And you love me too. I can see it in your anger, in your tears. You are the sun, moon and stars to

me—you are hope. You are all that makes a man glad." And he extended his arms to her.

"One step nearer, Mr. Torby, and I touch the button. As I told you, it is a great shock to me to hear you continue talking in this way. As I told you when I came in I should resign today, but if I hear anything more I shall be compelled to go at once and leave unfinished some work which requires a few hours' time," said Joan with a pale face.

"It is your purity of soul and thought that attracts me."

"You have more than a wrong way of expression, because you wish to rob me of that by your very thoughts. Everything I wish and hope for is a bubble. No, I retract that. I still have faith in my mission. My voices are telling me that I have just begun my work and I hoped you would indirectly work with me. Your insanity has shattered everything."

"No, it has not. It can be mended."

"Like broken glass, it cannot be mended. The crack will always show."

"Love is a mighty river," returned Applegate.

"But it must not overflow its banks," said Joan.

"Do not go away. I shall help you in whatever you undertake."

"I must and shall leave you."

"You must not leave me. How can I pass my life with that imperious woman? If it were only another woman—you!"

"Away, evil spirit!"

"You do not know Diana. She would turn away in disdain from the twelve apostles in the street if she should meet them."

"Mad, mad!" said Joan. And she looked at him pathetically.

"Listen to the voices of love, sweet love."

"Mr. Torby, I am going to your father and tell him you have lost your reason, as you have." And she arose from her seat.

"Joan, do not go. Sit down. Good. Let us talk sensibly. Be my soul-mate, my affinity."

Joan shook with uncontrollable sobs.

"Dear Joan, you did not give me time to finish what I wished to say. Be my soul-mate, my affinity in thought, dear girl. It will sustain me and I shall allow the contract with Diana to be carried out, then desert her and marry you. Help me."

"God helps those who help themselves, but you do not deserve any help. You have evil spirits in and around you, which should be exorcised."

"I am a latitudinarian."

"I do not care what you are. I am leaving the plant and shall also leave the unions. I am called for a higher cause. I am called to devote my life to my country and I must obey the summons."

"And will you leave me all alone to battle with this marriage, the stormy sea of matrimony—marriage one day, divorce the next? And when I kiss her I shall think of you."

"Marriage à la mode. Your marriage with Miss Ashton with such thoughts is a sacrilege. God help her in her trial—your wife to be. I go," said Joan, tears streaming down her face, "feeling sad for your intended bride and sad for my self-respect to listen to you one moment. We are as opposite as the antipodes."

"We are opposite. That is another attraction.

We are positive and negative, and I love you beyond reasoning."

"I am sure you have lost that faculty. It is not for me to restore it."

"You only can do that."

"I shall soon be under the necessity of repairing my own mental faculties. I need such aid for listening to you, a madman."

Joan had remained talking to him, as she thought she might sooth him by being patient and urging him to do what was right.

"Indeed, you must stay. You love me, girl. I shall follow you wherever you go. You shall always be under my protecting care. Give me your hand and say you forgive me. My love is no passing flame, but a steady burning, which neither fire nor water can extinguish. Time will show you."

"You are raving, stark mad. Thank God, I am going. Good bye."

"Give me your hand. No hand?" as Joan refused to take it. "I take it and you also." And he took her two hands, clasped them firmly and kissed them fondly.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Mr. Torby, Senior, coming in, as Joan paled and flushed alternately, drawing back in terror at Applegate's action. "That girl—that—"

"Not one word, father. I offered Miss Lynn my honest love. I asked her to be my wife and I shall cast off Diana, but she declined, insisting that I abide by my agreement, keep my contract at the altar to love and cherish Diana. I should like to hear that imperious woman say, 'I obey.'"

"In our church, Episcopalian, some clergymen, I

believe, will upon request eliminate those words, which is right. Women do not obey, never did obey, never will obey. I must beg your pardon, Miss Lynn."

"Well, Mr. Torby, I must say your son has not in this instance come up to my expectations, as no man of honor should repudiate a marriage after the wedding invitations have been issued. A very delicate matter, more than embarrassing."

"You see, you are a very sensible girl. Applegate has been spoiled; his mother died when he was but four years old. He has just had to pout his lips like a girl and the wish has been granted. No doubt if you had gone off and married him, tomorrow, if his fancy had caught another beauty—ha, ha!—he would have gone off with her—not waiting for interlocutory decrees—married and committed bigamy. If he wants anything, he generally gets it, you may say, always gets it. I admire your stand, your dignity and integrity of character. Most girls of your age and position would be caught by the honk of a machine. It is simply an excusable passion of young people for the musical honk which says, 'for a ride, ride.' Repeating myself, I believe and I wish to repeat many times that I admire your good sense and good judgment. If I can render you any assistance," in a stately way, "command me."

Joan, smiling through her tears, quickly replied: "No thanks, Mr. Torby; I am able to take care of myself. I am accustomed to struggles."

"Let me be the one," said Mr. Torby, genially, "to make your struggles lighter."

"And I repeat, no, thanks," replied Joan. "My voices have in a way revealed themselves and tell

me my mission is to bring glad tidings to serve my country."

Mr. Torby hastened to say: "My good girl, always obey those voices—they will guide you the right way."

"They will. I know they are good spirits. Good morning, gentlemen." And Joan vanished.

Applegate had not looked at Joan during this interview with his father. He held his head down, depressed and miserable beyond words.

"One moment, father." And Applegate went into his inner office, touched a button, gave a message to a faithful man and in a moment was with his father again.

"By heaven, Applegate, you and that girl gave me a terrible fright. A most sensible girl—really more sensible than I gave her credit for—to save you from a mesalliance that would be a disaster, a Waterloo. You were never very steady in your affections. In that respect you are a chip off the old block. But after my engagement to your dear mother, I assure you, I never wandered from her side. She was my idol and really the most brilliant woman I ever met. If she were alive her influence would be such that you would really be in love with Diana today. She would do so many little things to bring you together; to develop the best in you both. Diana lacks a mother; her mother would have exerted herself to put in those soft touches that make women lovable, especially to men like you. Oh, Applegate, your mother, if she were here, would be grieved at your inconsistency, your inconstancy, to call it by its proper name. The more I think of your narrow escape, owing to that girl's sense, the more

I tremble. Of course, I am sane and take no stock in her voices and her mission, to serve or save her country, or something to that effect. I am sorry she suffers from delusions, but I am really glad she has gone. I hope it will not be necessary for her to see you again about anything. Women are not to be trusted. Their affections are too—well, I declare my word escapes me—but they are too sympathetic and sympathy with a little further development often terminates in love. So keep away. Go to work. That is what you must have—absorbing work.”

“Oh, father, Joan is an angel—my pure girl—my love.”

“Angels before marriage are sometimes devils after marriage. God, what a calamity such a marriage would be now. Ashton could and would ruin us over night. I think it a providential escape, though I do not believe God looks out for the details of life, but we have roads to travel—sometimes we take the wrong road and sometimes the right, and when we take the right it is considered providential.”

“A kind of general supervision, father, but my angel. Such a brave girl for a wife would enrich a man, uplift a man. Oh, my love!”

“Now, Applegate, for the time, until your reason is completely restored, put your love in an icebox and let her remain there an angel. Business calls. Something stirring all the time. Really with these continual strikes, business complications arise every day, like compound interest; only the workers take the interest, and also the interest out of life for employers, and so many holidays that it seems it is time for a halt.”

“We have a good many holidays,” said Applegate,

"but I believe anything that takes away routine is healthy. I also believe if anyone works it should be real, earnest work—work when you work and play when you play."

"That is the trouble. I see much in this unionization that does not meet with my approval, but I do not say anything because I have nothing more to say. I should have to secure the consent of the union first, and if they did not approve, the man I discharged would be reinstated in defiance of my orders."

"That is a little awkward, but if Joan had remained here, she would have smoothed over all difficulties."

"You must not say that, Applegate. Picketing is unlawful. What could she do? What has she done? Resigned."

"We must give them all we can," added Applegate. He thought the way of the least resistance the best.

"Your way lately has not proved the greatest success; and if you succumb to nerves, the climax will be capped. You must show yourself above nerves. Go around, see everything, hear everything, anticipating everything, make yourself agreeable and learn, learn. We may be taking time by the forelock. Master the situation."

"Holiday tomorrow and I am glad for a rest."

"Tomorrow 'Our Boys' come home from overseas. The only holiday I truly appreciate and enjoy. It is truly a jubilee. They did good work and now they belong here in our free America. God bless them and God bless America. And now to work. Remember my program," said Mr. Torby, Senior.

"Such a lengthy one, and I need Joan," said Applegate.

"You always strike on one key, which makes me very nervous. No wonder you are a nervous wreck. Diana, with healthy energy, will cast you off; then you will be a wreck in your commercial life as well as your social life; only hospital doors are open for such men. And then you may take this pleasure with you, that like Sampson, you pull down the whole damn concern with you," said Mr. Torby, Senior, in despair.

"I am disgusted with myself and should be. Give me a little time and I shall pull myself together and make this mill what it should be. As to Diana, father, nothing would please me better than if she should see far enough in the future and break the engagement," added Applegate.

"I fail to see the improvement that would make in the situation."

"It would clear the atmosphere," replied Applegate.

"Yes, and marry the girl who has refused you?"

"Then I could honestly offer her my love and marry her."

"Applegate, if before the clock strikes the closing time of the works today, you have not attended to your duties, I shall call a board meeting for tomorrow morning at ten o'clock and propose a new vice-chairman. My voice of duty and honor and your mother's voice of duty and honor and the interests of the mill call and those voices must and shall be obeyed. Nothing further. I am ready to be a Roman father. Remember."

And Mr. Torby left Applegate, who felt the whip over him for the first time in his life.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Father, I have resigned from the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant," said Joan, pale but calm, as they finished their simple evening meal.

Lynn had unfolded the evening paper, which was not all hieroglyphics to him.

"Yer mean from the plant? I'm glad you have. Thos' people don't understan' what their unions stan' fer. Let ther wise head, the young boss, with his stuck-up ways, manage it. He thinks he knows it all anyway. I hear his dad don't like unions—he hates 'em."

"I am not in love with them either, and I am resigning," said Joan.

"Yer mean from ther plant, from ther mill?" And there was a fear in Lynn's voice.

"I mean, father, from unionism, from all unions."

"I'm little de'f lately—ther mill work does that—that roarin' day and night. Yer left yer place for good, away from that—your boss? Just as soon as the unions know it, they'll look out for yer. They'll grab yer for the fine work you've been doin', indeed they will, chil'. Yer had to resign; I want'd yer to. Yer minded yer father in that and Gawd, yer know, takes care of good children."

"Now, father, listen. My voices, direct from God, tell me I must go forth and talk to the people, that something must be done to save Democracy and our Republic."

"Yer can't mean it, an' don' just mak' yer father crazy? Yer're so anxious to show off yer 'varsity learnin' that yer think yer must be movin'."

"I must go out into the world and teach them what to do."

"Yer a gurl to show them!" and Lynn laughed boisterously. "Pleas' tell me what will yer tell 'em and what will yer do?"

"I do not know what will happen, but I shall manage it. My voices will tell."

"I alwa's felt it would be bad for ther world when women wor' pants when there wus war and now they wanna rule the wurld. Men, ther rascally politicians, are hard enuf, but women, specially, are silly baggage, and will pull down ther world."

"No, father, not silly, but strong and determined to do my duty, though the road be stormy."

"Yer're not alone silly, but all fool."

"Come with me, dear, and we two shall plod the road together. I can work as we go along and eke out a living," said Joan.

"I'll answer yer tomfoolery."

"Think, we shall be like the birds of the air, flying along, aviators," added Joan.

"Yes, yer skimmer, yer."

"Oh, father, I see it all; the crowded halls,—the rapturous applause, all following the voices of a girl whom God has chosen as the messenger of peace to our beloved land, America. Then America will put down the sword and take up the plow." Lynn looked at Joan with astonishment and fear and spoke to her soothingly. "Yer're a little out yer mind. Ther yong boss, he has turned yer head. Com dearie. Yer remember ther songs I sung to yer? Yer mother with no music larnin sang, yes, lik er bird when she rock'd yer to sleep she was yer nurse. No other hand woul'd she let touch yer, though so sickly an

she pin'd away an' when dyin'; I don't kno' if I told yer this befor or no, but if so hear it agin. She sed, 'Be father and mother to our little one. It is the will of the Lord.'" And the tears ran down his face, and sobs interrupted his talk. He then continued, "And she pres'd her weak hands ov'r yer face, then ov'r yer hed and sed 'My little birdie, can't fly yet, no wings, but sh'll have, Peter,' she cried, half gettin up. 'Be sur Varsity teachin fer my Joan,' and she fell back dead."

Joan with a convulsive sigh in her throat said, "Mother's love, the truest, purest love in the world. Those few words she gasped in her dying moments that you tell me, father dear, are like the perfume of a flower and will always linger in my memory of memories." And she prayed mentally, "Mother guide me, voices of God guide me."

"And now, my little un is crazy," and Lynn's emotion again overcame him.

At this moment in came Mayme and Kelly. The door was unlocked. They had rung the bell, but as no answer came and they heard talking, they entered without further ceremony.

"We have come to talk over the news," said Mayme.

"Mayme, I told you, you were to follow the rules laid down for you," said Kelly.

"Well, didn't you say you wanted to know why Peter's girl left the Unions and of course everybody wants to know."

"Be quiet, Mayme. You haven't the real pearls yet."

"Not none yet. I'll take imitation if you buy 'em tomorrow."

"Quit your chaff, you Magpie."

"I'll close my eyes so well as my lips. It's sleep time anyway, and think real, real pearls while you talk."

"Well, I hear your beautiful daughter, pardon, Miss Joan, has left the unionized mill. Not only given up her place, but the unions. I hope not. I never place much reliance in that old Dame, Rumor."

"Yes," added Mayme, "come back to us. Go to the stenographers' row. We need you, you can get work in our mill. Come away from the devil."

"Do, Miss Joan. Never mind the devil or anything. Please your father," pleaded Kelly.

"Of course, I know the Commandment, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, and thou shall have long life in the land,' but there is something higher than that duty."

"Your mother is dead, therefore double duty to your father, please," entreated Kelly.

"Duty to my country first," cried Joan, with a melody in her voice and a light flooding her face. "Tis the sweet land of liberty. It is for the Americanization of every man, woman and child, living under the American flag."

"Joan, Joan, Joan," cried all three simultaneously. "Father, friends, forgive me; for I feel you and Mayme are now true friends, I claim you as such. Remember I am no martyr, but I must not abandon my post which no one else can fill, and this is simply obedience to the call."

"If all were to listen to their voices," said Kelly.

"All do not have the voices, such as are given to me. I have a mission to go out and teach what

liberty is, so that anarchy may be suppressed before its steady approach creeps all over the country. My duty impels me on, on, painful or not. Where or how exactly I do not know yet."

"Stay with us," cried Mayme, with tears in her eyes.

"She'll by Gawd," and Lynn rushed at Joan and grasped her with a muscle of iron.

"Father, beware. Take your hands off," said Joan, undaunted, but weak from the whole proceedings. At this crisis Mayme promptly went into hysterics, but at a threatening look from Kelly, quickly recovered herself and became quiet. Then Kelly stepped forward and forced the already loosening fingers of the father to relax, who fell back and sank into a chair, weeping violently, his whole frame shaken by his emotions.

Kelly commenced arguing to divert Lynn's mind that "the unions were becoming a bit aggressive," while Joan rushed forward and said in a low voice filled with passionate emotion of love and devotion and sinking on her knees said, "You hear what our friend, Mr. Kelly, says. I say, the unions are striking and striking. Then the sympathetic strikes. No work and assessments, do seem arbitrary, do they not? At all events they work great hardship on the unemployed, especially the women and the little children."

"No, I don't se," said Lynn.

"Anyway, father, forgive your child and come with me, who must follow her voices. It is God's mandate. The call of my—our country—in the hour of her direst need. God's summons to save the

Republic," and she kissed his hands and his hair as her hot tears fell over them.

"Lynn shrank back from her, lifted his head and cried, "No half duty, yer ow me, yer father, everythin. Com back to me, do yer hear? Do yer hear?" These words he almost shrieked.

"Unfortunately," said Joan, "I am neither deaf nor blind to my Country's woes. Father, pity me and let me take up both duties. Like little Nell and her grandfather. Pathetic and miserable as it was, I should rather do anything than be separated from you."

"Go back to the unions and work with 'em or don't work none, just go back. My work can take care of the two of us. I eat little and can eat les. Com, sweet."

"Father, it would be against my principle to go back."

"What 's ther great sin?"

"Picketing is a direct violation of the law."

"Yer want to boss ther hull job. Is that yer game?"

"No, it is my principle and go I must at the call of my voices. It is irrevocable."

"What's that dictionary word agin?"

"That I cannot change."

"Then go." And Lynn rose strong and threatening. "Never let me see your face agin. I throw yer off, tho yer face is the face of yer ded mother in her young days."

"Father, for her sake forgive me. Leave the unions and come with me. I can and shall earn sufficient for both of us."

"I tell yer what's good. Go back to ther Unions.

You needn't work none. Stay hom and study. I'll work my finger nails off fer yer."

"Now Miss Joan," said Kelly. "Can't yer make that little concession?"

"Yes, John is right, you can easily do that. Let Peter work for the unions and you stay for yourself. Just grand. Man and wife don't think alike on such matters any more nowadays. Women do prity much as they likes these days."

Lynn said: "Now, Joan, do as yer please."

"If it were only to choose, which shall it be? It would not take one long to decide. Anyway, father, and you too, Mr. Kelly and Mayme must not look upon the mill owners as a hostile class. Each side engaged in the work should endeavor to make the conditions beneficial for both. If labor is not satisfied, provided its agreement is fulfilled, labor can go on a strike. Contracts must be carried out and I feel assured labor does not wish to be considered any more irresponsible than the mill managers. In making hours and wage contracts, the contracting parties must be able to carry out their contracts, otherwise, they are of no value and for either side to make good, failure in abiding by contracts would produce confusion and at certain times would end in disaster. You see, Mr. Kelly?"

"I do not see very clearly," replied Kelly. "My mind and my vision are not exactly equal to your way of thinking."

"It is not so clear as two and two make four to me," said Mayme, seriously.

"Sometimes you know one must think over things before they take proper hold of us. And, father, do you see this view better now than before?"

"I don't see nothin at all. All dark what yo're talkin about."

"I wish the clouds would pass away for you anyway, dear father."

"Yer brok with the unions, yer foolish girl."

"I must go to my work. Each one in life is born with an allotted part in creation. Mine is now being more clearly defined every day. I listen to those voices, my call, my divine mission."

"You must not be separated from the unions," said Kelly. "They are like big bodies of water."

"How nicely expressed," said Joan, "but all the same, its streams can be diverted and fertilize vast tracts of land; beneficial to the people."

"Yer mak me mad with yer book larning—divert."

"It means to turn away, in another direction. But listen, I am not opposed to the unions, you will find I am their very best friend. I am talking about principle and about moral obligations."

"When will yer show yerself, when will it be?"

"When my work is finished, no doubt my voices will tell me to go home, but not before I have brought peace and harmony to employers and employees, as well as to my country. I have the Divine guidance to do these things and it is such a comfortable feeling, father," said Joan.

"I wish I could see your visitors. I am sure they must have fine dresses. Pritty ones and white shoes and real pearls round their neck," said Mayme."

"Do not be sacrilegious. There is something higher than things."

"Well," returned Mayme, "I'd rather sit in an office and play lady an meet nice people."

"Mayme, you insult me. I was happy in my of-

fice work; considered and consider myself the equal of any woman in the land. Why not? Any one with a good education, high principles—the immortal part of one's self—and good common sense, is equal to the best in the land," said Joan emphatically.

"Now, Miss Joan, I understand these words better, because they fit in with my sentiments, Mayme will have to go to school," said Kelly.

"When?" said Mayme, solemnly. "My work."

"Night school, my dear."

"And where will my guy be, when I am at night school?"

"Walking around with some other girl."

"You bet your bottom dollar no night school for me, not if I know it," and she looked at Kelly long and hard.

"Well, I suppose you will have to run along this way. Learn from me."

"You know, John, I tell you many things in a homely way. Like those bitter little pills, they don't taste well, but they make people better, sometimes."

"Ther talk's fine, very fine, but don't fit yer case, Joan, Joan, yer can get work at some other place than the mill yer made union. Will yer try?"

"No father. Come with me and I, we shall both travel with the olive branch in our hands and labor and capital will be satisfied. What a happy day in anticipation."

"Oh, go'n now, yer go way. Go to ther unions and ter me or way, way. No more room in this hom fer yer."

"Father, you are cruel to even urge me against my protestations and my prayers. Father, father," exclaimed Joan, as she saw him writhing and twist-

ing in rage and nervousness and who said, "Go, go, befor I lose myself and strik yer wherever I can an hurt yer."

"You will see the time, please God, when you will welcome me back," said Joan.

"Yer don't belong to me no more. Go, befor yer make me do a crime."

And Joan cried, "Oh God, repudiated."

"Dear friends, take care of father," whispered Joan to Kelly and Mayme.

Mayme spoke, "Yes, we'll do our best. Come to my poor place to-night. Make it your home as long as you will."

"Kelly said, "I shall stay here every night with your father until he allows you to return." Joan shook hands with Kelly and her looks expressed her unbounded gratitude and she took Mayme by the hand and the two went out, like sisters in the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day after the mass meeting at the Auditorium Senator Athelstane called on Diana to thank her for her aid, which, he said, gave him the courage to bring the meeting to what he hoped she would call a happy conclusion.

Diana smiled and said: "I do not believe I was altogether at my best, as one should be. I am not easily ruffled, but when I see some women persistently come forward on occasions when all should have equal opportunities, I must say, if it were not for your able presiding, many things might have become unpleasant."

"I admit," replied the Senator, "there was too much hackling, but those two women, Miss Lynn and Mrs. Wotton, are what some might term university cabbages. You not only have the charm of beauty, but the wisdom of those famous women of history in all ages. Think of them. There are Zenobia, Catherine of Russia, Catherine de Medici, Marie Theresa, Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, and not enumerating the women of the French salon, who have left their impression on French history."

"Well, it is plain to see Mrs. Wotton poses as a good Samaritan when there are strikes. She looks up the destitute families and aids them."

"She does, eh?"

"And I," said Diana, "like all things equal like a Dutch treat."

"When you see women going around like that, interfering with things outside of their province, they are liable to become partisans and eventually be-

come office seekers. The Lynn girl is a reformer or something. I do not know just how to catalogue her, and she is instinctively to be feared," said the Senator. "Miss Ashton," continued the Senator, "you are one of those intrepid women, brave of soul, who could under any circumstances rise to heights."

"I am glad to hear you talk so, though of course the time has passed when men say, 'Women have no souls.'"

"Indeed, I think in heaven women will sit higher than men; but," and the Senator hesitated.

"I hope," said Diana, "you are not going to say, whenever and wherever there is a woman there is Pandoras' box."

"Yes," replied the Senator, still more hesitatingly, "because women are sirens and create triangles."

"I only like right angles," said Diana, rather decidedly.

"It is best except in exceptional cases."

"Some rules are all exceptions," said Diana.

"As in everything. Some know grammar and no syntax," said the Senator.

"And some folks like fencing, but I consider it a man's game." Which remark made the Senator wince.

"But if you possessed all the attributes of famous queens, then what? You would have to put on armor of some kind," said the Senator, "and you would at once be fit to reign."

"Senator, do you think it possible that a woman will ever be President of these United States of America?" said Diana, looking at him intently.

"Stranger things than that have happened, but I wish to tell you the word said, big in its import.

That was years ago, when your question was put, and this was the answer from a woman, 'Chaos.'"

"Oh!" in a weak tone from Diana.

"Now, I shall give you an example to show you how woman has developed in late years. This woman said, 'If in the course of time a woman, an exceptional woman to be sure, were elected to fill the highest gift in the hands of this nation, the exceptional woman would no doubt fill the position with as much dignity as some of the illustrious rulers of the old world. Some might assert that during her administration there would be more of mercy than justice, that her prejudices would sway her, that she would be arbitrary and opinionated and more susceptible to outside influence than stern man, but I believe she would be controlled by good sense and reason as most women are. Though the nation might escape disaster under her rule, might even be placed on the high road to prosperity and glory, yet I say with Dr. Lord, 'Let woman become great as a woman, not as a man; great in intellect as well as soul, which best develops the lofty ideal of womanhood.'"

"What! Is that your opinion?" said Diana, in a slightly raised tone.

"Not exactly. I might have coincided with Dr. Lord in my boyhood days. I just wish to show you how completely and absolutely things have changed. And you know, Miss Ashton, my opinion of your qualifications for anything you would like to obtain—my unbounded admiration for your mental ability,—and there is really a psychic wave going over the world today and there is no telling but what woman may sail on any ship that man can."

"What a wonderfully tenacious memory you do have," said Diana.

"At that time, man did not consider woman as being capable, qualified, efficient, or with the muscular power, the constitution, the temperament that the war has developed in her. She has been seen and tried in all kinds of work. Woman, therefore, was placed on a pedestal and worshiped as a star, radiant and serene. She was the weaker vessel, to be petted, caressed and protected in every way. Man fought duels for her. It was the chivalry of the South for woman that brought dueling into practice. Man lost caste if he did not send a challenge in defense of woman's honor. I am afraid I like woman worshiped."

"Is that so?"

"Which do you prefer, Miss Ashton?"

"A combination," said Diana.

"Good; you certainly possess it."

"I really think politics a most interesting game."

"Yes, and often women have used their power most wickedly," said the Senator.

"Can woman be wicked?" asked Diana.

"Can she? Man does not stand beside her when she falls. She stands higher than man; consequently her fall is greater. You know Milton's opinion. Mark Anthony lost a world for Cleopatra. Who laid Troy in ashes? Woman, woman, answers for many crimes."

"Yes, and man?" asked Diana.

"I plead guilty to the crimes of man," replied the Senator.

"You throw yourself on the mercy of the court?" asked Diana.

"Merciful judge, believe me, when a man swears to thee he will love thee until the sun grows cold, believe him not. He will deceive thee, unless thou wilt hurry him to the county clerk's office and there obtain a license and be duly wed," said Senator Athelstane.

"That far exceeds in strength of love a Lochinvar."

"I agree with you, Miss Ashton. There is a great deal of spice in the world today."

"It seems to me, Senator, the sad result of the war is that so many things that the world—"

"Beg pardon for interrupting," said the Senator. "Say majority of the world. There are also minorities, I know; let us say majority in this instance."

"Well, then, continued Diana, "so many sacred things have been torn down without compunction and the world is not bettered by this disregard of everything."

"I am coming to my first conclusion—woman on a pedestal, and you as a combination. Oh, what a glorious partner you would make! Dear me! Pardon me for trespassing so long upon your valuable time. I must be going. I trust you will give me the privilege of calling again very soon and continue this talk on politics. In politics one can be a chameleon and change according to the barometer."

"How agreeable! One could annihilate one's enemies that way."

"But sometimes you might require your enemies to be friends or they might destroy you. In politics you will learn that 'plain dealing is a jewel and he that useth it shall become a beggar.'"

"Well, Senator, I have ambition," said Diana.

"No one has said anything more truly, that on

these wings, with some other wings, wings of love—I remember the wings, do not let them be clipped,” said the Senator, impressively.

“Pegasus,” said Diana, demurely. “I dislike inactivity.”

“With your great wealth, your thirst for greatness, you must be a success in life. If not, do more, Miss Ashton—deserve it.”

“I should like to sink into a soft captivity and do nothing.”

“You, you!”

“No, I want to soar,” said Diana, looking as if it might not be such a difficult task as some might imagine, and today she was in a mood that made her feel capable of great deeds, and though she did not know it, it was her soul seeking immortality.

Without referring to Diana’s approaching nuptials, the Senator left the mansion with rapid strides and a serious mien.

CHAPTER XV.

Diana's wedding day was in the latter part of November, a regular summer's day. It was to be a one o'clock wedding. The ceremony was to be performed in the great ballroom, which was so large and regal that all other ballrooms in the city were dwarfed by comparison. The ballroom connected with open doors with the garden, around which were twined *Banksiae* and Liberty roses. A lane of Papa Gontier roses led up to the altar. The altar, which was banked with roses, was at the end of the ballroom. The wall and ceiling of this magnificent room were covered with pale blue and pink silk, paneled with narrow gold beading and gorgeous with festoons of Papa Gontier roses. These decorations were heightened with mirrors closely set together, decked with rose pink silk ribbons, artificial flowers and American flags. The dining room was decorated in the same gorgeous manner and the beautiful women in their elegant gowns reflected in the endless chain of mirrors made a scene of dazzling beauty long to be remembered. Diana copied these decorations from the wonderful fete reception given to Sir William Howe before his departure for England in May, 1778.

Yes, the sun was shining on Diana's wedding day and held in its warm embrace hill and dale. The imperious beauty sat in her magnificent room in her splendid robes of white velvet and satin; all embroidered in seed pearls. She had a rope of pearls with a black pearl in the center around her neck that descended below her waist. Her fan of white ostrich feathers was sprinkled with diamonds. She

carried a streamer bouquet of white orchids with a clasp of diamonds. The complete wedding costume was worth a king's ransom.

Diana passed through a dozen hands before she was turned over to be surveyed by her charming bridesmaids, chosen from California's aristocracy. They seemed surprised not only at her surpassing beauty, but at her dignity and composure. The very atmosphere in that mansion indicated that it was managed by capable hands qualified to fit any high position. Diana gloried in her surroundings.

"Ah, Diana, everything smiles on you today and you never looked so beautiful," said one of the beauties circling around her, arresting a falling leaf and lingering over the perfume that enveloped her. "Ah, love must be a great thing, so called something divine, for it has transformed you. You are majestic. You seem to be apart from us. You look so lofty, so elegant, so brilliant, so gracious, yet so graceful. How you and Mr. Torby must love to be so happy! What a felicitous future!"

Diana said, with a pang at her heart: "How should one be but happy on her wedding day?"

"And," said another bridesmaid—they were all rosebuds—"have you no fear to put your happiness in the hands of another person? Of course, he adores you and only lives to bask in the light of your eyes and the sunshine of your presence. But for you who have all your wants anticipated to follow another at beck and call—"

"Follow!" said Diana, lifting her eyebrows.

"Obey is not such a delightful sensation as love. You, Diana, to obey!"

"I do not know what that is. Obey is not one

of my commandments. I am born to rule," said Diana, proudly.

The young girl replied, rather defiantly: "I believe you are. As one thinks, so one is. And you will have power. Mr. Torby is in love and he will do anything and everything to have that love returned."

"Yes, yes, I shall have power, power," said Diana, rather fiercely.

"If Mr. Torby knew how you loved him," continued the young lady, treading on dangerous ground, "he would not need to exert himself to catch the train. He would know the seat would be awaiting him."

"You reverse yourself too often," replied Diana, in a cold tone. The young lady discreetly retired to the background and remained there.

"How lovely you look, Diana! My friend has in a way exhausted the medium of my vocabulary by indulging in all the adjectives and superlatives and left me poor indeed to convey my expressions of your beauty and magnificence," said another.

"Please," said Diana, laughingly, "do not indulge in such extravagant expressions. Of course, this interesting occasion to me is most interesting. The prospect of this new journey on life's way must be calm and serene. Applegate and I shall be a regular Darby and Joan. Nothing can shake the rock upon which our house will be built. The Grundy ladies need not hold a meeting. I—"

A maid entered and brought in a note and said: "The butler told me to inform you that a messenger brought it."

Diana took the note, opened it, and glanced over

it; then spoke very composedly: "We may have to continue our conversation, as Mr. Torby will be five minutes late—an accident."

"Oh, how terrible," shrieked all the bridesmaids in chorus. "How awful! Is he badly hurt? Will he be mutilated for life? The gods mete out pain for too much happiness."

"Girls, please be quiet. I am not accustomed to hysterics."

"The accident was not so terrible after all?" the pity out of their voices, justifying Rochefoucauld that man feels a certain sort of satisfaction when another has sorrow and he is fortunate enough to escape it.

"Will you permit me to tell you, young ladies, that it was only an accident to his car—a slight collision. The chauffeur was no doubt excited." And Diana laughed immoderately. "Mr. Torby claims indulgence for five minutes' delay. He will be here in five minutes and he will fly on the wings of love."

"I should think he would," one ventured to say.

"Even in this day one cannot do more than fly," said another.

"And he will fly, I am sure, and mortal man can do no more," said Diana.

Then Mr. Ashton sent in a request to see his "dear daughter." As he entered he said, as he looked around smilingly: "I am almost afraid to intrude on this bevy of beauties."

After a little bantering, all withdrew to afford father and daughter an opportunity for private conversation.

"Read, father," said Diana, and she handed him Applegate's note.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Ashton, after reading the

contents of the message, "accidents are unavoidable. Thank heaven, nothing serious. Five minutes are nothing."

"How dare he be late!" returned Diana, with a hectic spot on her cheeks, which peeped out from under the rouge. "Anyway, I wish he were a Senator or had some kind of a title, you know—some one for whom it would be worth while to wait. I am born to rule."

"Do not become obsessed with the idea like that girl in the mill. She is trying to create a sensation to get publicity. There is some excuse for her; there is none for you."

"Father!" exclaimed Diana, in an angry tone.

"And another thing, dear—such thoughts are dangerous in so young a girl. People do not pay so much deference to titles any more. Be satisfied with a good, plain American, endowed with good, common sense—God's noblest creation. And Americans make the best husbands, anyway."

"Father," answered Diana, "you do not mean all you say. And Applegate Torby is such a self-satisfied creature! All he wants is to run the plant and have no strikes."

"Ambition and work enough for one man today, I assure you. You have ambition enough for two, Diana. And when you are married, all you will have to do is to guide him the way you wish him to go, and if he loves you, which I certainly believe he does, your influence will have the desired effect. That is ruling and reigning, my dear girl."

"Father, Applegate appeared under a very nervous strain—"

Diana was interrupted by a maid bringing in an-

other message. No man dared go further than the sacred precincts of the door.

"This message is not for me."

"It is mine," said Mr. Ashton, as he took it. Diana glanced at it over her father's shoulder and read of another delay of five minutes. "'The accident is so trying—some detention for information to the police. A thousand pardons to Diana.'"

Diana stamped her foot in rage. "Father, I say—"

"Diana, for heaven's sake, control yourself—you are not alone. Whisper your thoughts. I am sure he will come," said Mr. Ashton.

"Come? Of course he will come when he is ready."

"But, child, you know chauffeurs are not magicians."

"Mr. Applegate Torby, I know, cannot afford to secure another limousine or hail a taxi!" replied Diana, sarcastically, but in a low voice. She already had herself under control.

"Of course, what you say is all true, but you forget sometimes the police insist upon details and are not as interested as Applegate and we are in the marriage."

"I should hope not," answered Diana, hotly. "It does not take a lawyer to make good excuses."

"Now, Diana, child, be reasonable. There are times—"

"Yes, father, I know all in advance, self-control. I am perfectly cool. You see, I am whispering, but I will not be provoked too far. I—"

Another maid managed to come in with another message and Diana opened it with lightning rapidity as soon as the maid turned to leave the room, and

read it. It said: "Senator Athelstane kindly intimates that busybodies are whispering about the tardiness of the bridegroom, Applegate Torby. I dare you to manage to evade your bridesmaids, conceal your wedding gown with a large cloak, twist a black veil or some other kind of a woman's paraphernalia around your head in your own inimitable way, and last, but not least, escape the eagle eye of your father and meet me at the side entrance. My limousine will be waiting and we shall ride to the county clerk's office, secure a license and then return and meet your father at the foot of the grand staircase. Then we shall walk boldly up the flower-railed aisle to the altar, have the license to sanction the marriage and the minister must, shall and will perform the ceremony before your slow-paced lover comes in. What a sweet revenge for you—for me, I mean—to take from him the rose I want of all the gardens of roses in the world! What a delightful lark! What a sensation! A nine days' wonder even in these exciting times! It touches me, who am not so easily aroused. This event will go to the limit and one better. To claim you as my wedded wife, the joy of my life. Thrust out that man, who allows himself to be led, directed, influenced, guided by that girl with the voices. Yours with the deepest respect, admiration and love, Algernon Athelstane."

"Well, Diana, the message? May I not also read it? Why all this writing in haste and secrecy on your wedding day? Your behavior is abominable."

"On this day I rule. I believe in home rule. Where is Applegate Torby?"

"Applegate will be here as soon as he can. Accidents will occur in the best regulated families."

Here another message came, signed by the policeman of the beat, saying that Mr. Applegate Torby would be detained another five minutes, which made Diana furious and even made Ashton remark: "A series of unprecedented delays, surely!"

"Father, I feel none too well. Leave me a little while to regain my composure. I shall meet you at the foot of the grand staircase and I trust all will be well. Shall give you the other message afterwards." Her request admitted of no argument. Her father withdrew.

Diana with consummate tact evaded everyone and with the aid of her faithful personal maid, in a few moments was in the arms of the Senator in his limousine and in a few moments more in the county clerk's office, and in less than half an hour she was on the arm of her father, walking down the rose lane to the altar, to the consternation of her father as well as of her friends.

The Bishop said: "I was to marry Mr. Applegate Torby and Miss Diana Ashton."

Mr. Ashton said: "To be sure. We shall wait for Mr. Torby."

Mr. Seely, the best man, said: "Here is the license permitting Senator Algernon Athelstane to marry Miss Diana Ashton."

Diana told the Bishop in a haughty way: "Proceed, proceed. The guests have been waiting long enough for breakfast. There is only a difference in the groom—that is all—a matter of no importance!"

The Bishop looked at Mr. Ashton and Mr. Ashton looked at Diana and saw no relaxation in her face. He knew his daughter's temperament so well that he could only fall in line with the daring proposition.

So when she whispered, "If you love me, father, make haste with the wedding, for I must be married before Applegate appears. I would not disappoint Athelstane for all the diamond mines of Africa."

Mr. Torby, Senior, naturally felt himself in a most embarrassing position. Too much unbending for him to step in, and biting his lips, murmured: "What a delicious morsel for the newspapers!" And hastened to slip away to prevent Applegate from the mortification of a belated appearance and finding his expected bride married to another man.

The reporters were given accounts in such a way that they were led to believe it was in a degree, at the last moment, a mutual agreement.

CHAPTER XVI.

The following morning Mr. Torby, Senior, found Applegate looking the very picture of despair. Applegate saw nothing but the slough ahead of him. He had left hope behind—Dante's *Inferno* arose before him.

"Father, what is the result of your machinations for me to marry position, power, beauty and a combination of everything to promote financial and social success—a paragon of all moral excellence to be found in Ashton's peerless daughter?"

"Come now, Applegate—all is not lost."

"Father, I could cry like Caesar when in a fever—I had a fever—I was delirious. If I were in possession of my senses I never would have consented to a marriage to which every fiber of my being resented, revolted, rebelled." And he held down his head in shame.

"Come now, boy, be brave. A man need not be in battle to be brave as a lion. Lift your head."

"I cannot."

"You must remember, Applegate, when you were first engaged to Diana, you offered no great objection, and had you acted in the right spirit you would have been married to her long ago. Yes, the marriage should have been consummated a few months after the engagement. Then you would have been a happy Benedict today instead of creating the sensational ending of yesterday."

"Now, I—"

"Please let me have the floor. I am inclined to think very strongly that it was to a large extent

your fault that you did not arrive on time, as an eager bridegroom should. Those accidents might have been repaired without your personal attention. Such trivial accidents to keep you if you were not so—”

“Not wishing to come, father.”

“I know that, but to stay away, son.”

“Had I not good reason? My wounded pride!”

“Come, now,” returned Mr. Torby, Senior, soothingly. “You really attach too much importance to the miserable fiasco.”

“Too much? Impossible.”

“Now, Applegate, when a high-spirited girl like Diana, with all surrounding associations, with a drastic remedy at hand, took advantage of your procrastination, preceded by demonstrations that Barkis was not so willing to be dragged to the marriage altar with a halter. Reflect well and you will find, had you carried out your part faithfully, she would have carried out her’s. Any girl under the same circumstances with such an opportunity would have done likewise. Do you not think so?”

“It would depend upon the girl.”

“To be sure, but temperament. At all events the papers do not write sensational articles about it, I am glad to say, and fortunately that leaves the public at large to lose interest in it and take up something new. Some comfort!”

“To tell you the truth,” and Applegate lifted his drawn face to his father, “I had an innate hope against hope that something plausible, possible, providential, would happen to prevent the marriage. I looked to heaven, I looked to earth, and divined nothing that could or would obstruct the marriage, ex-

cepting using my own will and helping myself. Joan, to the last moment I saw her, urged me to do the right thing and marry Diana. I almost expected to see Joan on her famous charger with her armor and helmet of steel, rush forward, lift me on the horse and ride away with me."

"A fantasy, my foolish boy. Your indecision has ruined you. This is no time, though, for crying over spilt milk or for recriminations. Whatever action is to be taken must be taken quickly."

"Father, father, an inspiration—I must marry."

"Not a bad idea."

"I am glad you agree with me."

"But who is to be the fortunate damsel, who is to be my daughter-in-law?" asked Mr. Torby, Senior.

"I must marry Joan."

"Oh, horrors! From Scylla to Charybdis!" And the face of Mr. Torby, Senior, turned gray.

"I am afraid she will not marry me."

"Have no such fear. A bed of roses for her. Her visions will tell her she needs you."

"Oh, if they only would!"

"Come to think of it, she has gone." And Mr. Torby, Senior, gave a sigh of relief. "So think of another maiden fair."

"I can trace Joan. I have not allowed her to go out into the world without some one following her to make things comfortable and easy for her on the way. Since she resigned from the unions, her bigoted father has repudiated her. My life is bound up in her."

"You are indeed lost—obsessed by a girl who is herself obsessed. What will be your end with her?"

"For better or for worse, I must share my fate with her."

"Not necessarily. You make your fate by running after it. You can, to a degree, spin out the thread of life according to your own earnest desires. As you read Erostratus, wishing to be immortal, set fire to the temple of Diana in Ephesus on the day Alexander the Great was born. To defeat his vain glory, his name was forbidden to be mentioned; but still everyone knows of the episode today. Fate laughs at all probabilities. So I say, take fate in your own hands and be up and doing." And Mr. Torby's voice rang out clear and strong.

"And I shall." And Applegate's voice was weak but firm. "I must marry the girl with the voices and visions. Only by doing what I think the right thing can I be of any use to myself or to the community," said Applegate.

With an aching heart, Mr. Torby, Senior, replied: "So be it. You are everything to me and all I have is at your command. Fate has conquered me, if not you."

Applegate kissed his father's hand and added: "I feel like Hercules now and can fight along all lines and overcome all struggles, though I know the world will call me a fool."

"Remember, Ashton is your enemy now."

"Do not dampen my courage. I am beset with enemies, but I am forewarned, so I shall be forearmed."

An hour later Mr. Ashton came into the office of Mr. Torby, Senior.

"Well, well, Mr. Torby, what about Mr. Applegate Torby? Did he wish to insult my beautiful, capri-

cious daughter?" said Ashton, with inward glee, raising his hands, because the Senator had so neatly turned the tables upon his intended son-in-law.

"Come, now, Mr. Ashton. I suppose you know your daughter's ambitious views precipitated the Senator's mad desire to possess and wed her? Nolens volens! Applegate lingered a little, mused a little on the way, directed his chauffeur not to go too fast and unintentionally aroused the man's sympathy and the accidents occurred. Trivial ones—no one injured, you see. Applegate is a bit uncontrollable like your daughter Diana is—like all American children. A little too much so, but you know there is a feeling of too much independence these days. Too little restraint, too much sentiment, but we fall in line," said Mr. Torby, half musingly.

"Yes, that expresses it—we fall in line," said Mr. Ashton. "Possibly too much so for our own good. Evolution, evolution, is what I want. Rome was not built in a day."

"And who does not desire evolution?" replied Mr. Torby, Senior. "I am sure every good American in our Republic."

"Truly, a rational sentiment—evolution, not revolution. If employees as well as employers were compelled to abide by contracts as specified in agreements, then there would be peace and plenty in the land, for our's is the best government in the world. And now, where is Applegate? Let him speak for himself," said Ashton.

"I wish I knew. On a little hunt for himself, I suppose."

"On a hunt?" asked Ashton, a little obtusely.

"On a hunt for the game of love."

"Oho, honors are easy!"

"I suppose you will continue to support the plant?"

"Yes. Large orders are simply pouring in, and if you can make Applegate attend to business, let him go ahead. He has good, practical business ideas, though I was opposed to unionism, and I have not changed my mind. But as we are in it now, we must do the best we can anyway for the present. Applegate, notwithstanding our different opinions, is extremely well versed in reconstruction, production and kindred financial problems."

"Your judgment is good, Ashton," said Torby.

"Well, then, I hope all will see it in the same light. The Government owes an enormous amount of money and I hope the banks of this country will see the necessity of taking a careful survey of the situation. Not too much inflation. I do not mean hoarding resources, but restriction so the country may gradually adjust itself to normal conditions. With liberty of action, but not license—a strict adherence to the laws, for law and order must be maintained. The Constitution of the United States gives liberty and protection to all—native-born and adopted citizens, to all who are Americans in spirit as well as in action, ready to fight and die for America. And there must be honor and justice in commercial and financial circles," said Ashton.

"In fact, in all circles," replied Torby. "And as you, Ashton, are one of the great bankers of this country and the director in many large corporations, the people look to you to keep things normal and bring harmony between capital and labor, the great question of the day. And really, if both sides would look a little more closely into things and comply

strictly with the law, all these disagreeable things would not occur, resulting in greater profit to both parties."

"When Applegate returns, tell him that we three shall have first a little private talk, and then a Directors' meeting, and arrange matters." And Harry Ashton left with a self-satisfied expression, as Mr. Torby said: "Agreed."

When Applegate came in, looking gloomy and dejected, his father said: "Why, boy, I thought you were out of the city?"

"I looked around the works a little and thought it better to have a few words with you before I left to see and hear Joan."

"I did not think you would be disillusioned today or tomorrow, but time will work wonders."

"So it does, father; but it brings roses too."

"I am glad, though, that you have come back, if only for a moment, because Mr. Ashton wishes to speak to us previous to the Board meeting tomorrow morning. He seems to be well disposed towards you and without question considers a United States Senator's wife has more distinction, especially as Diana and he are possessed of what is termed in general parlance, filthy lucre."

"You can see, then, how unfitted I am and would be to make such a person happy—she is so heavily endowed by nature."

"Yes, she has beauty, does not lack brains and energy, she has position and colossal wealth, and the Senator confers the title."

"She likes addition, evidently," added Applegate.

"We cannot get away from it," said Torby, Sen-

ior, "that she has many qualifications to make an ambitious man as well as herself happy."

"I am satisfied for Diana to be happy—in fact, I hope it. Then my action, you will think, father, has been acceptable to God and therefore acceptable to you."

"Now, Applegate, there is no necessity to take matters that way. I put things in this way to Ashton that you felt that her ambitions and your ambitions were entirely different and you feared you would clash."

"Dear father, do not think I lack appreciation, but my mind—"

"A rather sensitive one," interrupted Torby Senior.

"I admit, but my mind seems unable to grasp things as it should."

"Everything will come back all right if you only make the effort, my boy."

"I shall try not to fail in that direction."

"You have now made the first step. You will soon learn to walk alone." And Mr. Torby, Senior, continued: "I do not know if you have observed it, but it seems to me as if things are not moving as smoothly as they were a few days ago."

"I also. I do not know."

"Nothing on the surface, but a little agitation on the water, a sort of undercurrent."

"It is possible, though I have noticed nothing."

"True, you have not."

"Do not allude to that all the time," returned Applegate.

"You are too sensitive altogether. Of course, it means nothing, as we are unionized—had a strike;

after that, paid increased wages—so I am needlessly alarmed.”

“I think you are, but I cannot fix my mind on anything until I see Joan this evening.”

“Is it possible you can no longer act for yourself?” said Torby, Senior, in a sad voice.

“I was preparing for that detestable wedding.”

“Well, yesterday is not today.”

“That wedding nearly wrecked me,” said Applegate in a mournful voice.

Mr. Torby, Senior, did not tell his son how he was nearly ruining his father, but when he saw despair written in every line of Applegate’s face his only desire was to devise some scheme that would absorb his mind to the exclusion of all other topics.

“Applegate, I think as Mr. Ashton has so much faith in you and as I see little waves of discontent springing up, supposing we bring up in the Board of Directors tomorrow morning those wonderful plans of improvement which you and Miss Lynn were talking over for the betterment of conditions? And think of the Americanization, the lectures, the music, everything—all the comforts of a home. The Americanization in its full meaning must be taught everywhere. Then you will be on the pinnacle, looking down and stretching out your hands to draw others up. What a vista! It is right ahead. Applegate, wake up.”

“Father, I do not see as you do.”

“You must see something, hear something, do something. I believe I told you once that you require the strongest medicine; for desperate cases require desperate remedies.”

“I told you I would try, but I cannot see, hear

or feel until I see Joan. In a few moments I must go—the time is limited.”

“You have ample time—any time in the afternoon will do for you.”

“No, I am going now,” returned Applegate excitedly.

“You must answer if I hold you in your seat.”

“Father!”

“Son, do you not see you are unmanly, unfilial? Oh, I do not wish to abuse you in word or deed, but I, your father, have nerves too. Do not keep me on the rack,” pleaded Torby, Senior.

“I shall try, father. I must be a man. What has taken possession of me that berefts me not of reason, but of the power of acting as I know I should?”

“Applegate, my son, be calm.”

“Why did God make man subject to this torment?”

“Do not, dear boy, doubt the wisdom of God. Many things in the web of life which seem evil prove in the end a tissue of good.”

“Death is nothing—a haven of rest, with immortality in sight. Come, death, immortality, I welcome thee.”

“Come now; do not fall back.”

“I shall not. Let us go now, father.”

“All right, go, but let me see you as soon as you return home—come to me. God’s blessing and my hope rest on you, my son.” And the father placed his hand reverently on the bowed head of Applegate and speedily left the office. Applegate then crossed the Bay to see his beloved Joan.

CHAPTER XVII.

Joan, walking along in the afternoon of the following day in a little town across the Bay, taking in the surroundings and looking at the exterior of the hall where she was scheduled to speak, was startled by a brisk walk, back of her.

"Why, Joan dear, here I am to see you. I snatched the time off at noon in the midst of the work of that most unbearable unionized plant to see you. I could not remain away an instant longer if the heavens were aflame," said Applegate Torby.

"How dare you come here, you faithless creature, and last night—and—and so," sobbed Joan.

"Well, what else, darling?"

"I feel like having you arrested," cried Joan.

"You would not be so cruel, I am sure, dear Joan. I only came to see if you were comfortable?"

"You wicked man."

"Heart's desire, to feel assured if you had a nice place for your meeting, etc., etc.," added Applegate tenderly.

"Indeed, Mr. Torby, some one has been kind enough to anticipate my wants. The people are anxious to hear all about the stirring events of the times."

"Oh!" exclaimed Applegate.

"Yes, the people here are so kind, but I am anxious to know the individual who was so thoughtful so I could thank him personally. How did you know I was here and going to speak tonight?"

"Some little bird whispered it," replied Applegate.

"I should think you or any other respectable man

would be so absorbed in your own future with your bride that you would not hear the twitterings of birds," said Joan, indignantly.

"Well, then, no bird talk. No elixir of life could transform me into a bird very well. Now, I wish to answer your question. This morning a man came to the mill who said he heard somehow that you were going to speak here today, and I assure you it was not long before I was on your trail."

"Now, Mr. Torby, let me tell you once for all, I do not appreciate your thoughtfulness or your actions or your kind attentions. I am definite, for I wish you to understand definitely, that if you have a spark of manhood left, you will go back to your wife. Do not let the world have all kinds of reports floating about you and about me," said Joan, with panting breath. "And you are—"

"Let me explain."

"No, no. You have wounded me in my tenderest spot, my reputation." Joan was so full of her own work that she had not read a paper that day.

"Joan, Joan, my life, my hope beyond the grave, my very salvation!"

"Go to your wife, I tell you. Every moment I spend listening to you is a disgrace to you as well as to me and adds to my degradation."

"Again I ask you to give me a chance to explain."

"Again I repeat, No explanations."

"The psychological moment—"

"I shall call the police and have you jailed."

"Joan, Joan, I have come to this town to marry you, to marry you on the spot. Let us rush to the county clerk's office, secure a license and off to the

chambers of a judge and wed," said Applegate enthusiastically.

They had walked along in a desultory way and were then nearly out of the town. Joan opened her mouth to scream when Applegate put his hand over her mouth softly and said: "Joan, you must hear—I am not married."

"You have broken faith—you have broken your contract." In a moment of forgetfulness, Joan said: "Mr. Torby, I thought your word was something. Now, I have lost all the respect I ever had for you, Mr. Torby." And Joan's face was convulsed with pain.

"Come, come, Joan."

"What have you done?"

"Break an engagement to marry? That is done every day, really, in all circles."

"Such things may be of frequent occurrence in your circle, but not in mine."

"Now, Joan, listen, In truth, I am to blame. I cannot help that you are now my ideal. Now, no more hysterics and finish with your logic. You see, I hesitated and hesitated with Diana and then you crossed my pathway and I was lost. Now, I shall not hesitate with you. I am determined that you and I shall not be lost. Time and distance are nothing when the game is worth pursuit." And he told her what occurred and exhibited papers where the reports were conflicting, but at all events they were very merciful and said, "Both parties were indifferent to the marriage and when it came to the final point, their dislike manifested itself by each going a different way."

Joan was so absorbed in her address she was to

give in the evening and still so bewildered by the repudiation by her father that she had no desire to listen to anything else.

Applegate was so happy that he could now honestly plead for marriage that he could not conceive how Joan, knowing the obstacles to marriage were removed, could feel any different than he did—free, light as air, unboundedly happy. So he looked at her in amazement when she said:

"Mr. Torby, now I am going back to the hotel, take my dinner, and give my talk this evening."

"Well, nature calls on me to dine. We shall dine together."

"We shall do nothing of the sort, Mr. Torby. You will go home. If not, I shall send a note to my father, and though he has repudiated me, he will kill you without mercy."

"And you will make your father a murderer? Too much of that today—taking the law into one's own hands."

"With you what can one do?"

"That will mean death on the gallows for your father."

"Not for such men as you."

"Remember, I have a father, too," said Applegate.

"Go, go, I tell you."

"I do not dispute, dear, that you have cause to be angry. I shall do as you command, but I shall come again, and again. And I shall watch over and protect you as if you were my own dear wife, as you will be in time. A lifelong devotion will prove my love. I really feel now as if I must run away with you."

"Then run away as fast as you can," returned Joan; "but without me."

"Never mind. I shall make amends for my unfortunate infatuation and misunderstood words." And in a moment Applegate had vanished.

Joan retraced her steps, wiped away her tears, took her dinner and, guided by her voices, regained her composure. She found the comfortable hall filled to overflowing with the town's representatives and all classes of people. An audience was gathered that filled her soul with joy. After the singing of the Star Spangled Banner with enthusiasm, she was introduced by the chairman, in a few simple words.

Joan, with a dignity and a charm of manner, said: "I shall not greet you as men and women, or women and men, but as fellow citizens. I appear before you this evening to say a few words in regard to some of the most important things in the world's history. I am not confining myself or you to one subject, but picking up threads as we move along. In no age, I dare say, have even the most primitive races been so devoid of law and order, so eager to throw off restraint. The age from the child up is destructive, not constructive. The child must be taught by contact, by association, by example and command. To-day the child is allowed without any real pleasure or comfort, but in sheer wantonness to tread on the grass in parks, break bushes, etc., as enjoyment. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined—a homely proverb, but a true one. So with character and the real things of life. Character building and the development of children's minds, such things are fundamental elements and the foundation of good citizenship. It is said by some that the League of Nations

will bring peace to the world; but it does not seem to bring to all the belligerents the peace they desire. So many persons say, 'I am for the League with reservations.' Reservations that will preserve our Monroe doctrine and things of that nature, but to me the most important doctrine is, that 'Our Boys' will be brought back from Siberia and that none of our boys will have to fight in Europe for anything or anybody except to preserve the National honor.

"There will be more or less chaos until things are adjusted and conditions become normal, and that will not be until we settle down and take more interest in domestic affairs. And while we love all the world, we owe the first duty to America—yes, love and duty to America first and last. And law and order must be maintained. The very enforcement of obnoxious laws will eventually bring their repeal, so observe the law in its minutest detail. As the French say, it is the first step that costs."

"Pardon the interruption," said a man, rising. "May I speak?"

"Certainly—nothing better to bring out good, new ideas and viewpoints than questions. Name, please."

"Mr. Barrill."

"Mr. Barrill."

"I should like to ask without being considered radical if the League is to bring peace, why are Our Boys still in Siberia, bearing the cold, snow and mud, still policing Europe and a volunteer army of fifty thousand men asked for foreign service? It does not appear to me that the League without reservations will bring the desired peace and draw us away from the horrors of war."

Before Joan could reply, another man arose and,

without waiting for recognition, said: "You are quite right to express yourself, but you are a regular Cassandra. I am afraid the world will never be of one mind. There may be wisdom in it. We ourselves frequently change our minds—blow hot today and cold tomorrow."

Some one in the audience asked: "Are you afraid?"

"No," replied the man, unhesitatingly. "I speak this way because Europe is still blazing, and without League reservations we might be asked to extinguish the flames at the expense of the lives of our precious boys."

"But we can change our minds, can't we?" questioned another.

"Permissible," answered another. "A distinguished statesman said, 'Consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds.' And we must do what we think for the best, which thought often brings. And we must be guided."

"Now," said another, "I'll swallow the League in its entirety."

Joan arose and lifted her gavel. "I wish to answer the member who said, 'We must be guided.' He is right. I am always guided in my actions by spiritual advice."

"Are you a spiritualist?" several arose and put the question simultaneously.

"No; I am a divine messenger and when that message is fully revealed to me, I shall carry it over the United States—my beloved America."

"You are a disciple of Swedenborg, are you not?" inquired one; and then another, "Or of Spiritism?"

"Neither," said Joan. "I am preparing the way for my Divine message."

"The Maid of Donrémy—The Maid of Orleans?" many said without rising from their seats. Joan wisely did not provoke discussion on that point, but continued:

"When the message is ready, I believe the world will be ready to receive the message, but naturally it will require more time than some people think to bring economic and industrial relations back into normal condition."

"At all events," said another, "to my mind, unused to diplomacy, there are a number of irreconcilable things in the League to promote the peace of the world. As I am anxious that we preserve peace in our own midst and suppress the radical element—for life would not be worth living under such conditions. Ours is a democratic government and must be preserved that way."

Another man arose and said: "I have not heard anything about labor, or is that subject tabooed?"

Joan arose and said: "On the contrary, the chair wishes to say it is her intention to have a little later on in San Francisco an evening entirely devoted to labor. It is absolutely quite right that labor representing such powerful organizations should have a word tonight. Now one at a time."

The man who was anxious to have the subject introduced arose and said: "Labor has done so much for the world that it should be recognized."

"And is it not recognized?" asked another. "But it must not overstep boundaries. America has a most beneficent government where there is redress for all."

A man arose, and with a strong voice, said: "Labor, overburdened with hard work, controlling nothing, has assumed big proportions."

"Yes," said Joan, "labor will do more. It will become great in proportion to its numbers, but it must use moderation and work on the democratic plan—'the consent of the governed.' I am sure each one and all of us are desirous to work for the welfare of our beloved country and would not work unreservedly or approve of anything detrimental to the best interests of America, our beloved country. And my slogan is one born an American citizen or an adopted citizen has a blessed gift and all citizens owe allegiance only to this our beloved country, America. I hope all will attend the labor meeting when announced to be held in San Francisco and that they will come forward and say in which way they can continue gaining in power without intimidation, without violence. Labor must conquer itself if it wishes to govern. I wish to impress every one here tonight that it is the Americanism of every one that will make democracy safe in America and save America from the menace of anarchy and ruin."

After thanking the audience for their attention and hoping to meet them all again, "'Tis Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty" was sung with energy, for nothing rouses the spirit of people so much as the singing of their own national songs. Then the audience dispersed.

As Joan left the hall there was Applegate waiting for her. "Joan, here I am."

"Have you been inside?"

"To tell you the truth, I was inside near the door, concealed by a pillar, and I saw you, though I heard little or nothing but the applause. I heard when I was listening, but which was seldom, as I was oblivious to everything but your eyes."

"Now, Mr. Torby, as you have eased your soul by telling the truth, I bid you good night."

"Joan," persisted Applegate, "I simply wish to see you to the door of your hotel. I cannot reconcile myself with the idea of women going home alone, unattended."

"With the lights burning and so many people coming from the mass meeting—a reflection on the people."

"No, on the times. The auto bandits or the lone bandit or the pickpocket can have you at his mercy in the crowded street as well as in a lonely road these days."

"Well, I do not care to have you around, Mr. Torby, any more than any other robber."

"If you talk like that," laughed Applegate, "I shall be in fear of your hat pin."

"I shall let it rest in security for fear, like any other weapon if you carry it, you may make use of it."

"Yes, I believe with you in disarmament."

"Mr. Torby, I have no sense of humor tonight."

"I have; for as soon as you rouse a woman's anger like yours she is in love, Joan, and so are you, charming Joan. How does the poet say or sing—

"Be you near or be you far
Let my blessing like a star
Shine upon you everywhere
And in each lone evening hour
When the twilight folds the flower,
I say think of your lover.'"

"Leave me, for pity's sake," said Joan.

"I shall cement my love with proofs so strong that nothing can break it. You are a precious stone, a pure diamond."

"Pure diamonds have no flaws. By speaking of your love and pursuing me as you do, you—" cried Joan.

"There may be flaws and rents in my character, but you are a gem of the first water."

Joan remained mute and he walked calmly by her side until he reached the hotel and left her at the door and said "Good night" in a most humble and respectful way.

And Applegate felt weary but still hopeful. He could not understand that Joan would not forget those dreadful words unintentionally said in a moment when he saw no loophole of a way of escape from a detested marriage, simply made detestable by meeting her! These thoughts were in his mind the hour Diana was married. And he compared himself to a military hero before a fortress and felt that she would ultimately surrender, providing his own strength did not become exhausted. And he must make good in some way his promise to his father and that he thought would depend upon Joan.

Joan, depressed by Applegate's persecution, as she termed it, called upon her spiritual guide—her voices. Her buoyant nature responded as she heard them and she rose above all troubles and took refuge in her "mission."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Father, Joan has a marvelous power of speaking," said Applegate to his father next day. "Her words are simple, her voice is clear and touches people's hearts."

"Did you hear her?"

"I did—not everything. I was too interested in her. What I heard, though, proclaimed her an orator. Others heard her and were delighted. That is the criticism of the people and of the papers too. Her mission—"

"Do stop that. I should not care one iota about the girl, if she had no voice at all, if she had not cast her tentacles around you like the devil fish. She will crush you."

"At all events, I am ready for the trial," said Applegate, smilingly.

"Mr. Ashton," said Torby, Senior, in a dry voice, "as I told you yesterday, is anxious to do the right thing for you in the mill and stand by the plant, notwithstanding the escapade of his daughter. He is delighted with her marriage, but he is anxious for the good will of the public, especially now that the plant is unionized. He knows your efficiency and wishes you to work for harmony and peace between employers and employees, which we all desire. Now to this work you must give your undivided attention."

"Now, father, let us be candid with each other if we wish success in anything. I love Joan with a passion that nothing can check. Every obstacle placed in the way only increases my ardor."

"You do not need any fuel on the flame, I know."

"And now what do you think?"

"My thoughts are exhausted with that troublesome personage," returned his father.

"She declines the honor to become Mrs. Applegate Torby," said Applegate with a harsh laugh.

"I suppose you will be able to live without her—will you not?"

"Please do not make light of this matter. It is a very serious one to me. Poor girl, she is obsessed with her—"

"Do not finish that sentence. You upset my nerves."

"And do not say nerves to me," said Applegate.

"The epidemic of today. Miss Lynn is one of these, the product of the war, who cannot live without the limelight—publicity in her life."

"Stop, father. Do not say that. She is one of the most modest of girls in thought and action. She is devoted to her father, who has thrown her off because she prefers her mission, her life."

"Have it your way, son. My whole life work thwarted by a person in skirts," said Torby, Senior, bitterly.

"And mind, father, mind over matter, remember."

"Of course, superior. She endeavors to give evidence of it all the time. Her light is not hidden under a bushel. A world lost without her appearance in her Divine right—Jehanne La Pucelle. She would not be worth a thought were it not that she has you so completely in her toils. Remember, in whatever she does, it is Joan's work, first and last."

"Her mission must be first," said Applegate.

"Just go to work. I am going to meet Ashton first and have a little talk with him in the place of

you meeting him, as you have too much, Joan, on your mind just now. Be sure, though, you come to the Board meeting."

"If I do not come to the Directors' meeting, say I am busy around the works."

"I shall say nothing then, but I insist now upon you coming," said Torby, Senior, leaving with an angry look.

As Mr. Torby went his way, Congressman Hardwick was announced and entered. "So glad you could see me, Mr. Torby. I am around on a little tour of investigation, seeing how strikes are going on and getting on in these days."

"Well, I wish we were once more on a peace basis all around. One has all one can do to keep one's temper in these tempestous times," answered Applegate.

"The extremes that we meet today in everything are unhealthy. No one can embrace all of his friends at one time nor can one nation like the United States work for the whole world at once," said Hardwick.

"Why, who are you and how did you get in?" demanded Applegate, in a surprised and displeased tone, as Mayme Mort came in, all excitement.

"I believe I seen you before, Boss, when Miss Joan was here—ahem!—and in the true American way, I rushed in without introduction."

"You look as if you had come in through a barricade—a firing line," laughed Applegate.

"I knew if I could reach you, you'd listen to one in trouble. Miss Joan told me so once when she work'd for you in the mill. Your heart is big," and Mayme sat down contentedly and looked at Applegate.

"Come, come, girl. What is your trouble?"

"The Western Consolidated has a strike on this mornin'—a symphony strike—so we have a vacation, and Peter Lynn and John Esmond Ammon Kelly and Mayme Mort—that's me present—and lots of others are out of work and ain't got no money. Poor old Peter, already sick and failing, worrying about Miss Joan. He has not said nothing, but John and me know him so well that since givin' up Miss Joan he has been like lightning struck," and Mayme sat back in her chair to note the effect of her words.

"What do we know about lightning out here?" queried Applegate.

"Electric, electricity," cried Mayme. "And I met a very sweet lady outside and to her I told my troubles, too, and she says she will help Peter and John and me and all working girls who have no—I was going to say meat—but I mean no bread," and Mayme gave her head another shake.

"Well, now young lady, you are right. I am the one to help you there and others also, but you three must be my personal care," returned Applegate, hastily.

"And kind boss, if you find out where Miss Joan lives, and I could send her a line on a card tellin' her about her father or John would write for me—he writes a lovely hand—indeed he does. He will teach me some day."

"Come, come with me," said Hardwick, jumping up, "and you can come here again later. Mr. Torby, I thank you for the information. I shall come again for the remaining three quarters." And he went out, followed by Mayme, making grimaces to the amuse-

ment of Applegate, who murmured, "The world is obsessed."

Hardwick, coming out, found Mrs. Wotton with a mirthful look on her face, which broke into a sunny smile as she saw him with Mayme, rushing up to her. "How good to see you. What brought you?"

"Good morning, Congressman. I came here to inquire about conditions and I met this poor girl, who told me there is and would be much suffering everywhere here, and I felt so helpless and weak just now."

"And?" said Hardwick.

"I wish so much to be helpful."

"My poor girl," said Hardwick to Mayme, "you run on to your friends' house and Mrs. Wotton and I shall come later."

"Bring him good news," said Mrs. Wotton. He need not fear when he is out of work or you either."

"Yes, yes; go child, go." And Mayme said to herself: "That man has no company manners. Goodness! Poor old Peter is grievin' for Miss Joan, his child. An' so much to do for the whole world too. I won't think about it. Let others do that, that's all."

"Just think," said Mr. Hardwick to Mrs. Wotton, as soon as Mayme left them, "what good luck brought us together this fine day. It is heavenly, is it not?"

"I do not know exactly."

Why do you trust yourself out here alone?" said Hardwick anxiously.

"There are no wild animals around; there are only excited people, a little overwrought for a cause possibly, so I left my limousine and chauffeur a little out of sight."

"You are a wise young woman, an old head on young shoulders."

"Ah, you flatterer," said Mrs. Wotton.

"Can you paint the lily or gild refined gold?"

"Please do not quote today, with so much trouble in the air."

"Now, remember, I have not seen you in ages."

"And I, Congressman, shall have to call you to order. You saw me yesterday."

"Yesterday, a century ago!"

"Now, be careful with your remarks, with your country drifting."

"Come, let us take a promenade."

"A promenade here?" And Mrs. Wotton looked around the district.

"Let us take a walk away from here—somewhere—to the park. Kindly tell your chauffeur to follow us." The order was given.

"Do you know," said Hardwick, "I had a very sleepless night. I look a little jaded, eh?"

"A little worn," replied Mrs. Wotton.

"Oh, I need some one's care, some one to notice how I look. No, I do not mean that. I want some one to care for, to think of, to dream of."

"Congressman Hardwick!"

"Is it day?"

"It is what you make it."

"I answer," said Hardwick, hurriedly, "it is night, without what I long for. Something has sprung up within me that has created a restlessness I cannot suppress."

"We generally can do what we wish to do if our endeavors are strong."

"No use trying. You are growing lovelier every

day. Your character more and more in consonance with my idea of true womanhood."

"I am not accustomed to such large doses of flattery," said the lovely widow, whose daily food it had been since she was a child.

"I am afraid," said Hardwick, "afraid—"

"Afraid of what? Snakes in the shrubbery?" And again the widow's face dimpled with ripples of laughter. They had taken a long walk, with long pauses between sentences.

"I am afraid some one will snatch you away from me and then I shall curse my hesitation."

"Be careful! No profanity in a lady's presence."

"Pardon."

"Granted," mockingly.

"I should be lost, my usefulness gone. Mrs. Wotton, dear charmer of my heart, help me," imploringly said Hardwick.

"What help can I give?"

"Say, 'I shall help you.'"

"I may," she returned tremulously.

"You will," and he grasped her hand strongly but tenderly.

"Congressman!" She said no more, but as she did not withdraw her hand he considered it a good omen. "My auto is a good distance away from us now. Anyway, it is only an open one and a battered one, not one to ride in this wintry day."

"I think you said a little while ago it was sunny. Has the weather changed since we were talking?" queried Mrs. Wotton.

"We have had a long walk and it has grown warmer."

Warmer at this season after twelve o'clock?"

"I meant it has changed many degrees, but really the thermometer is up many degrees. Let us go somewhere in your machine. You wonderful woman, you rejuvenator, elixir of life!"

"Do not exhaust yourself."

They walked in a contented silence for a few minutes, when Hardwick said: "There is your limousine. I shall beckon your chauffeur?" inquiringly.

As the chauffeur opened the door he said, "Where?" Hardwick answered, "Whirl somewhere."

When seated, Hardwick said: "Hereafter it must be you to express your wishes. My life shall be yours to command."

"How long will that be—that I shall be obeyed?"

"As long as God permits us to remain united in this terrestrial sphere, and I hope that we shall be reunited in the celestial one. But do you know a thought has come to me, something, something—"

"Express yourself," said the widow, sweetly.

"If it does not suit you, will you forgive me and allow me to return to my present status? Happiness."

"Complete, eh?"

"No, it is not complete until I have you safe in my arms."

"You mean marry soon?"

"Yes, yes, telepathist."

"Why hurry, why rush things?"

"The times are rushing. If you love me, what is the difference if you marry me in a month?"

"Or three months, is that it?" And Mrs. Wotton leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes.

"I have a better proposition."

"Let me hear it."

"If you promise to forgive me."

"I do solemnly."

"Marry this day, this day, this hour, this moment."

"Oh, impossible," returned Mrs. Wotton, and closed her eyes.

Hardwick kissed her and said: "Your 'yes' is sealed with a kiss. Think what I have saved you."

"Let me hear," and she trembled, but she had no fear.

"You have women friends—think of the fuss and feathers—no trousseau, etc."

"How can a woman be married without a trousseau?"

"I know one different from other women—yes, I know one woman who can and you are the woman, my beloved."

"Oh, you think so, only?"

"Yes, I shall have to go to Washington shortly, and to go without—impossible. And then my heart is none too strong." And he looked at her eagerly.

"Oh, oh!" piteously.

"Think of the strain on your nerves, especially now when there is so much to be done. Let us go right away to the county clerk's office, procure a license, then to the judge's chambers and be married. Think of my agony without your answer! Comply once more, grant my entreaty, I implore."

"We shall astonish the world."

"Not today. We could astonish the world if we would be married on the planet Mars, but you have consented, my love." And Hardwick again took her hand, which she had withdrawn, and she now did not resist. He took up the button and told the chauffeur the direction of the county clerk's office. The

chauffeur asked Mrs. Wotton for instructions, and she said, "You may, Frank."

"Oh, what an adorable woman! Margaret, Margaret, how I love that name! My pearl—its language, you know. I have never called you that, never taken that liberty. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, you have cured my heart affection," said Hardwick.

"Oh, you deceiver," said Mrs. Wotton, comically.

"But you must remember my heart did palpitate when I was awaiting my fate from the very beginning of this very delightful afternoon. Oh, Margaret—joy inconceivable!"

"Be careful of your heart."

"No, now I need not be careful. No, I must just let it bound away on this glorious day. Oh, that this day might last forever. Now, one thing more, I beg of you."

"What a petitioner you are."

"I shall always be a beggar at your feet."

"You beg so nicely for what you want that—that—" hesitatingly.

"That you will grant it, I am sure."

"Call me Wittington—do, do."

"Wittington, you must be witty," said Mrs. Wotton.

"It is a common name—an ordinary name, I mean—but from your sweet lips—"

"Of course it must sound sweet, Wittington."

"And now for pleasant sailing."

"These things have all been said before, even more. Lovers have declared to move the snow from the Alps, but afterwards—"

"Afterwards with you. If you wish something I cannot get, I shall, I must—"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Wotton. "Do not commit yourself—no such rash promises. We shall simply endeavor to live in such an atmosphere of love and duty, we shall unconsciously develop the best in each other."

"Amen. So shall it be," said Hardwick, solemnly.

The license was secured. Judge —— married them with his blessing. The fee was paid, when Hardwick asked, "To which hotel? You order now, dearest." She replied, "To our country home." And Hardwick bent down and reverently kissed her hand.

Then the charming Mrs. Hardwick said: "Next week I shall give in honor of our marriage one hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a country home for the children of the poor, where they can come for a two or three weeks' vacation every year. Of course, the institution must be properly organized with a board of directors, so that it will be properly managed and not diverted from its purpose. The one hundred thousand dollars that I shall give is to be placed at interest to be a regular fund and the interest from it to be used towards the current expenses. And as soon as possible we must go to work, as this should be done in our lifetime, so that we can know that the institution is based on sound principles that will hold and be assisted by other wealthy people contributing towards it and possibly grow beyond one's dreams. What happiness is ours to be able to contribute to the happiness of others, especially little children. 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.' You and I shall do that work together."

"I am able to give five thousand dollars, Lady Bountiful—a fence around the grounds."

"I accept the donation," said Mrs. Hardwick, laughingly.

"Amen, amen!" broke forth from both simultaneously. A thought flitted across Mrs. Hardwick's mind that it would be right to have it given in the name of her deceased husband, with whom a few happy years were passed before he went across the Great Beyond and who left her his vast possessions, but it passed as a memory and she gave herself up to the happiness of the hour.

CHAPTER XIX.

"What is that girl doing around here so much? She is a dangerous character," spoke Torby, Senior.

"That girl dangerous? She is blessed with a good heart, and if you were hungry and she had one piece of bread she would divide it with you."

"Lately, Applegate, you have a good word for every one and you have faith in every one excepting yourself."

"That will come to me, father, when I marry Joan."

"Of course, she is your Gibraltar. You are a strong man to lean on a girl."

"But, father, she is no ordinary girl."

"Certainly not; she is celestial. Anyway, that girl who comes in here so often is on a sympathetic strike."

"Which she cannot help."

"Anyway, persons out of work become hungry, and hungry people are generally not very amiable. This girl does not look so hungry, but she may be rabid anyway. Keep her out. We shall show them that this plant will teach a thing or two until they get through."

"Now, father, that is bombastic for you to speak that way. I think we shall be fortunate if we are not called on again and—"

"Nonsense. The law—"

"You see, father, the pickets are still swarming and meddling with every employee who does not think absolutely their way. Joan did not approve

of the pickets, you know. She left on that account. What high principle she has."

"Where is the girl now—extinguishing the fires of the world, eh? Where is the Panacea that she is to bring to a weary world to make our government so strong that anarchy will find no fertile soil? You need not look like a thunder cloud."

"Joan is branching out and I believe God will inspire that girl to save our Republic from the menace of anarchy, and when she does, I shall be there."

"Of course you will be there; you may be the inspiration. I have positively no faith in that creature."

"You pain me when you speak that way. Joan is sincere," said Applegate. "You know if we pursue any one object zealously and continuously we begin to believe it ourselves and our faith brings the whole world to our feet. This may be illustrated in the history of Robert Bruce, who had been defeated by the English repeatedly, but he had such faith in himself and his people that he overcame all obstacles and finally defeated the English at Bannockburn and became King of Scotland?"

"Certainly, a beautiful illustration. What a name that girl has; Mort in French means death."

"What signifies a name? It is the action of the person, the merit."

"Do not bother about the girl, I was so excited about the sympathetic strikes, that I barely glanced at the papers today," said Mr. Torby, Senior.

"Father, father, come back. Here is striking news."

"Another strike on? That is not news. I shall

read nothing more about them, otherwise I may become a victim of nervous prostration."

"Applegate fairly shrieked with laughter and then said, "Mrs. Wotton, the charming, wealthy, young widow and Congressman Hardwick were married yesterday after they left this office. Evidently they went and procured a license and then were married by Judge ——, so prosaic and yet so startling."

"You see how people marry for wealth and position, not girls with bugs. Hardwick is a sensible Congressman. While on his mission to California he marries a woman, young, handsome and with a large fortune. Our government has much discernment in sending out Congressmen and Senators on missions which they faithfully carry out."

"It is a good joke anyway," said Applegate."

"Where is the joke? I do not see a rim of one," said Torby, Senior.

"Well, father, all one can do is to give you a good joke; if you do not see it, it is not my fault. Exercise your mind."

"I do not enjoy indiscriminate joking. Now, I wish to tell you it is no joke that Mr. Ashton is determined if any more trouble with pickets or sympathetic strikes or disturbance of any kind to have this plant an open shop. Every one the privilege of working, otherwise our orders will not be filled. Disgrace that you did not attend the Directors' meeting yesterday."

"But, father, right or wrong, that must not prevent us from assisting destitute families. No doubt Mrs. Hardwick, the Congressman's ideal, will continue playing the good Samaritan and she is a fine woman too. No gallery playing with her."

"Yes, she is a genuine good woman, the Simon pure," and Torby, Senior, left the office for a conference with Ashton."

"Here I am boss," and Mayme entered with a little swagger. "My beau John Kelly sent me to see you today. The beautiful lady with the promises didn't turn up yesterday. I hope she ain't sick," and she looked concerned.

"The lady will be around in a day or so, I am quite sure. She has been very busy."

"Busy; if I ain't mistaken, she doesn't have to work, her hands can be white."

"Do you know a great writer said something to this effect, To be honest one does not need white hands?"

"I agree with him. Where would our likes be?" said Mayme with an injured look which she really felt.

"Your class as a whole are the most honest in the world," said Applegate.

"I wish the lady had come. It would do me good to see her, cause too, I need money for Lynn. You see, a healthy girl like me, has so much blood sav'd up she can live on it quite sometime. Runnin about an makin believe she has had her eats."

"You are a philosopher," laughed Applegate.

"If it is something, I hope it's very strong."

"But what have you done with all your earnings?"

"Done mean layin up money?"

"Your wages, I mean," and again Applegate's risibles were affected.

"Dear me," said Mayme, "when we have money

we spend it, we live while we can. Laugh and dance and so on."

"For to-morrow we may die," said Applegate.

"Yes, but to-morrow we may live too; then what?"

"Now, I am going to tell you about the lady."

"Yes, yes, do tell. My guy says I'm a good listener when I ain't talking," and she laughed heartily, with her mouth wide open, showing good white teeth, cleanly kept, much to her credit.

"She was married yesterday."

"For the Lawd's sake, you don't say so. She gave me ten dollars yesterday and I was mighty glad to get it. John and me and Peter Lynn had a good dinner and breakfast with it. Now it is all gone. I can cook a fine meal I can. If you give me the money, boss, I'll cook you a good meal, see if I don't and the good Gawd generally sends some one, to help," said Mayme confidently, and she shook her head with great animation.

Applegate was inclined to tell her that it was better to leave money to one's enemy when dead than to borrow from one's friend when living, but looking at her face he thought it would not be wise to disturb her and so said nothing.

"Now, please let me get in a word edgewise," answered Applegate. "You may take all the money the lady may give you for yourself, but not for Peter Lynn or Miss Joan."

"But," replied Mayme with a downcast look, "Peter Lynn is very sick, an in poor spirits and Miss Joan told me to take care of him. He is my trust."

"Your what?"

"She trusted me to take care of him an I'll do it, but we are all out of work and have to pay to keep

up strikes, so I must go around hunting up some so as to take care of my trust," said Mayme triumphantly."

"Possibly, Lynn would like to see Miss Joan."

"I thought so too, and I told him so, several days after my vacation began. And I told him Miss Joan loves him, and she told me if even he wanted to see her, just to let her know and she would leave everything and come."

"The dear girl," murmured Applegate.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. It must have been the wind," said Applegate.

"Thinking aloud, was it?" and Mayme laughed, but continued. "Well, I tell you he flared up and told me to march home and if ever I mentioned her name again he would throw a stool at me. Yes, a stool. Dreadful tempered man he is. I patted him and told him I'd make him a nice supper. I'd. I had to beg credit at the grocery store—something to make an appetite, but he didn't seem to hear it. He just burst in tears and groaned. He is in a bad way and I cried a little to keep him company. I am so soft you know."

"You are a good girl. Now, go home to Lynn and I shall send in a large supply of groceries, also a physician."

"He won't let a doctor come near him. John wanted to go for a doctor he knows, but, no, he is so strongheaded."

"Never mind, I shall send one all the same, hear what he says and the medicine will be sent and a nurse if necessary."

"Please, boss, don't send a nurse. Miss Joan told me to care for him."

"Very well, for the present, it may be better for you to care for him. And now be sure and keep silent, about my attending to these things, to Miss Joan. She must not know."

"Mum's the word. I cross my heart to die," and Mayme looked anything but the incarnation of truth which she really was—a genuine sample in this case.

"You shall not be forgotten, but you must obey."

"You bet your life my jaws won't get tired spreading it. I must tell John you know. He doesn't count."

"If he is like you, he is all right," replied Applegate.

"I'll go bail for John. He promised me a fifty dollar pearl necklace, pearls real, you know and pearls are goin up, taxes on them, more every day. But on account of these strikes he can't buy one now. I am sorry for him because he will keep his word. Government is right, we must pay taxes, but on fifty dollar pearls, necklace pearls, is too bad. Pearl necklaces make the neck look well. Good-bye."

"Now, Mayme, possibly, if you do your part well, I may give you a string of pearls for fifty dollars."

"I don't want a string," returned Mayme, "I want a rope."

"They shall be on a rope, if that pleases you better, but I shall arrange to buy them to suit you."

"For the Lawd's sake, boss, you are fine. No wonder rich people always look so pretty. It is the fine feathers, but the jewelery, it is jewelery. I can spell that. Make one look bright. It does raise my

spirits wonderfully to see pearls. They look so modest, not like those stony diamonds, throwing their light—vulgar—vulgar, not for me. Good-bye.”

“And now, Applegate,” said Torby, Senior, coming in in a stormy way. “It seems to me that girl was in here again. I just missed her, darting in and out. Angles and corners are nothing to her. A bandit would have a hard time holding her up. She does not need to take lessons in Jiu Jitsu, does she?”

And Applegate laughing convulsively said, “Father, that Mayme is as good as a theater, circus and movie combined to chase dull care and troubles away and a heart.”

“That beats?”

“Yes, father, a heart that beats, is beaten into pure gold. And she will make that John of hers some day very happy, I am sure.”

“Whoever loves, Applegate, has a master and love demands all or gives all.”

“I would and am ready to give the universe for Joan.”

“Applegate, stop raving,” and Torby, Senior, looked at his son pathetically.

“I am happy in my ravings, so let me dwell where happiness is.”

“Go on, my son. You have your own prism.”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“And now, Applegate,” said his father, “I do trust that you will go to work and forget love making until everything is on its former basis. Really, then you will have time to devote to it, when everything is normal again. Then love will be a delightful occupation after all this war and strife.”

“Let us to the mill now.”

"Good, Applegate, but Ashton is coming in and you must not go. You must meet him here where I am, not in public. The extreme embarrassment will be worn off and I being present, shall keep you both from running off at a tangent. You know you are not in command of yourself. You must be at your best."

"So glad I caught you to-day, Applegate," said Ashton coming in, "and your presence has encouraged every one around the place and I really believe this plant is going to be redeemed in doing the right thing. I was very much discouraged yesterday, but to-day there seems to be a different feeling prevailing. The employees desire to see the employers around, gives them courage. Now we shall do everything for them and they in return must give their best."

"I agree with you there. Miss Lynn says so too, that they must abide by their contracts, take up their responsibilities."

Ashton looked aghast and Torby, Senior, replied, "Miss Lynn only repeats what she hears men like Mr. Ashton and the Board of Directors say." Applegate reddened and was about to open his mouth to speak when Torby, Senior, quietly intervened and said in a decided, even tone, "Ashton, your plan, the thorough Americanization, patriotic allegiance, and undivided love of country which admits of no other feeling is the one fine, strong, sentiment that will make this land of liberty, peaceful and harmonious in its industrial relations, for capital and labor have mutual interests."

"And now, Torby, you must not be so modest."

"Modest, why. In what way?"

"That is your plan as well as mine."

"You want me to share?"

"Honors with me, to be sure. Honesty on my part requires it. We can all join it. We shall take Applegate in also," said Ashton.

"To be sure, no one must be left out," said Torby, Senior.

"Take in the Board," said Ashton.

"Let our families join in the plan. So let us add Diana, she will approve of the plan. Americanization and Reconstruction," said Torby.

"So be it," said Ashton; in which Applegate weakly joined.

CHAPTER XX.

Joan spoke in a hall in one of the suburban towns of San Francisco to a well filled house. She was again on the platform with a well satisfied expression on her countenance. The Star Spangled Banner was sung with the usual enthusiasm.

Joan was fairly well known in San Francisco and vicinity, and she was introduced by a representative man of the town who was the Chairman of the evening.

"Fellow citizens," said Joan, "the first thing I shall take up this evening is the very serious problem of the High Cost of Living, resulting from this great war, a trail that follows all wars, ending in depression. But never has there been known after great wars such a rioting in extravagance—a mad orgy in all circles of life—from the child at school to the octogenarian. Women take the initiative there, but men do not need any instruction. And wages increase in the same ratio. Consequently to eliminate the High Cost of Living the first step is to submit to rules which govern individuals as well as nations. Restriction in wants and economy."

A man arose and said, "But if a man has no money and children and they go to school and see others dress fine—then?"

"Yes," said another, "that is the case of many."

Joan replied, "It is quite a problem with little money to bring up children properly. When these children attend school and see others over dress there is only one thing that can or will solve it, or rather

remedy it, that is strict economy along the lines, as I shall endeavor to illustrate. Men cannot say that vanity does not exist among men as well as among women and girls, and especially among boys and girls with indulgent parents. You know that it has not yet been proven absolutely that we are not descended from monkeys, for we are, as they are, great imitators. We are influenced, more or less—boys wish silk underwear as well as girls of rich parents, and those of poor parents as well. It is told today a school party involves an outlay unheard of in former years and causes some boys and girls, with forethought, to leave in the commencement of their senior year. A school party means all that paraphernalia of society. The boy in the majority of instances must send flowers, take a taxi for the girl, provide supper, etc. A tax indeed on the parents and a loss of time and education for both parties concerned. Now, where does the happiness come in? Universities and Public Schools are to a great extent molders of public opinion. They should be the great sources of Americanization—of Democracy; the fountain head for good or evil. If there is a germ of radicalism in these great institutions, it should be exterminated with vigor and thoroughness.

“It has been said that women teachers have been told to dress well. Why should clothes be an asset to a teacher instead of learning? School teachers can make school work attractive without the artificial aid of costly dressing.”

“Right you are there,” said a woman rising. “As the universities and public schools are not charitable institutions—rich children can afford to have fine clothes, while the poor cannot. The fine clothes on

one side, and the poor on the other raises a line and marks class distinction which should not be in institutions supported by the government, paid in taxes by the people. They should be governed and taught and fed on the lines of pure democracy. I also believe in vocational training." These remarks were well received.

"Yes," replied Joan, "all must be very careful in serious times and set a good example. And our doors are so wide open to immigration that thousands have landed without a cent, gone to work, learned the language, conquered all short comings and have since become rich and famous, and some remained as destitute as when they came. All had equal chances, but we do not all take advantage of the opportunities presented to us."

A man rose and said, "If all were to pick up the opportunities, there would not be enough golden opportunities to go around."

"Or they might then be more evenly divided," said Joan. "But you must remember if the wealth of the world were divided per capita, the share of each one would be infinitesimally small, and then the majority would still be discontents. And to reduce the high cost of living, there must be thrift and economy exercised. Your aid given in work to increase production will be the first step of reconstruction and reduce the cost of living. The increase of wages increases other things in proportion—things work in cycles."

A man arose and said, "I do not believe that women understand exactly what injustice and trouble they cause by interfering in every business and in every possible thing. Now, I mean no reflection on

the women—the ladies—God bless them! But how can they, without experience, teach the world how to run its affairs when some men have been running their business, industrial or commercial, for years and do not know yet how to run them? What looks wrong on the surface and may be wrong, must be remedied from the root. You can't take a brick out of a building without the building toppling—gravity steps in. And so now, ladies, and Madam Chairman, I trust you will pardon my say, but ponder over it well," and he sat down amidst a roar of applause.

Many women rose and said simultaneously, "We are on a learning tour and shall investigate carefully."

Joan replied, "Yes; women must be careful—they must not expect to rule the world at once, and if there is too much paternalism—too many laws might become unbearable—so a word of caution is in order."

Another man rose and said, "Woman has also been projected into the labor question, the economic question. Woman has introduced extravagance in the home life to such a degree that often divorce and alimony follow each other in quick succession. The desire of woman to be in active service—for woman can work and does work—and to be beautifully gowned has not improved conditions. But woman beautiful must be so in mind as well as person to make the world better, and man, to his honor and credit, looks to woman to accomplish that fact."

"That is the idea," said another man, "in that family of woman belong our mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts."

Another rose and very truthfully said, "After the Civil War prices remained for a long time very high

and both wages and food never went back to their former level—and possibly, well they did not.”

“True,” replied Joan. “After all wars of long or short duration—especially after wars of long duration, many have grown rich through profiteering; others, in legitimate ways, by the increase of production caused by war; the inflation of finances through stocks and exchange of currencies and the depreciation of the purchasing power of money. While it will take some time before things can be normally adjusted—wages, food, clothing and materials will probably never go back to the prices prevailing previous to the war. At all events, with the present inflated prices we should be more sane with our expenditures. We should practice rigid economy and not purchase luxuries, which would cause the production of more of the necessities and thus reduce the High Cost of Living.”

A voice from the audience, “How can we think of little things when we only hear of millions which run into trillions and quadrillions? Naturally we forget consequences.”

“‘Lest we forget,’” said Joan, “we must not forget, and then our heads need not ache about the billions, as that duty belongs to the government, and the best policy is to leave it quietly and rationally where it belongs.”

“Another voice, ‘I wish I were one of those syndicate of bankers.’”

“A natural wish,” replied Joan.

“And I,” said another, “would be quite contented to be a laboring man with ten dollars a day for eight hours’ work.”

“When you say ‘Content,’ I am not sure that the

big majority belong to the discontented class, because a contented man is hard to find. He is always seeking something. I am going to tell you a little anecdote that I read some time ago. I do not know it verbatim, but I am going to relate it as I remember it: A man advertised that he had a fine lot which he wished to give to a contented man, as he was eager to meet one. Well, as you may imagine, he had many applicants, and finally a man came who said he was the contented man; he had a wife whom he loved with the devotion of a lover, two children, a boy and a girl—models of beauty and amiability and all good characteristics, and he was comfortably situated in this world's goods; he was supremely happy and he claimed the lot on the plea that he was the contented man."

"Did he get the lot?" inquired one eagerly!

"No," replied Joan. "The owner said if he wanted the lot he was not contented! Do you see how many of our wants in this world are superfluous?" which brought a hearty laugh.

And another man rose and said, "What becomes of the man with a family to support and limited means—neither a laboring man nor a banker? He will be crushed between the two millstones!"

"White collar," some said, and laughed.

"I feel sure time and the government will rectify all possible things," said Joan, "and now I am going to introduce that delicate subject—race problems, race rioting, etc. Neither color nor religion should bias justice being done. Our government founded on 'Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' our Constitution, that wonderful document fought for and gained by farmers and ploughboys, whose wives of

Colonels and Generals made frock smocks out of jeans or tweed spun at home, which were worn over pantaloons and belted in. Thus were our fathers equipped who fought and died for America." The deafening applause testified their appreciation of these words.

"People in a passion," continued Joan, "always commit wrongs which in cooler moments they would not do, and in no instance is mob violence to be encouraged or tolerated. Trial by jury is another one of the great privileges of American citizens, and while it may be most trying to be calm under the commitment of heinous crimes, but when we consider that one infraction of the law leads to another and that law and order must be preserved we see that no individuals, no organization or organizations must override the laws of the government. So you find that it will not do to override laws. Laws if not satisfactory must be tested by ballot. Crimes which provoke a tendency to mob violence, it seems to me that a court should be arranged where such trials should come for speedy action, and if guilty, immediate execution of the law should follow. If trials are not held, not only is lynching against good government, but someone not guilty might be lynched—the innocent suffer with the guilty. Lawlessness must not be entertained, still less prevail in this glorious land and that such a spirit should gain ascendancy is a menace to our civilization. Civilization must work its way to law and righteousness."

A voice heard—"Suppose there should be delays of the court, would you have the innocent suffer or the criminal escape?"

Joan answered, "This question must be taken by lawyers and arranged so that there could be a court

to be in session all the time; but under no circumstances should a violation of the law be permitted. Our government should not only be able to control mobs, but to punish the guilty. The government has the power and should enforce it. Our Constitution is our pride, philosopher and friend. No one can take the law into his own hands; if allowed it would result in anarchy. Anarchists want no government. By allowing our passions to govern us, we would eventually not only drift into a multitude of sins against our soul, but against our Constitution, upon which our liberties rest—and so, my friends, I hope I have reached the right spot, to love our Country, its institutions, its freedom, its doctrines, its liberty, its justice. Everyone is equal before the law, irrespective of race, color or religion.

After the applause, a man rose and asked, "How about the Packers; are they to go scot free?"

"By no means," said Joan. "They should be given a fair investigation, and if they are found to be violating laws, they should be punished. If a law is not just, it should be repealed, and if not the packers and the workmen and all have your remedy—the Ballot box, and you must abide by that."

After singing "America, My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," with good music and with good singing voices, the audience, after some introductions to Joan, dispersed.

Joan was scarcely surprised to find Applegate at the exit waiting for her.

"You here again—been in the hall, I suppose?"

"No use now for you to ask such a question, Joan dear, for you know my resolve—therefore walk quietly by my side and talk to me about your work

and when you will lay it down and cast your lot with me, your true and devoted lover."

"And have I not told you, time and time again, that I shall never marry. I have work to accomplish. My voices will tell me, I am sure, very soon what that work for my country is. My work is my mission to help save my country from internal dissension—it is menaced."

"Now, Joan dear, before Diana's marriage, it was very well for you to endeavor to have a sustaining belief in those voices, but now you have something else to lean upon; a healthy arm to sustain you, because more real and—"

"And what, Mr. Torby?"

"You know, do you not, whose arm that is?"

"That has not been revealed to me, because of no importance."

"My arm, Joan, a good strong, healthy arm, believe me."

"I do not require support, consequently do not take it."

"You must, Joan, you must remember there is a beginning and an end to everything."

"Not to certain things."

"My love, for instance!"

"I know nothing of it; I am absorbed in my own thoughts and my own work."

"You simply stagger me with your tenacious disposition—not moving an inch—I am growing weary."

"I hope so."

"A foolish hope."

"I am sorry, I thought you were interested in the plant."

"So I am, and in all other plants with their sympathetic strikes, etc."

"Times are serious," said Joan.

"Therefore marry me and let us work together—a true partnership—Come, Joan, come."

"Certainly not. The more troublesome and serious the times, the more necessary it is and will be to don my armor and go to work. I respond to the call, and, Oh! how eagerly I am waiting for the call—go further and teach salvation."

"Salvation, Joan?"

"Salvation for my country," cried Joan with a flush on her face.

"You are an icicle, Joan dear, but summer must come."

"Heat does not affect me."

"Nothing affects you apparently," said Applegate angrily.

"Nothing but my voices—they guide; my mission will be given me through them; so shall I not obey?" And Joan looked up with all the assurance that faith can give.

"I am sorry and I cannot understand how you can see untouched one who loves you in distress."

"I am not to blame for your distress, therefore cannot distress myself for your distress."

"I am sure that if you would listen to your voices they would say marry, marry."

"You did not abide by your contract, so do not speak of marriage again."

"But am I not proving to you by every act of my life—in many ways detrimental to my interests—that I place you far above everything material?"

"You must not do that. At the same time it is

entirely unnecessary as my wants seem to be all attended to."

"Well, I can in a way understand that one so gifted as you are will find friends everywhere and ever ready to anticipate your wants, but that does not prove that I am not casting everything to the winds for you."

"Do not do it; I advise, I warn you," said Joan calmly and coolly.

"I shall continue to devote my life to you and worship you."

"Do not do that, I beg of you, for the sake of your father."

"Formerly it was to go to Diana, and now that Diana is safely and happily married, now you put my father on the screen—can you not do a little better than that?"

"It is the truth."

"Find something more plausible, dear Joan."

"What I have said is the sincerity of truth, and as I am at my hotel, I must bid you good night," and Applegate was left with his own thoughts.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Father, Joan is improving wonderfully and she is more and more convincing every time she speaks. Her faith will certainly bring reward. Her words cannot be refuted; she believes—that is all and that is everything. Yes, she believes that she will be guided into doing something great for this unsettled land. Would it not be amazingly great if her hopes were realized?"

"Applegate, a disreputable microbe is working in you, carried over from your adviser and that girl ———. And you are really being converted by that girl Joan's cant that this country will soon settle down to a state of peace and prosperity as in those halcyon days of yore. And you?" hesitatingly.

"I understand the needs of men of all classes better now than before. To relieve all pressure, it is necessary to distribute things in the right way and increase wages to a reasonable degree."

"Stop right there one moment. You need not hurry about wages—that has not come up yet, so why are you meddling with things unasked? A little more prudence."

"Well," said Applegate in a fatigued way, "what further methods do you propose?"

"Encouraging a better feeling between employer and employee, discouraging demagogues around the place, and keeping order," said Torby, Senior.

"Peace and smiling plenty will soon shine down upon us with a better world for all the sacrifices made."

"Apparently the more concessions that are made the more will be demanded, and—"

"Problems will be solved, and Joan will do it," added Applegate, promptly.

"Applegate, when she performs that miracle, I shall come to the wedding."

"Father, she is God's child. She will save the Republic from the menace of anarchy."

"I do not think it necessary to bring out my check-book yet for a wedding present," said Torby, Senior, laughingly.

"Do not jest, father; it is a sacred subject."

"Amen! So be it."

"Another inexplicable thing to me," said Applegate, "is this constant cry for more population and no food and no work for a big majority of workers today—unorganized labor—all over the world."

"You asked that question before. The answer of the Old World would be to decimate them by war!"

"I suppose so, for God only knows," returned Applegate.

As his father went out, Applegate thought of the modest girl going out into the world exposed to temptation, avoiding everything, thinking of nothing but her mission. Father, lover, home, situation—all lost in the faith that God was protecting her! Has not God sent an agent? God was assisting in the work! It was provided for her.

But Applegate would not allow himself to feed upon gloomy thoughts that would be doubting Joan's mission.

"Hello, hello! Congressman Hardwick and Mrs. Hardwick," as Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick were announced, said Applegate, rising from his chair.

"Mrs. Wittington Hardwick," said the Congressman, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Applegate Torby."

"Charmed to have the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of Mrs. Wotton, now Mrs. Wittington Hardwick. It is delightful to have people make changes sometimes," said Applegate.

Mrs. Hardwick gave him a radiant smile, without words.

"This is one of the agreeable changes, nicely, wisely, done. I think you both stand in order for congratulations."

"Well, Mr. Torby—"

"Now, Mr. Hardwick, let me have the floor; otherwise I shall have to advocate my privilege," said Mrs. Hardwick.

"Precedence, Mrs. Hardwick, on all occasions—Margaret, my pearl, which your name indicates."

"I have really come to fulfill a promise—a duty—to talk about Peter Lynn and the girl, Mayme Mort."

"Oh!" said Applegate, "the young girl has been here and I think Peter cannot be in better hands, though I—your kind thought is to be appreciated. I think all his wants have been supplied."

"I intend making the rounds with Mrs. Hardwick and relieve as much destitution as possible," said Hardwick.

"I read that Mrs. Hardwick has been royal in her donation for a summer home for poor children of San Francisco," said Applegate.

"Yes, the check is already deposited with a bank here."

"Do you know, Congressman Hardwick, not to be outdone by Senator and Mrs. Athelstane, you are

somewhat of a politician going around and feeling the pulse of the people for the campaign of 1920?"

"Well, you know it is most advisable to call in a physician once in a while to take temperature and find out our state of health. I think it will be a most exciting campaign, and I am going to have the most astute—the most fascinating—the most engaging assistant in the entire universe. I cannot say more, Mrs. Hardwick."

"You are a wholesale flatterer. Do not pay any attention to him, Mr. Torby," said Mrs. Hardwick.

"I should like to supplement that with a little incense myself, if I knew how," said Applegate.

"Here comes that girl." And Mrs. Hardwick looked pleased.

"How did you come in this way, Mayme?" spoke Applegate.

"I left my cardcase home, Boss, and I am here. Oh, my, here is the beautiful lady, too, that went off on a surprise party!"

"Mayme, Mayme!" and Applegate looked at her sharply. But Mayme continued in great glee:

"My good guy, Boss, went right away and bought the necklace with the money you gave me for it—fifty dollars—lots of money. He canna keep money—it itches in his palm so. And I put it on right away, Boss, for I was afraid if I didn't, Boss, he would come and ask me for it and pawn it before night."

"Mayme, Mayme!" cried Applegate in despair.

"Well, you know my guy. Nothin' doin' now but loafin'. Wants me to come in court and get married right away—today—but I don't know what to do. At another time I'd have a new dress—not a gown, but a dress."

"Mayme, Mayme!" came the voice of Applegate.

"John is in the sulks now," continued Mayme, "cause I don't want to. We both has vacations, too—too much at one time."

"Now, Mayme," Mrs. Hardwick spoke, but Mayme continued the even tenor of her way:

"It'd be my delight, thinkin' about colors and tellin' the girls about my finery and havin' a blowout, and now, now this strike kills everythin'," continued Mayme, whimpering.

"My good girl, come with me and I shall buy you one of those ready-made dresses—all the colors of the rainbow—you like, on condition that you marry your lover at once, and then I shall help you with your little home furnishing."

"Great! Lovely! At once? How can I?" in despair.

"Why, child?"

"I'm tied up in a trust. Gawd, what will I do?"

"What trust, child?"

"You see," said Applegate," she promised Miss Joan to take care of her father, Peter Lynn, and keep her informed of his health, and she is keeping her trust faithfully—a good girl. Here is a plan: She can be married and live in the cottage with her husband and Lynn and he can assist her in taking care of Peter."

"Admirable," answered Mrs. Hardwick. "And when you give up your trust, you faithful girl, I shall not forget to help furnish your home for you."

"Mrs. Hardwick may buy you the dress, Mayme, but in regard to other things for the Lynn family, please, Mrs. Hardwick, consider it my privilege."

"I shall not trespass, believe me."

"Now, Mrs. Hardwick, your ladyship—"

"No, dear—no ladyship here—do not forget."

"I cross my heart to die—no, to live—now I must say what I mean. I believe I am that girl in fairy-land—"

"Alice in Wonderland," corrected Mrs. Hardwick.

"Oh; to be sure, I remember, but I am dreamin' mebbe, so I'll pinch myself," which she did violently. "No, I'm awake—it hurts."

"Well, do not pinch yourself or get pinched any more," laughed Mrs. Hardwick.

"Why, good lady, I never was pinched—I'm honest, I am, I tell yer."

"I shall answer for that, Mayme. You are honest. You are a jewel," said Applegate.

"Oh, Boss, you are soft—too good, I mean."

"Well, Mayme—"

"Now, Boss, what do you call Mrs. Hardwick?"

"Lady Bountiful."

"And the Senator, her husband?"

"Congressman Hardwick," corrected Mrs. Hardwick.

"I should like to call your husband President of the United States. Wouldn't it be grand to say President Hardwick's wife is my good friend! She gave me my weddin' dress and went with me to pick it out! An' I'd have a stiff neck, and—"

"Is that you, Mayme, talking to your fairy god-mother that way? Not to recognize your old friends? I called you a jewel a moment ago—I shall have to take that back if you do not say quickly what you honestly mean," said Applegate.

"Now, Boss, you know what I mean. Some girls, if they has a beau or a bright colored ribbon, they

can't turn their heads—the proud things! I hate 'em.”

“Now,” said Mrs. Hardwick, “if you are going to be married this afternoon, you must be in good temper on your wedding day. I am sure you should feel sorry that the whole people of California cannot be with you in your great joy.”

“Of course I'm—I'd be willin', if you say so, to share anything with 'em excepting John Esmond Ammon Kelly. He is rich in names, you see. I wouldn't share him and not my pearl necklace—real pearls, Boss, you said so, didn't you?”

“Mayme, I again call you a jewel!”

“Now, Mr. Hardwick, Mayme and I shall go and seek the dress of many colors and the accessories.”

“Cessories? What color is that, lady?”

“The other things going with a new dress.”

“Don't tell John I asked that question. He has pride and I promised him when our vacation is over to go to school—night school—for it won't do in this time to let a husband feel his wife is not up to him. I'm going to get above him—that's what I'll be doing—bet yer life I will.”

“Go on your investigating tour, Mr. Hardwick, and we shall go on our shopping tour. I shall meet you here,” said Mrs. Hardwick.

After a few hours Mayme and Mrs. Hardwick returned—Mayme in her new finery. Mrs. Hardwick, by not letting her left hand know what her right hand was doing, was enabled to have the pinning and sewing done at once and had her arrayed for her wedding. Applegate had communicated with John, and with some additions to his wardrobe, he made a very presentable groom. He pressed a fifty dollar check into his hand and told him to make

Mayme happy, as she was a very good girl, and gave him definite instructions about Lynn. And when John and Mayme met, Kelly scarcely recognized Mayme in her attire—dress, hat, gloves, shoes, coat, all of a gay design.

"Mr. Torby," said John to Applegate, "I am coming to think God knows what is best for us after all. I have been lamenting my enforced vacation and here it has brought me my greatest happiness. I am deeply indebted to this gracious lady—"

"Mrs. Hardwick, the wife of Congressman Hardwick, and Congressman Hardwick," said Applegate. John made one of his profound bows and said: "I may be able to return it a bit some day, Congressman Hardwick, when you run for President."

Hardwick laughed heartily and said: "Thanks; whenever I run I shall not forget your proffered aid."

"And, Mr. President—"

"Wait, wait, Mayme; the Congressman is not nominated yet."

"Well," said Mayme, "what's to prevent me nominating him? I'm American citizen with the vote in me hand—California, San Francisco's vote! Who's there to tell me I shan't use it for me friends—that's the girl I am. The Boss knows me, he does. I'd die for the boss!"

"Now, Mayme, don't be so excited."

"Bout me friends? Of course I'm."

"Well, Mayme, the first thing I shall do after marriage will be to train you."

"With a horsewhip, my man, I am going to learn to fight like Japan J'e-jits, and then you'll be as limber as—"

"Oh, jiu jitsu," corrected John. "And then what? How limber shall I be?"

"A dishrag, my man, when I'm through with yer."

"Look here, Mayme, women must be quiet and gentle, as Mrs. Hardwick and Joan," said Applegate.

"Oh, you are right, Boss; I am going to night school."

"That is the training I intend to give you, Mayme—an educational one," said John. "And in six months you will teach me, you bet."

"Then you won't say yer bet, I bet," retorted Mayme.

They were all convulsed with laughter when Mayme asked: "Did you write to Miss Joan about her father?"

"Indeed, Mayme, that was a duty I did not neglect. You will find me a much better husband than I look."

This endeavor to please mollified Mayme and led her to exclaim: "I told them all, didn't I?" looking around for the others to verify her statement, "what a good looking guy you were, and I am glad and lift up my head to know an' for them to know I am not going to be mistaken that you are good natured, too."

"And now, let's be going to court, Mayme, after again thanking our friends for their goodness—a providential vacation. I hope that we shall meet again and that we may deserve your kindness."

"I wish, John, I could make a neat little speech like that. I'll learn, I tell you, but I kiss my—no, Mrs. Hardwick's hands for her goodness and I make a deep bow to the Boss and to the Congressman. I hope they understand what my deep bow is intended to mean. And now all say, God bless yer, go and

be happy evermore; then come back and go to your duties and your trust. Amen." And John, taking Mayme's hand, went off with her, while Mayme, looking back every minute, wafted kisses to them.

"Well," said Hardwick, "they are appreciative, at all events."

"And that girl," said Mrs. Hardwick, "is a pleasure to meet. She is so simple, so genuinely honest and good hearted as well as good natured."

"A combination of good qualities," said Applegate. "Honesty and old-fashioned qualities are almost out date."

"I hope they will come back in the same frame of mind, with the same rosy views of life as we have, not spoiled by fortune's gifts," said Hardwick in a sententious manner. Then looking at Mrs. Hardwick, who had a quizzical look on her face, his gravity overcame him and he gave way to suppressed laughter, in which all three joined.

"And now," said Hardwick, "if it is your pleasure, Mrs. Hardwick, we shall continue our special work of investigation and come round again and see how our friends are getting along in their new condition of life."

And Applegate spoke: "I wish, dear friends, when Miss Joan Lynn speaks on Labor, which is the next lecture scheduled, that you will come with me to hear her. She is extremely magnetic, inspired and inspiring."

"We shall be pleased," answered Mrs. Hardwick, looking at her husband.

"Margaret, your affirmative means mine, my fairy, barring no previous engagement. Inform us in time."

In about an hour Mayme returned with a radiant face and said to Applegate: "Mrs. John Esmond Am-

mon Kelly, if you please. We are spliced, and I told John, honest I did, that having so many names, if he wanted some other girl he could call himself one of those middle names and no one would know it; but if he ever did there would be a reckonin' day with Mrs. John Esmond Ammon Kelly."

"Now, Mrs. Kelly, if you wish to be my friend, or I yours, you must learn at once to talk in a strain becoming—"

"Don't yer go along that corner, Mr. Torby, or I'll fight yer."

"Now Mayme, you know you promised me to be nice, dear—and we couldn't find friends such as we have every day in the year," said Kelly.

"Of course, we never could find 'em again. And my pearls, Boss, real ones, I hold on to 'em, and I said if that guy asks John for a pearl for him marrying us, I'll say 'No,' they are mine and a present from my Boss, Applegate Torby, Vice-Director or Vice-Manager of the New Construction Iron and Steel Plant. That would be an eye-opener and a crusher, wouldn't it? Well, he eyed them, but I kept my hand with my gloves on 'em, and here they are. And now, Boss, I am going to run home to Peter Lynn, my trust, and you will see how the trust will be a trust; and, Boss, don't flare up if I say what cuts you. I don't mean to do it; but I say, Boss, if I pray you and Miss Lynn will soon be as happy as we is—my John and I," and Mayme vanished, and John said: "Excuse Mayme, Mr. Torby; she has a good heart and will soon leave off those vulgarisms in her language."

"God bless you both," said Applegate as Kelly left.

Then with a heavy heart, he laid his head on his desk.

CHAPTER XXII.

Joan, with renewed courage through her voices, and encouraged by her audiences and the daily progress she was making, owing to her personal magnetism, had scheduled to speak on Labor. So she was anxious to speak in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, because strikes and sympathetic strikes had occurred in this city as well as many other cities and towns of America, accompanied, it is reported, by manifestations of violation of existing laws. Joan's manager, through Applegate Torby, secured the Civic Auditorium, and again prominent men and women were on the platform. Among them were Senator and Mrs. Athelstane, Congressman and Mrs. Hardwick, Mr. Charles Torby and Mr. Harry Ashton. Applegate Torby sat in the rear, where he could have Joan under his observation. But Joan, being in the front on the platform, was not aware of his presence.

Diana said to Athelstane: "Algernon, I am glad we have come to hear that foolish girl with a mission, who, though a university girl, has lived all her life with labor people and who no doubt has radical ideas. No, I would not have remained away for a copper mine."

"You are too prodigal," returned Athelstane, with a look of love concentrated on his imperial spouse. "With my mission it may be well to listen. I may hear some current talk that might be valuable."

"Your words are a reproach," answered Diana, haughtily.

"No, my queen, I would not have you different from what you are, but the greatest wisdom, like metals, must be tempered before used. And you know what I want for you more than myself." And Diana's face relaxed and recovered its serenity, for his and her ambition were on the same plane: "I to be President of these United States, a greater power than possessed by any king today, and you to be the first lady of the land," said Athelstane.

"And for the world's betterment," said Diana.

"To be sure, and incidentally not bad for us," added Athelstane.

Joan felt herself lifted on wings by the large audience, which exceeded her most sanguine expectations.

The girl with the voices—a disciple, or possibly a reincarnation of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Donrémy, made many eager to come who otherwise might not have done so.

"Joan, who knew that the less formality observed at these meetings, the better—more an open forum—did not require the speakers from the audience to receive recognition from the chair. After being introduced by the chairman of the evening, Joan arose and began:

"Fellow citizens, of all the difficult problems that have come up since America's participation in the war, and especially since the armistice, is the labor question. Labor has good reason to congratulate itself on the unusual strides it has made in every direction. It is now one of the largest industrial organizations on earth, and it has done exceedingly well to better its conditions."

These words created great enthusiasm.

A man arose in the audience and said: "It should

be made much better. Labor should have more power."

"You are quite right," replied Joan, "to take all you can in a legitimate way."

Senator Athelstane: "Madam Chairman, you are already in deep waters."

"Thanks, Senator, for your kindness, but I think I shall be able to reach the shore."

"Now, dear friends," said Joan, "I trust you will give me a few moments of your attention. Employers, wherever they may be, make contracts and must abide by them, or go into bankruptcy; but employees do not always abide by their contracts. During the war the unions did splendid work and their patriotism was not questioned—their work was appreciated. Now, remember, during the war you workers remained at home with your families, at your usual vocation, whereas 'Our Boys' went overseas, far away from their loved ones, to fight in trenches—some to be buried there. They did it willingly, gladly, too. Indeed it was almost impossible to keep boys of tender age at home, so eager were they to show their mettle when their—our—country was in danger, and to suppress the imperialism of the Kaiser."

"True, true," said several, rising.

"But we must have a living wage," said several others, rising.

"Yes," replied Joan, "there should be a minimum wage for all workers and eight hours should constitute a day's work—eight hours for sleep and eight hours for recreation. But if you have contracts you must abide by them, and I sincerely believe, as I have said in all my talks, that it would be a reflection on the unions to say they did not wish to assume re-

sponsibilities and obligations, whether moral or legal. If you wish to strike, strike; that is your privilege, but when you prevent others from taking your places by picketing or intimidation, you are encroaching upon the rights of others in violation of the Constitution of our Government, that glorious document, the Constitution, for which our forefathers fought and bled. The Constitution says, 'The Government shall be by the consent of the governed and the inalienable right in the pursuit of happiness,' which you deny others to have if you prevent them from working. Now, brothers, do you not see that you wish to take from others that very liberty for which you are fighting—keeping out starving millions? It is against democracy and, to my understanding, through my voices, it would bring a submerged class to desperation, the world over. Idleness brings poverty, unrest, and leads to anarchy."

"Talking about wages," said one, "take doctors. What exorbitant wages they receive for a few hours' work!"

"True. Engineers, lawyers and doctors, all professional men, especially doctors, who have to go to study at universities and in hospitals eight years or more before they are ready to practice. They must give up all these years of their lives and deprive themselves of many pleasures and be supported at great expense by their parents or families, or work their way through their years of study by menial services. The large fees you refer to are only paid by the rich. The poor cannot and do not pay them—there are public hospitals for them, and should be. So you see, the doctors must pay for books, instruments, etc., which cost enormous. The doctors de-

serve what they ask for, unless they are incompetent, quacks or taking advantage of the wealthy. Now, you will note that while a professional man's education costs money, your very apprentices are paid—a difference between occupations. How many workmen present here tonight will give up their occupation to be a doctor or a professional man?"

They all remained seated. Joan said: "You have your answer. Why? The laborer is worthy of his hire and all capable workers deserve good wages, which is more or less dependent upon supply and demand."

"And what about the packers?" said another.

"As for corporations, munitions, steel, shipbuilding, packers, etc., etc., etc., if they act in violation of the law, they must be punished—all must conform to the law, and order must be preserved. The Government is and must be the dominant power. To infringe upon laws with impunity imperils the stability of a republic. You, my fellow workers, have the ballot; that is your weapon—the bulwark of the nation. So encourage unions, have as many as you can. The Constitution of the United States of America offers you political power, but you cannot have the dominant power unless elected to it by the free will of the people; otherwise anarchy will follow. Our Government is a benign government, and if the people will only follow the Constitution all problems can be solved. Why not, with your own skillful hands, and many of them, start factories of your own, with your own plans and your own ideas and your own money? If this strife between labor and capital continues, there will be no bread for anyone to eat. It is the combined forces that give work as well as lib-

erty. Without individual effort, the brain would stagnate and industries be paralyzed—man would be reduced to his primitive condition, looking for berries growing wild, and apples on trees, if he could find them. Even the wild flowers might fail. There would be no exotics and honey for the bee workers, winter would be lost, and there would be no work for the workers. Capital, labor and brains are a combination which man cannot reject, because it is the cog in the wheel.”

A woman arose and said: “Labor is the cog. Your brains and money would naught without hands to build up.”

Joan said: “I am not claiming anything, only telling facts, which speak for themselves. Labor can do nothing alone, any more than capital can. Labor and capital are mutually dependent—both sides must assume obligations; otherwise it would be lopsided and its success would be short lived. And, as I said, brain plays a big part. Inventions emanated from brains; otherwise we, all of us, would be doing the work of horses. Years ago a French writer, with a big brain, said the centuries will not need muscle and brawn, but brain. Look what brain has done in machinery in every department of life—the automaton steps in and does service. When the spinning jenny was first introduced, labor thought all was lost, but every invention has increased production, increased wages and made the worker as well as the world more comfortable—a benefit all around.”

“Yes,” spoke up another, “we are needed in all this machinery.”

“Yes; but I just told you if there were no inventions, there would be no machinery, and if you

are the cog in the wheel, you know the seismic results from one little displacement in nature, cataclysms ensue, earthquakes and destruction, with no power to remedy, yet today scientists are endeavoring to avoid faults—earthquake faults; so they are at work. And let me tell you, of all work, brain work is the most taxing. So you must all be reconstructionists and aid in production. Work faithfully when you work; assume your obligations and allow everyone the liberty you desire for yourselves. You have been, no doubt, unfairly dealt with at times, but this is no reason why you should be unfair now. All must be taught that this country is not only a democracy in words, but in deeds; then there will be peace, harmony and liberty. If financiers rush the world into war without being justifiable, Congress is responsible, and if labor paralyzes industry, or wishes to do so, Congress must intervene. No party or organization or organizations must dominate the Government.

“More than five hundred years before Christ, Solon was considered one of the great statesmen of ancient times. At the beginning of the sixth century, the free laborers—they had been slaves—and small landholders were in great distress; they had little money and the cost of living was increasing. The small landlords had to mortgage their property to the large landholders and capitalists, and the free laborers mortgaged their person. So he met conditions by an enactment called ‘the Seisachtheia,’ or shaking off of burdens, which relieved them of all debts and provided that henceforth no debtors should be enslaved. He imposed penalties on extravagance and idleness and gave man the liberty of disposing of his property

by will if he had no children. This was no democracy, and it ended then, as all such governments do today, in despotism under the tyrant Pisistratus."

"So debtors were enslaved at that time?" queried a voice in the audience.

"Yes; and it was considered a great rise in a man's position to be a free laborer. Of course," continued Joan, "it must not be forgotten that labor and capital are interwoven in every thread of the world's history; in fact, life is interwoven with the soil, and we are all dependent upon one another. Man cannot escape it. My slogan is, 'Work for our America; give food to our children; provide lunches for the needy school children; do not impose unnecessary burdens of work or deprivations on children; teach them economy, thrift, love of order, love of home, which parents should encourage; respect for elders, and, of course, love of country, so they will become good citizens and loyal Americans. All adopted citizens, as well as native born, owe allegiance only to the country they live in—the country which gives us protection as well as the greatest liberty that can be obtained under any government. Equal rights to all—unions and non-unions, organized or unorganized labor. Banks and corporations must not be dominant, but our Government first and last."

And when the crowd dispersed after introductions, Diana said to Athelstane: "She is a dangerous woman."

"She is in earnest," said Athelstane, "but what she wants I do not know; but believe me, she has something startling. I believe she knows what she wants—she is simply preparing the way."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes; well, we must wait. I think I caught a sight of Applegate Torby in the rear."

"Well, I hope he will get his lady-love," said Diana, in a piquant way.

"Let him marry whom he will. I care not as long as you are off the list."

"Ah!" said Diana, "I shall always be off."

"Yes, I hope so; but in another list—the first lady of the land!"

"I enter that list and shall aid you to the extent of my power to attain what the world covets." And there was a ring in her voice which caused Athelstane to press her hand and say, "Not so loud, not so loud."

Congressman and Mrs. Hardwick, as they were going out, spoke words of praise to Joan, which made her face glow with pleasure.

"May we take you home?" said Mrs. Hardwick.

Before Joan could reply Applegate Torby appeared and said: "Joan and I will walk home together to the hotel. Thanks so much for your kindly thought." And Applegate looked at Mrs. Hardwick appreciatively.

As soon as the Hardwicks were out of hearing, Joan said, reproachfully: "How can you persecute me in this way? I cannot see any devotion in your annoying conduct. I am afraid that I shall deeply offend you some time; that my control will leave me. You must not tax me too far."

"Now, Joan, I, too, am becoming fatigued—very weary of this continual chasing."

"Well, did I not tell you, you did not abide by your contract with Diana? Who can have faith in

anyone who violates contracts? And, anyway, I am wedded to my work."

"Can you not attend to that—infernal work, I was going to say. As you have not said how, what, when or where your work for our peace, our salvation is, how can I be in sympathy with that work unless I know what it is, and—"

Joan commenced to walk briskly.

"Not so fast, young lady; I might wish to talk."

"Since when do you assume such right to command my actions, Mr. Torby—since when?" asked Joan, brusquely.

"From the time I gave up Diana."

"I suppose that—"

"I wish nothing but your own dear self, Joan dear, and you know it."

"Yes; and taunt me with your losses, no doubt."

"Joan, how can you speak in that manner?"

"Yes, I can do more—I am consecrated to my work."

"I simply shall not allow you."

"Master! Do not waste your threats."

"They shall not be wasted, I assure you."

"No! So, so!"

"I shall follow you to the platform and sit by your side and show to the—"

"What?" replied Joan, angrily.

"That I am devoted to you heart and soul."

"That would show nothing on my part, because I would not allow your presence to disturb me, but simply talk and talk."

"Like all women—you must have the last word."

"I wish no words at all. I simply obey my voices, my God's commands."

"Dear, dear!"

"One cannot do less than obey the call and one cannot do more."

"My head aches. This tension will enervate my system. You make me a complete wreck," said Applegate.

"Go home, Mr. Torby; you need a rest. Then you will view things in my light. I am at the door. Good night. Rest, Mr. Torby. Good night." And the door closed on Joan in the hotel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A rousing speech Joan made last night. She will be the world's champion, I am sure," said Applegate to his father next morning, with a flush of pleasure on his face. "She is the reincarnation of Joan of Arc and will save our Republic from this unrest—this tendency to anarchy which, like a boa constrictor, would strangle our America in its grasp."

"To tell you the truth," returned Mr. Torby, Senior, "if her next talk will be as good as the one last night, or if she thinks her voices—"

"They live in her mind, anyway," interrupted Applegate.

"I believe she will make a convert of Ashton to her theories, whatever they may ultimately be, and that would be a great thing, for he has a good mind and will not say yes to anything unless he understands it thoroughly. Then he is very tenacious of his views."

"I hope so. I intend to follow Joan if she will allow me; or if not, follow her anyway."

"Not so fast, my boy. Athelstane and Diana have their own prisms, but Ashton is Ashton. It will depend, of course, altogether what her panacea is. When I think of it again coolly, I am wrong to say whatever her voices will ultimately tell her. The question is, what will they tell her. So do not dwell upon what will be, but what existing conditions are. Then the light to see the way may come. I am off, and you shake off that lethargy. It is time, my boy."

"Mr. Torby, so glad you will see us," said Con-

gressman Hardwick as he and his wife entered Applegate's office. "We were just delighted with Miss Lynn last night," said Mrs. Hardwick. "Her poise, her even temper and her faith in herself cannot fail to impress others. We hope before we leave for Washington," glancing at her husband, "which may be weeks or more yet, to hear her on her panacea for unrest."

"Yes, indeed; a wonderful girl," said Mr. Hardwick, "and we called on the way to see her father, who is very ill. He seems to be suffering under a depression, something fearful to realize. Our friend, Mr. John Esmond Ammon Kelly, and his worse half," with a smiling look at the Congressman, "make every effort in vain to rouse him into hope. He is a man, Mayme says, who is accustomed to independence, even if that independence gives him bread only. The sympathetic strike, no work, assessments and the loss of his daughter, affect him beyond words.

"Peter Lynn repudiated his daughter when she resigned from the unions," said Applegate. "However that may be, I fear for the loss of his reason and I am deeply interested in him now."

"Supposing," said Congressman Hardwick, "as Mrs. Hardwick and I have some few things to attend to, we return in about an hour and let us all three go and see what can be done for Mr. Lynn."

In the meantime Joan heard from Mayme through Kelly about her father, and rushed into the cottage a few moments after Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick had called to see Applegate, and said: "Oh, Mayme, where is father and how is father?"

"Mrs. John Esmond Ammon Kelly, if you please." Mayme had already informed Joan through Kelly of

her marriage and all about Mrs. Hardwick's kindness, so she continued: "Mr. Kelly, if you please," and dragged her six-footer, already considerably tamed, forward to greet Joan.

"So glad to see you, young friends, steady and true; but, oh, so anxious about father."

"Yes," said Mayme, "he seems pretty well done up."

"Dear father cannot bear the loss of his independence—this sympathetic strike. It is the last straw on the camel's back that has done its work."

"Your father has been supplied with every luxury," said Kelly.

"Yes, he has had every luxus," said Mayme—"doctors, medicines—and he wanted me to have a nurse for him. I says to him, 'Sir, John wants to marry me and we'll both settle down in the cottage and nurse him.' And that man was a happy man to have us do it and he gave me a pearl necklace, real ones, cost fifty dollars, so they must be true ones; but he says to me, 'I love that girl and will do anything and everything for her—steal, rob, murder, cut throats. You be good to Lynn. Make him look up and see the sun for my girl's sake and if that girl don't marry me, I'll suicide myself and her too,'" and Mayme, having delivered this oration to her satisfaction, looked gloomy and sad with a tear in her eyes.

"Who is the man and the friend?" said Joan, in a terrified voice.

"Why, can't you guess?" said Mayme, taken entirely off her guard. "Put yer thinkin' cap on."

"Well, well, tell me," said Joan.

"The same man who got your halls for yer; got

yer manager for yer; made things easy for yer as yer went along preachin'. Did you think those things jumped up over night like some fairy tales—Jack and the Beanstalk—and paid fifty dollars for pearls, for my pearls, because I was so good to my trust? I wear the pearls all day and you see with a piece of cambric sou'd all around and hide them of night, afraid John might take 'em. No, no; John forgive me. I didn't mean that—it—I tell yer. No magics about yer help."

"Who is the man?" said Joan weakly.

"The young Boss, to be sure. Who else could—should it be? Yer're a fool, Miss, Joan, even if yer have voices. Your voices don't tell everything."

"Oh, Mayme, what have you done?" said Joan, as she sank into a chair.

"Oh, John, John, the Boss said I shouldn't tell, and there now I gonna and did it. What'll I do with me tongue?"

"Keep your mouth closed and your tongue between your teeth, as I have often told you. You talk, dear, without thinking. Now what will the young Boss do?" said John.

"John, I won't give up my necklace. I won't! I won't!"

"Don't be so excited, Mayme. I shall not let him know," said Joan, as she felt the sweet emotion that probably Applegate loved her, as she knew deep down in the recesses of her heart that no other man could ever have a hold on her affections.

"You see pearls, when the rags are off, true pearls whiten the neck and mine is white by nature, too. When I goes out o' nights with John and turn my crusher back, the pearls look very pritty. I hear all

around the girls and guys says so," said Mayme.

"Now, do not fear," said Joan. Just do not let him even think that I know. Will you, can you keep that secret for me?"

"Cross my heart to die," said Mayme, making the motions as she spoke.

"And Mr. Kelly?" and Joan looked at Kelly.

"Be assured, Miss Joan, it will not escape me."

"Now, let me see father alone, all alone. He would never see me first before others. Even you, good friends, cannot help me there. I must do my work alone."

"Let us go for a walk, Mayme," said Kelly.

"My hat—I nearly said fur. I haven't one of those very high pushers yet.

"I thought you said you had one?" said Joan.

"A short little thing."

"Go, Mayme; you shall have one."

"We are off." And Mayme tripped away gaily, knowing the fur would be forthcoming some way.

On the bed in the little bedroom lay Peter Lynn with his eyes gazing upward. The bed was cleanly kept. On a little table was a vase with fresh, green leaves in it. There was a large, comfortable arm chair and a lounge in the room; also a number of comfortable adjuncts that seemed to ask for more space. Everything indicated that money was not lacking in the humble cottage, and it was visible that a woman's hand had arranged everything. It was Mayme's loving care for her trust and Applegate's money that did the purchasing.

Joan rushed forward impetuously, hoping to take her father by storm, and cried: "Father, father, here is your Joan. Time to be up. The lark has already

sung his morning song. Joan, Joan is here. She ran away from her work to see you."

"Joan left me for her work. She'll never come back. She is at work for her country," said Lynn.

"Here is Joan with plenty of work on hand and more to come, but I can take care of you, too, father. Look at me, father—the image of your dead wife."

"Yes, yes, yo're me chile, but—"

"It is you, my dead mother and my country, and last but not least, it is the voice of God, to strike a blow at anarchy so that it can never live in our beloved America, where a pure and just government can only be with the consent of the governed."

"How do Mayme and John come here? They have been here, are here, and very good to me, or hav' I bin dreaming?" And he rubbed his hands over his head and then over his eyes, which were wet with tears.

"You see, father, I knew you would be lonely without me, so I asked Mayme, who is good and true at heart, to come around and attend to you a little, and keep me informed about your health. So when you were ill and had doctors—"

"Where are they and how will they be paid?" said Peter, with an anxious look. "How, how?"

"There is money ready for them. Let us talk of poor Mayme. She had to be married to John so John could help her."

"And John's place?"

"His place, his place, to be sure"—a white lie is pardonable sometimes. "I think that will be kept for him. And now for your Joan."

"Will yer go away agin, heart o' hearts?" And before Joan could conjure up another story to main-

tain the first one, he burst into tears and shouted: "My chile, my chile, don't leave me—voices or no voices. Stay with me, mission or no mission, unions or no unions—stay." And his voice rang through the cottage. "Don't yer let that young boss come. He will take yer away. Take nothin' from him. Have yer seen him lately? Heard from him?"

So more untruths had to come to the rescue, when she boldly asserted she had not. At the same time she blushed to think of the heavy debt she and her father owed to Applegate and she wondered how she could pay. True, she did stenographer's work all she could, but it was all she could do to maintain herself.

When Mayme and John returned, they found the father clasping his child close to his heart, as if he would never part with her.

"Miss Joan," said Mayme, "on the road I seen Congressman Hardwick and his lady and the young Boss coming here, so I just run a bee line to get here to tell yer."

"Well," said John, "here is a composing draught the doctor left for him, to be used when laboring under great excitement."

"Yes, now is the time for the medicin'. He is working up and down now—gets rockin' himself, then closin' his eyes."

After taking the sleeping portion with the assistance of three of them, he was soon resting with the quiet breathing of a little child.

Joan brushed away her tears and with her hand on her heart went into Mayme's room and brushed her hair, Mayme imploring her to tidy up for the Boss. Then Mayme rushed to the kitchen and with John's aid and much unfolding, it was soon converted

into a modest little living room, and on the table was a bunch of red roses which Mrs. Hardwick had brought on her visit.

And before Joan realized it, she was in that room, inwardly trembling, but outwardly composed.

"My dear child," murmured Mrs. Hardwick, "what a splendid effort last night! I was amazed at its strength and logic. I am more than sorry that your father is no better tonight, but you are such a good daughter that I know your influence will soon have a soothing effect, knowing how, if you did not come one day, you would come the next, and here you are."

"Yes, surely," said Applegate, rather sheepishly.

"Indeed," said Hardwick, "I would not have missed your talk for money. So concise, so just, and so to the point."

"I must say I was astonished at your way of handling the subjects," said Applegate.

"Were you there?" asked Joan, as her face turned a shade paler.

"Was I there?" said Applegate, in a sort of terror. "Did I not walk home with you?"

"Pardon," said Joan, turning faint, "my father's condition has so worked upon my nerves that I do not know what I say or do, as I know my voices, my work will compel me to leave again very soon, but I shall watch over him from afar."

"Indeed, poor child!" Mrs. Hardwick said. "No wonder you are confused in your bearings."

All felt the strain, so Mrs. Hardwick suggested that as the day was very exciting to all, it would be best for them to say good-night and come again tomorrow. And so they left, much to the relief of Joan.

Mr. Hardwick, in speaking, was profuse in his ad-

miration for Joan. He said to Applegate that she was charming, but high strung, as he could see; therefore feared to suggest anything.

"You dear," turning to Mrs. Hardwick, "are the most charming, fascinating, lovable woman in the whole world, while Joan is only a woman in ten thousand. Is that O. K., Mr. Torby?"

Applegate inwardly cursed himself for his lack of tact in not remaining a while longer with Joan and making an attack upon her heart. Words deserted him and he smiled grimly, as he could not venture to return; but when he thought of Joan again his desire became irresistible.

After the visitors left, Joan wept bitterly to think that for one moment she lost herself so completely as to forget. Mrs. Hardwick's kind offer to take her home the preceding night and Applegate's love and devotion gave her a thrill when she saw this man who had once insulted her so deeply. And she hated herself to think that everything upon which she prided herself was due to this man whom her father disliked and distrusted. Her only satisfaction was that the visions of her brain were the inspiration of God which no one could buy and no one could touch. So Joan lifted her head proudly, as if in defiance of her indebtedness and of that emotion which had leapt into her heart. And behold there was Applegate, who grasped her cold hands and said: "Forgive those words once said in passion. 'To err is human, to forgive, divine.' Therefore say, 'Applegate, I forgive you,' and I shall wait, wait until you say, 'Applegate, I love you.'"

"Mr. Torby," replied Joan, "I must have my own self-respect; even then I might not love you—you

know my voices must be followed. And I hate, hate you," she added, vehemently, as if she wished to pluck out the torture of her heart, which her love for him caused her. And she rose and stood before him coldly, with a crimson flush on her cheeks, and cried out: "My love, Mr. Torby, is for my country."

And Applegate knew that for the time being it would be in vain to entreat further, so he beat a tattoo with his foot and said: "I love you too much to pursue any purpose against your wishes; you must follow divine guidance in all things."

"And now you are beginning to have faith in me?" asked Joan.

"I have always had that," returned Applegate.

"Oh, if I only knew who the kind friend is who is doing so much for my poor father!"

"I shall tell him you appreciate it."

"How do you know him?"

Applegate made no answer.

Joan said: "I shall have to leave father in the care of Mayme and John, as I shall be compelled to prepare for my panacea meeting and work for it, too, as my voices are giving me undeniable truths. These truths, carried out, will give future peace to our beloved America." And her face glowed with the fire of a fanatic. The entrance of Mayme and John prevented further embarrassment and agony to Applegate, so he left her with a short adieu, as Mayme's voice rang out: "What will yer have nice to eat, Miss Joan? And tell me something for Peter, as he needs codling and I am going to give it to 'im."

"Indeed, we shall try to do our best," said Kelly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The audience that gathered to hear Joan, the girl with the voices, on the Panacea for Unrest, was the largest ever gathered in the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. Not only were there representative men and women from all the suburban towns, but they came from Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Chico, Los Angeles and San Diego. On the densely crowded platform were seated Mr. Harry Ashton, Diana and Senator Athelstane, Congressman Hardwick and Mrs. Hardwick, Charles Torby, Applegate Torby, and many persons of distinction.

When singing the Star Spangled Banner to the soul-stirring music, all arose to their feet, then sank back like an immense wave. The chairman of the evening introduced Joan in the simplest manner with no desire to rob Jove of his thunderbolt.

Joan arose and said: "First of all, I wish to say that some of you who have heard me before will sometimes find recapitulation. Of course the talk will be a little summary to show that my Panacea for Unrest has been inspired by God and is founded on prevailing conditions. So I trust you will pardon repetitions and transgressions in that direction."

Joan continued: "Fellow citizens, I am more than glad—I am happy—to greet this large audience gathered here tonight, as I am inspired by God to give you a definite plan which I and you and all of us must follow to bring peace and harmony to America, not for a day, but, if acted upon, for all time.

Liberty is a great boon and 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'

"Man goes back for government to the patriarchial tribes—to the family life. The tribal life spread slowly as all evolution does. The primitive civilization was in Asia; then it traveled to the Balkan Peninsula, then to Greece and Rome. On reading history we find in the second century A. D. in Rome there was inaugurated a system of state socialism where the unemployed were first given flour, then the bread was baked for them; then they were given wine and work, and finally amusement. In the third century in Rome there were five days of every seven devoted to the stage, to the theatre, where the most immodest plays were given to satisfy the vicious element. There was no morality, and some writers go so far as to say, where there is no incentive to labor, there is no morality, and that labor, morality and religion go together.

"Labor organizations had their introduction in the fifteenth century in different parts of Europe. Then came a growing reaction against the artisans and the abandonment of the elective privilege. In a short time the master workmen endeavored to exclude apprentices, and finally the journeymen were selected from the guilds and membership became hereditary in the families of the masters. These memberships were like a patent of nobility and naturally the stepping stone to political life. The guilds, once so democratic, became exclusive fraternities and so autocratic that they had genealogical trees, and to become members the applicants were compelled to be of patrician birth. These guilds organized corporations and ultimately wrested a share in the government. The an-

tagonism between the nobles and plebians became so strong and sharp that it paved the way for the establishment of tyranny for the workmen. Now, I am to give America a new platform, which will embody all the principles that our most liberal government can give; for in it are the fundamentals of all liberty."

Cries of "The first article, the first article!" came from all parts of the house.

"Now, I shall give you the first article and my reasons for advocating it:

"'Article 1. An eight-year term for President, to be made so by constitutional amendment in the regular manner of procedure. This amendment to provide for his ineligibility for re-election as President at any other time.'"

Some hurrahed, some were silent and some were a bit aggressive. Joan remained silent. All at once she was aroused out of herself by a storm of approval so heavy from that vast throng that the very walls seemed to shake. Joan, with pale cheeks, said:

"Now, my reasons are these: To be President of the United States is the most exalted position in the whole world. For many years and in all times, especially when there are living issues at stake at elections, the unrest becomes disturbing. Since the war—the armistice, one might say—the political agitation has become so great that the disturbances at times become very serious. Of course, a four-year term seems quite a long time when we think of the short span of life and how many millions are waiting for a chance to become a candidate. Even in this age of the Brotherhood of Man and Equality, no one seems in a hurry to illustrate by practical demonstration that ideal of brotherhood! At all events, no

sooner is a President seated and all the office-seekers practically satisfied—it would be impossible to satisfy all—than the agitation commences for the next term, which disturbs commercial and labor conditions to the detriment of peace, harmony, economic and industrial interests. Everything suffers.

“Our immortal Washington had two terms of four years, and though pressed to serve again, steadily, but resolutely refused another term. How wise he was! How patriotic he was! In recent years no sooner is a President elected for a second term and offices distributed than a third term looms up and the country is again in the throes of agitation, bordering on upheaval. Candidates for the third term, though attempted by the most representative men of America, have always been defeated. The only way to lay that ghost beyond resurrection is the eight-year term, and no more.”

Again the house reverberated with applause. When the applause subsided, Joan continued:

“The next article:

“‘Article 2. That the President shall be elected by a direct vote of the people and not by electors. Electoral votes are really not the full expression of the people, as may be seen in several direct examples. Senators, formerly elected through the legislatures, are now elected by the direct vote of the people, which is as should be, and so should a President be elected by a direct vote. Now a President is elected through electors whose reports are sent to the electoral college. When Presidents were first elected the State chose electors whose reports were sent to the electoral college. When Presidents were first elected the State chose electors who were expected and did

vote for a certain man for President. The thought then was that as each State chose electors, the different States would send representatives who would vote for men best adapted to fill the exalted position of President. We now see the fallacy of the electoral vote, as it does not represent the popular expression and frequently defeats its own object. It also places Congress in a very embarrassing position and frequently leads to the selection of a man not intended by either party. Occasionally an elector will vote for another man because the one presented for President is antagonistic to him personally. You may also see that a President in office for a term of eight years has nothing else to disturb his vision but his work before him, and he can devote his entire time, thoughts and energy to the interests of the country and go down in history as a good, bad, indifferent or great president, according to his ability and conscientiousness. A President elected does not always have the majority vote of the popular vote. In 1824, Andrew Jackson had a plurality vote of the popular vote of about 50,000 over John Quincy Adams and a plurality vote in the electoral college, but he did not have a majority vote over all the other candidates and he was defeated. The choice then fell to the House of Representatives, who elected John Quincy Adams. In 1876, Tilden, the Democratic candidate, had a majority vote of some 250,000 and still he lost the election by one vote in the electoral college—that way not expressing the will of the people. It led to disputes and Congress was compelled to appoint an electoral commission, which decided in favor of Hayes by one vote. In 1888 a similar contest came up in the case of Benja-

min Harrison, the Republican candidate for President. Grover Cleveland had a popular majority vote of 98,000. Is it justice? No, I answer, because it is not a popular expression of the will of the people. Cleveland ran three times for the Presidency and the last time, when defeated, had a larger popular majority than when first elected. You will take note that each State has the number of electors in proportion to its number of Senators and Representatives in Congress. The President to be elected must have a majority vote over all candidates. In former times the electors were chosen by the legislatures and subsequently changed and elected by the people. By using your own judgment, you can see that the only way to prevent antagonism is to amend the Constitution and to have the privilege and the pleasure to vote for the man you wish at the polls—the ballot, the bulwark of the nation.’”

“The next, the next!” were the cries heard all over the house.

“We cannot contain ourselves in this wonderful beginning.”

“My mission is inspired by God’s voices.”

“Go on, go on! We are waiting.”

“Well,” continued Joan, “you know ‘when the dogs of war are set loose,’ we shudder. We know that there will be death of our loved ones and mourning over the land. There will be destitution, barbarisms and atrocities of unparalleled description. Owing to scientific investigations and inventions, sufferings are rendered more acute and destruction more appalling. The right to declare war depends on Congress. We know that our Congressmen and Senators are men of wisdom and they deliberate long and well and found

that it was absolutely necessary to declare war when the U-boats of the ex-Kaiser threatened our shores. Now, listen, I am going to give you another shock. I am for innovations. I am presenting to you two amendments for our consideration."

"The first amendment, the first amendment Then we can think of the second," came the words from the house.

"Article 3. First Amendment. That Congress shall only have the right to recommend war."

"Well, we see now," said several, "to act intelligently we must know what the second amendment is."

"I thought so, too; cognate subjects. The second amendment:

"Article 4. After the recommendation of Congress to declare war, Congress shall call a special election of all the people of the United States to ratify or defeat the proposition by ballot. Thus war will really be in the hands of the people. The call of the people must be as speedily accomplished as possible."

"I hate war," said many.

A man arose and said: "While I and others hail with joy to have no war, still does not a danger lurk in the proposal to wait for the ballot to decide if an enemy were at the gate?"

Joan replied: "That may be provided for in the following manner: A clause in the amendment: 'If our shores are threatened, all available troops would naturally then be put in action to resist invaders. In the meantime every State shall, through its chief executive, the Governor, have its quota ready to be put in action if necessary.' That is not a declaration of war at all, but simply to resist an invasion and in

that event I can give you positive assurance that every man, woman and child—old women too—would fight for our America. We should act according to the policies of Washington and Monroe. We should act always on the defensive and never on the offensive.”

“Indeed we should and would,” they shouted.

“But the expense?” cried several.

“Please do not talk of expenses,” returned Joan. “One war vessel costs the Government more than many such elections.”

One said timidly: “Shall we think it over?”

“By all means,” said Joan, “but we must think quickly so as to be ready for the 1920 campaign.”

“I have thought it over already,” said several, “and I, and I, and I,” they shouted.

“Madam Chairman,” said a man, “I move that the two amendments—first, that Congress shall if necessary recommend war; and the second amendment, to be empowered to call a special election to be ratified or defeated by the people.”

And before Joan could put the question, still less tell them parliamentary rules would require that the amendments be put separately, they shouted, “Passed!” And added, “No war, no war, save for the National honor; then the women must shoulder muskets.” The women immediately rose to their feet in a body and in a chorus said, “Yes, yes, we would shoulder muskets.”

And as the articles of the platform were not designed to be passed as in a meeting, Joan answered: “And they would. I answer for them as they do themselves. Oh, I am so glad. My own heavenly visions are flapping their wings around me. You

must, will, all be ready to participate in the campaign of 1920, and remember popular voting—the ballot.”

“The next, the next!”

Joan said: “This article should meet with general favor: ‘Article 5. A Protective Tariff.’”

“Tell us all about it,” came from the audience, and Joan continued:

“We should have a protective tariff on such manufactured articles as are produced more cheaply in foreign countries. This is necessary so that our factories and mills can operate and thus give employment to our people; otherwise we would be flooded with more cheaply made European goods; for, as living conditions are better and wages are higher in this country, it naturally costs more to produce our manufactured articles. Also, where we produce sufficient raw materials or products for our consumption and these same materials and products can be imported at a lower price than we can produce them, such items should also be protected. But the protection is chiefly necessary on the manufactured articles at present, for the reason that Europe is now short of raw materials. No protective tariff, or rather a very light one, previous to the war, caused a great depression in this country.”

The tariff was given a little discussion and the next article was requested.

“The next article is one of great magnitude,” said Joan.

“‘Article 6. Public Utilities. Such as railroads, telephone, steel, coal, mining, munitions of war, ship-building, packers—if I have omitted any of the industries, kindly tell me—should be private ownership;

individual ownership, under government supervision.'” Loud murmurs on all sides.

“This is a subject,” added Joan, “that requires careful consideration. You must remember if everything were to be controlled by the government it would cause too much centralization, and too much centralization and paternalism will cause man to lose his individuality or build up a machine too expensive to maintain, and I trust that you will approve of the article in the election of 1920 with your ballot by an overwhelming majority.”

“The next, the next!” they asked vociferously.

Article 7,” said Joan, “that eight hours shall constitute a day of efficient work—eight hours for work, that leaves, if desired, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for recreation. Occupation in life is necessary for everyone and labor brings independence and independence is one of the essential elements in man, conducive to his temporal and spiritual welfare and to the construction of character building.”

“Well taken!” said many. “The majority vote will bring that.”

“Thanks,” said Joan. “My voices are singing.”

“Next, next!” came in a chorus from the audience.

“Article 8. The Minimum Living Wage,” said Joan. “There are already fifteen or sixteen States that have declared for a minimum wage. I cannot state definitely what it should be, because different conditions prevail in different States, which would have to be decided by an industrial commission appointed by the President and represent all the people.”

“That seems reasonable,” said many.

“It can only be decided in that way to be properly adjusted,” added Joan.

"Article 9. Now, as for strikes," said Joan, "I have always spoken in favor of strikes providing the employees were abiding by contracts and, as I said in all my talks, I believe it would be a reflection on the rank and file of labor if they did not wish to assume moral and legal obligations. So I wish to say that whatever employees wish to obtain, after contracts have been fulfilled, it is their privilege to make demands for more wages, but if they strike they must not prevent others from taking their places, if so inclined, without intimidation or fear of violence."

"That is not unionism," said many simultaneously.

"It is true unionism," returned Joan. "Labor and capital are mutually dependent upon each other from the cradle to the grave, and either one may be used as a dynamic power for good or evil. So when a strike occurs, the employees must allow others to take their places and the employers must not shut down the mills and stop production, and both sides must submit their grievances to an industrial commission to be appointed by the President and abide by the decision; otherwise, either party could paralyze industrial pursuits necessary to the people and cause great suffering and distress. And if things do not please you, you have your Panacea—the ballot box—where numbers count; so increase your unions' vote and abide by the majority vote, as all citizens must do—submit to the authority of the dominant power—the government. Law and order must be maintained. Liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable right guaranteed by the Constitution—'the consent of the governed'; but when you encroach upon the liberty of your neighbor, it is license."

"We accept!" came from many; others remained discreetly silent.

Joan continued: "I wish to supplement this Article 9—That policemen, firemen and teachers should not be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. They are government employees; therefore should not be partisan. They should have sufficient wages to maintain themselves and their families without appeal to the government for it."

"Yes. Passed, passed!" by a majority of voices.

"Article 10. Deportation. All anarchistic aliens to be deported and all undesirable aliens barred immigration. Any discussion?" asked Joan.

"Pass, pass!" they shouted. "Next, next!"

"Article 11. Restriction of immigration," said Joan. "Immigration to be restricted for a period as might be deemed necessary to be determined by official authority, so as to give employment to organized and unorganized labor, for no man wishes simply to sit down and be supported without service. It would be demoralizing. Immigration should also be restricted so that we do not get any undesirables within our borders."

"These things require consideration," said a number.

"Well," replied Joan, "it will be on the platform for you to accept or reject at the polls."

"Good, good!" was the answer.

"Next!"

"Article 12. Citizenship," said Joan. "Citizenship confers great privileges and blessings and should be given with caution. A man coming to this country should at once apply for naturalization papers; then, as now, be a resident for five years. In the mean-

time he can learn to read and write in our language and become acquainted with our laws. No foreigner should be allowed to vote until he is able to read and write our language. I hope you agree with me."

Some replied, "Yes," and others, "No."

"Well," said Joan, "take your Panacea with you and express yourselves at the polls."

"The next, the next!" was the response.

"Article 13. Americanization—is the next Article and a most important one," which brought forth a roar of applause. "Americanization must be taught, disseminated and wafted along as seeds with the wind, not only in Universities, Public Schools, Seminaries and Clubs, but everywhere. Every individual should turn out and work for our America, for when it comes to the real issue where is the citizen who wishes to see his son fighting to protect European countries. He should only fight for his own beloved America or for the preservation of National honor. We Americans and native born or naturalized citizens must be for America and only owe allegiance to America and no other country. Allegiance to America is a big lesson to teach, but America can do it, must do it, will do it. America knows how. And I wish to say right here another word about labor. Employment to organized and unorganized labor will kill Bolshevism, Anarchism, Communism, Nihilism, Syndicalism, Radicalism and every other ism destructive or a menace to good government. In Americanism lies the hope not only of America but of the whole world. America, America. The miracle of the ages. My voices are satisfied and they greet you lovingly in your—our—great work—the Campaign for

1920. My Voices will guide me in this work, and bless us. God save America, America!"

And "America, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty," was no longer a song, but a riotous indulgence of feeling. Joan received an ovation unsurpassed by any political leader. Many rushed on the platform and said, "Let me touch the hands of the girl with the wonderful voices. Guide us, guide us." And Joan replied with humility, "The voices are from God and so must be obeyed. God's blessing rest on 'The Voices.'"

Ashton had a contented look, Torby, Senior, appeared happy, and Applegate's face was lighted up like a lamp. Diana looked around with a cold, but serene look. Athelstane regarded her with admiration, for he knew her heart must be wrung at the triumph this evening of the girl with the mission and the voices and he determined that he would make an effort for the Presidential nomination to gratify her and his ambition even if it took her colossal fortune and his to do it.

"I know you remember, Diana, I told you that girl with the voices was preparing her way to spring upon the public. And she has some good things to startle and shock the people. Our future, Diana," and Athelstane looked at her closely and steadily and said, "Together, Diana, we shall aspire."

"Say no more, my fortune is at your command."

"You understand my innermost thoughts. Diana, I worship you."

"We understand each other."

"I am glad we are sailing in the same boat," said Athelstane, "and whether the sea be smooth or rough, you and I shall always be calm, with confi-

dence in each other and in God, the ruler of destinies."

Congressman and Mrs. Hardwick praised Joan with such genuine admiration that she could only reply, "My voices."

Applegate came out with Joan, but was separated by the crowd's jostling one another to get a better view of the wonderful girl with the voices with a platform that could not fail with the Panacea for Unrest to bring the desired result, peace and harmony between Capital and Labor.

Mayme found Joan in a retired spot and said, "Now, Miss Joan, the young boss will split that crowd in a minute and I think it is time to let him love yer. He has been dangling after yer long enough. There's good fish in the sea as out."

"Now, Mayme, you know my mission, my voices."

"Miss Joan, the young boss may not always be sick and then he may see some other ladies when well and forget yer—serve yer right. Yer voices don't tell yer everything."

"But my voices! No other girl has voices from God like mine."

"He can't live on voices all the time. You can't just live in auditoriums all the time or in crowds. Dear me! Why don't yer want a home like I have? I know more'n yer do."

"But Mayme," said Joan, "I must work for my country."

"Oh, bosh, marry and take yer husband with yer when yer preach and, well, if yer don't look out, he will find another girl. Then yer'll be left to yerself, crying yer heart out—like women do with their husbands, desert them when they are alive and wear thick

black when dead and peepin' out of ther corner of ther eyes for another one. I'll be sorry fer yer, but I don't count. I am goin to find John and Peter." Joan paled. Mayme whisked away as she saw Applegate approaching.

"Well, darling girl, with a mission, with the heavenly choir. You have conquered my father, Ashton, everyone all around, but Diana and Athelstane. They are jealous of my darling. Come, come to me."

"I owe a debt," said Joan tremulously, "to the man who took care of my father and dear Mayme. The man who managed my affairs for me. I owe a debt of gratitude, you will acknowledge that."

"By all means, heartsease. I am the man. By God, My God, I am the man."

"No," said Joan, "you cannot be the man."

"Ask Mayme, that heart of gold, for the truth, Mayme, Mayme."

"But I must work. My work has just begun for this campaign for 1920 and if not successful, must be continued until it is an accomplished fact."

"Marry, marry me now—at once."

"No, my voices say no. I must not marry until my mission is carried out for my country, then—"

"Well, darling, Jacob waited seven years for Rachael. I am as good a man as Jacob. I am a better man than Jacob. I shall work with you and wait for you until every Article on that platform is carried out, but I shall have my reward now," and he took her and said, "Do not struggle—the Hardwicks are coming—there—" after kissing her, he gently released her.

Mayme rushed in with Peter and John following.

Peter took Joan in his arms and cried for joy, "My varsity girl, my dead wife's wish carried, Joan."

"The maid—the maid—" cried Mayme.

"Jehanne La Pucelle," said Mrs. Hardwick.

"The Maid of Orleans," said Hardwick.

"The Maid of Donrémy," spoke Kelly.

"And my Joan," said Applegate.

"The savior of her country—her mission will be fulfilled. Her voices guide true," said Torby, Senior, as he shook hands with Joan, greeted Applegate joyfully, spoke a few words with the Hardwicks, smiled at Mayme, and disappeared.

"I am glad he went," said Mayme, pirouetting around. "I don't like him. Congressman Hardwick, put your ring in the hat, if not I'll send my John. He'll study and study and run for office, but not before, Miss Joan, you have saved your country, married the young boss and we have Congressman Hardwick President. John and me will take care of Peter till your mission and your voices have stopped talking."

"I am with yer," said Peter, "wherever you go."

"No," returned Joan. "Dear father, you could not stand the fatigue. You must stay here with Mayme and Mr. Kelly. I shall come to see you occasionally—that means as frequently as my work will allow me. The way I propose is best."

"Yes," said Applegate, "and we shall build you a seven-room house and you will live there with Mayme and John if agreeable to all and the house will be deeded to Mayme and Kelly."

"Good boss, fine boss. We'll be true to the trust."

"We appreciate your kindness and generosity to

us, Mr. Torby, and I hope we shall be able some day to make returns," said Kelly.

"An when you, Mr. President Hardwick, are runnin and for your campaign, Miss Joan and Mr. Boss, John and me will get you lots of votes. I can do more an John, because women can tell stories better than men. Men can't hang 'em on a thread like women—they can't string 'em. Men always leave out somethin'!"

"Yes, I shall put my hat in the ring," said Hardwick.

"And I," said Mrs. Hardwick, "will be with you, heart and soul."

"My Margaret, of course you will, dear heart."

"And when you are President Hardwick, John and me will come to Washington if we've to foot it all the way an we'll go to the White House and when the man opens the door, I'll say, 'Away man.' He'll say, 'Name?' I'll say, 'name, Mr. and Mrs. John Esmond Ammon Kelly. If yer please friends of the President and his lady an we'll stay to dinner.' Then we'll walk straight to your boidoir and let the man fret. And when I am in your boudoir, I'll say here we are. And I am Mayme and tell yer, yer're an honor to our country and wher's my lady? Yer're looking well, Mr. President."

"The door will be open for you and Mr. Kelly if the country will open it for me."

"John an me will run all over California for yer with Peter. Well, thanks king—no, no, no, President is enough for it's everythin."

"And we must not forget," said Hardwick, "when we go to Washington in a few weeks to secure the pension for the poor widow. And I shall buy her

a plot here in San Francisco before we leave and have a little monument put up for her—and she shall have her rose bushes too there.”

“And I,” said Mrs. Hardwick, “shall give her a monthly allowance until her children are of an age that they can be of some assistance to her.” Hardwick returned, “We should be helpful.”

“No one must be forgotten,” added Mrs. Hardwick.

“And when we are married, Joan,” said Applegate, “we shall go to Paris for a few months and I shall show you the famous painting of Joan of Arc at the coronation of Charles the VII in the Cathedral at Rheims, by J. E. Lenepren in the Pantheon, Paris. And I shall have your picture taken in armor the same way with the angels singing around you as the savior of our country—Joan Lynn, the girl with the voices. And I shall have some photographs taken for our friends.”

“I’ll take a copy,” said Mayme. “And when yer come back, I’ll be edicated and I’ll speak correct—see if I don’t. I am a brick, I am.”

“I think,” said Kelly, looking at Mayme affectionately, for he appreciated her kind heart and bubbling good nature, “she will keep her promise.”

Then Peter came in with a word, “Yer’ll teach me too, Mayme; will yer? So when Joan comes home she won’t be ashamed of her father.”

“Never ashamed of you, dear father.”

“I’ll teach yer, Peter,” answered Mayme.

“The best way to learn,” said Kelly.

“If you will teach father a little, dear Mayme, you shall have two rings—the fur choker you shall have to-morrow.”

"Yes, it's very cold," said Mayme, drawing up her shoulders.

"Remember my furnishings," laughed Mrs. Hardwick.

"And buy Mayme a present for me now, Margaret. No, never mind, I shall send you one, Mayme, from Washington."

"Hurrah for the President," returned Mayme.

Applegate clasped one of Joan's hands, her father had the other and Applegate said with intense feeling, "God bless our country and the campaign of 1920 of the girl, Joan Lynn, with the mission and 'The Voices,' Amen."

"Amen," was echoed by all.

(The End)

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